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THE SPECTATOR

VOLUME the SIXTH

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

EARL of *Sunderland.*

MY LORD,

VERY many Favours and Civilities (received from You in a private Capacity) which I have no other Way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuſe this Preſumption; but the Juſtice I, as a *Spectator*, owe your

Character, places me above the want of an Excuſe. Candor and Openneſs of Heart, which ſhine in all your Words and Actions, exact the higheſt Eſteem from all who have the Honour to know you; and a winning Condeſcenſion to all ſubordinate to You, made Buſineſs a Pleaſure to thoſe who executed it under You, at the ſame time that it heightened Her Majeſty's Favour to all who had the Happineſs of having it convey'd through Your Hands. A Secretary of State, in the Intereſts of Mankind, join'd with that of his Fellow-Subjects, accompliſhed with a great Facility and Elegance in all the Modern as well as Ancient Languages, was a happy

py and proper Member of a Miniſtry, by whoſe Services Your Sovereign and Country are in ſo high and flouriſhing a Condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or inconſiderable in *Europe*, as they are Friends or Enemies to *Great-Britain*. The Importance of thoſe great Events which happened during that Adminiſtration, in which Your Lordſhip bore ſo important a Charge, will be acknowledg'd as long as Time ſhall endure; I ſhall not therefore attempt to rehearſe thoſe illuſtrious Paſſages, but give this Application a more private and particular Turn, in deſiring your Lordſhip would continue your Favour and Patronage to me, as You

are a Gentleman of the moſt polite Literature, and perfectly accompliſhed in the Knowledge of Books and Men, which makes it neceſſary to beſeech Your Indulgence to the following Leaves, and the Author of them: Who is, with the greateſt Truth and Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Obliged, Obedient, and

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

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THE

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VI.

No. 395. *Tuesday, June* 3, 1712.

—— *Quod nunc Ratio eſt, Impetus antè fuit.* Ovid.

'Tis Reaſon now, 'twas Appetite before.

BEWARE of the Ides of March, ſaid the *Roman* Augur to *Julius Cæſar: Beware of the Month of* May, ſays the *Britiſh Spectator* to his fair Countrywomen. The Caution of the firſt was unhappily neglected, and *Cæſar*'s Confidence coſt him his Life. I am apt to flatter my ſelf that my pretty Readers had much more regard to the Advice I gave them, ſince I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the laſt Month.

BUT tho' I hope for the beſt, I ſhall not pronounce too poſitively on this Point, 'till I have ſeen forty Weeks well over, at which Period of Time, as my good Friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more Buſineſs as a Juſtice of Peace, among the diſſolute young People in the Country, than at any other Seaſon of the Year.

NEITHER muſt I forget a Letter which I receiv'd near a fortnight ſince from a Lady, who, it ſeems, could hold out no longer, telling me ſhe looked upon the Month as then out, for that ſhe had all along reckoned by the New Stile.

ON the other hand, I have great reaſon to believe, from ſeveral angry Letters which have been ſent to me by diſappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very ſignal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were *Forewarn'd forearm'd.*

One of theſe Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I ſhould have publiſh'd that Paper, for that his Miſtreſs, who had promiſed to explain herſelf to him about the Beginning of *May*, upon reading that Diſcourſe told him that *ſhe would give him her Anſwer in* June.

THYRSIS acquaints me, that when he deſir'd *Sylvia* to take a Walk in the Fields, ſhe told him *the* Spectator *had forbidden her.*

ANOTHER of my Correſpondents, who writes himſelf *Mat Maigre*, complains, that whereas he conſtantly uſed to breakfaſt with his Miſtreſs upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the firſt of *May* he found his uſual Treat very much changed for the worſe, and has been forced to feed ever ſince upon Green Tea.

AS I begun this Critical Seaſon with a Caveat to the Ladies, I ſhall conclude it with a Congratulation, and do moſt heartily wiſh them Joy of their happy Deliverance.

THEY may now reflect with Pleaſure on the Dangers they have eſcaped, and look back with as much Satisfaction on the Perils that threatened them, as their Great-Grandmothers did formerly on the Burning Ploughſhares, after having paſſed through the Ordeal Trial. The Inſtigations of the Spring are now abated. The Nightingale gives over her *Love-labour'd Song*, as *Milton* phraſes it, the Bloſſoms are fallen, and the Beds of Flowers ſwept away by the Scythe of the Mower.

I ſhall now allow my Fair Readers to return to their Romances and Chocolate, provided they make uſe of them with Moderation, 'till about the Middle of the Month, when the Sun ſhall have made ſome Progreſs in the

the *Crab*. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The *Trojans*, who ſtood upon their Guard all the while the *Grecians* lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raiſed, and the Danger paſt, were the very next night burnt in their Beds. I muſt alſo obſerve, that as in ſome Climates there is a perpetual *Spring*, ſo in ſome Female Conſtitutions there is a perpetual *May*: Theſe are a kind of *Valetudinarians* in Chaſtity, whom I would continue in a conſtant Diet. I cannot think theſe wholly out of Danger, 'till they have looked upon the other Sex at leaſt five Years through a Pair of Spectacles. WILL HONEYCOMB has often aſſur'd me, that 'tis much eaſier to ſteal one of this Species, when ſhe has paſſed her grand Climacterick, than to carry off an *icy* Girl on this ſide Five and Twenty; and that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at laſt made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

BUT as I do not deſign this Speculation for the *Evergreens* of the Sex, I ſhall again apply my ſelf to thoſe who would willingly liſten to the Dictates of Reaſon and Virtue, and can now hear me in cold Blood. If there are any who have forfeited their Innocence they muſt now conſider themſelves under that melancholy View, in which *Chamont* regards his Siſter, in thoſe beautiful Lines.

——— Long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to Senſe, and lovely to the Eye:
'Till at the laſt a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Roſe, and rifled all its Sweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a lothſom Weed away.

ON the contrary, ſhe who has obſerv'd the timely Cautions I gave her, and lived up to the Rules of Modeſty, will now flouriſh like *a Roſe in June* with all her Virgin Bluſhes and Sweetneſs about her: I muſt, however, deſire theſe laſt to conſider, how ſhameful it would be for a General, who has made a Succeſsful Campaign, to be ſurprized in his Winter Quarters: It would be no leſs diſhonourable for a Lady to loſe, in any other Month of the Year, what ſhe has been at the pains to preſerve in *May*.

THERE is no Charm in the Female Sex, that can ſupply the place of Virtue. Without Innocence, Beauty is unlovely, and Quality contemptible, Good-breeding degenerates into Wantonneſs, and Wit into Impudence. It is obſerved, that all the Virtues are repreſented by both Painters and Statuaries under Female Shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular Title to that Sex, it is Modeſty. I ſhall leave it to the Divines to guard them againſt the oppoſite Vice, as they may be over-power'd by Temptations; It is ſufficient for me to have warned them againſt it, as they may be led aſtray by Inſtinct.

I deſire this Paper may be read with more than ordinary Attention, at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of London *and* Weſtminſter.

No. 396. *Wedneſday, June* 4.

Barbara, celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton *.

HAVING a great deal of Buſineſs upon my Hands at preſent, I ſhall beg the Reader's Leave to preſent him with a Letter that I received about half a Year ago from a Gentleman of *Cambridge*, who ſtiles himſelf *Peter de Quir*. I have kept it by me ſome Months, and though I did not know at firſt what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at laſt diſcovered ſeveral Conceits in it: I would not therefore have my Reader diſcouraged if he does not take them at the firſt Peruſal.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

From St. John's *College* Cambridge, *Feb.* 3, 1712.

SIR,

'THE Monopoly of Puns in this Univerſity has 'been an immemorial Privilege of the *Johnians*; 'and we can't help reſenting the late Invaſion of our 'ancient

* *A barbarous Verſe, invented by the Logicians.*

'ancient Right as to that Particular, by a little Pretender to Clenching in a neighbouring College, who in an 'Application to you by way of Letter, a while ago, ſtiled himſelf *Philobrune*. Dear Sir, as you are by Character a profeſt Well-wiſher to Speculation, you will 'excuſe a Remark which this Gentleman's Paſſion for 'the *Brunette* has ſuggeſted to a Brother Theoriſt: 'tis an Offer towards a mechanical Account of his 'Lapſe to Punning, for he belongs to a Set of Mortals 'who value themſelves upon an uncommon Maſtery in 'the more humane and polite Part of Letters. A Conqueſt by one of this Species of Females gives a very 'odd Turn to the Intellectuals of the captivated Perſon, 'and very different from that way of thinking which 'a Triumph from the Eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair Sex, does generally occaſion. It fills 'the Imagination with an Aſſemblage of ſuch Ideas and 'Pictures as are hardly any thing but Shade, ſuch as 'Night, the Devil, *&c.* Theſe Portraitures very near 'overpower the Light of the Underſtanding, almoſt be'night the Faculties, and give that melancholy Tincture 'to the moſt ſanguine Complexion, which this Gentle'man calls an Inclination to be in a brown-ſtudy, and 'is uſually attended with worſe Conſequences, in caſe 'of a Repulſe. During this Twilight of Intellects, the 'Patient is extremely apt, as Love is the moſt witty 'Paſſion in Nature, to offer at ſome pert Sallies now 'and then, by way of Flouriſh, upon the amiable En'chantreſs, and unfortunately ſtumbles upon that Mun'grel miſcreated (to ſpeak in *Miltonic*) kind of Wit, vul'garly termed the Pun. It would not be much amiſs 'to conſult Dr. *T——W——*(who is certainly a very 'able Projector, and whoſe Syſtem of Divinity and Spi'ritual Mechanicks obtains very much among the bet'ter Part of our Under-Graduates) whether a general 'Inter-marriage, enjoined by Parliament, between this 'Siſter-hood of the Olive Beauties, and the Fraternity 'of the People call'd Quakers, would not be a very ſer'viceable Expedient, and abate that Overflow of Light 'which ſhines within them ſo powerfully, that it daz'zles their Eyes, and dances them into a thouſand Va'garies of Error and Enthuſiaſm. Theſe Reflections

'may

'may impart ſome Light towards a Diſcovery of the 'Origin of Punning among us, and the Foundation of 'its prevailing ſo long in this famous body. 'Tis noto-'rious from the Inſtance under Conſideration, that it 'muſt be owing chiefly to the uſe of brown Jugs, 'muddy Belch, and the Fumes of a certain memorable 'Place of Rendezvous with us at Meals, known by the 'Name of *Staincoat Hole*: For the Atmoſphere of the 'Kitchen, like the Tail of a Comet, predominates leaſt 'about the Fire, but reſides behind and fills the fragrant 'Receptacle above-mentioned. Beſides, 'tis farther ob-'ſervable, that the delicate Spirits among us, who de-'clare againſt theſe nauſeous Proceedings, ſip Tea, and 'put up for Critic and Amour, profeſs likewiſe an 'equal Abhorrence for Punning, the ancient innocent 'Diverſion of this Society. After all, Sir, tho' it may 'appear ſomething abſurd, that I ſeem to approach you 'with the Air of an Advocate for Punning, (you who 'have juſtified your Cenſures of the Practice in a ſet 'Diſſertation upon that Subject;) yet, I'm confident, 'you'll think it abundantly atoned for by obſerving, 'that this humbler Exerciſe may be as inſtrumental in 'diverting us from any innovating Schemes and Hypo-'theſes in Wit, as dwelling upon honeſt Orthodox Lo-'gic would be in ſecuring us from Hereſy in Religi-'on. Had Mr. *W*———*n*'s Reſearches been confined 'within the Bounds of *Ramus* or *Crackenthorp*, that 'learned News-monger might have acquieſced in what 'the holy Oracles pronounced upon the Deluge, like o-'ther Chriſtians; and had the ſurpriſing Mr. *L*——*y* 'been content with the Employment of refining upon '*Shakeſpear's* Points and Quibbles, (for which he muſt 'be allowed to have a ſuperlative Genius) and now 'and then penning a Catch or a Ditty, inſtead of in-'diting Odes, and Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *Bon 'Goût* in the Pit would never have been put to all that 'Grimace in damning the Frippery of State, the Poverty 'and Languor of Thought, the unnatural Wit, and in-'artificial Structure of his Dramas.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Peter de Quir.

Thurſday.

No. 397. *Thurſday, June, 5.*

———*Dolor ipſe Diſertum*
Fecerat——— Ovid. Metam. l. 13. v. 225.

For Grief inſpired me then with Eloquence. DRYDEN.

AS the *Stoick* Philoſophers diſcard all Paſſions in general, they will not allow a Wiſe Man ſo much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If thou ſeeſt thy Friend in Trouble, ſays *Epictetus*, thou mayeſt put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this Sect would not comply ſo far as to ſhew even ſuch an outward Appearance of Grief, but when one told them of any Calamity that had befallen even the neareſt of their Acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the Circumſtances of the Affliction, and ſhewed how one Misfortune was followed by another, the Anſwer was ſtill, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

FOR my own part, I am of Opinion, Compaſſion does not only refine and civilize Human Nature, but has ſomething in it more pleaſing and agreeable than what can be met with in ſuch an indolent Happineſs, ſuch an Indifference to Mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their Wiſdom. As Love is the moſt delightful Paſſion, Pity is nothing elſe but Love ſoftened by a degree of Sorrow: In ſhort, it is a kind of pleaſing Anguiſh, as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Mankind together, and blends them in the ſame common Lot.

THOSE who have laid down Rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, adviſe the Writer to work himſelf up, if poſſible, to the pitch of Sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who ſtir up Pity ſo much as thoſe who indite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving Sentiments than can be ſupplied

plied by the fineſt Imagination. Nature on this Occaſion dictates a thouſand paſſionate things which cannot be ſupplied by Art.

IT is for this Reaſon that the ſhort Speeches or Sentences which we often meet with in Hiſtories, make a deeper Impreſſion on the Mind of the Reader than the moſt laboured Strokes in a well-written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact ſets the Perſon actually before us in the one, whom Faction places at a greater Diſtance from us in the other. I do not remember to have ſeen any ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a Letter of *Ann* of *Bologne*, Wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and Mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is ſtill extant in the *Cotton* Library, as written by her own Hand.

SHAKESPEAR himſelf could not have made her talk in a Strain ſo ſuitable to her Condition and Character. One ſees in it the Expoſtulation of a ſlighted Lover, the Reſentments of an injur'd Woman, and the Sorrows of an impriſoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princeſs was then under Proſecution for Diſloyalty to the King's Bed, and that ſhe was afterwards publickly beheaded upon the ſame Account, tho' this Proſecution was believed by many to proceed, as ſhe herſelf intimates, rather from the King's Love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual Crime in *Ann* of *Bologne*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's *laſt Letter to King* Henry.

SIR,

Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10. 'YOUR Grace's Diſpleaſure, and my Impriſonment are Things ſo ſtrange 'unto me, as what to write, or what to excuſe, I am 'altogether ignorant. Whereas you ſend unto me (will-'ing me to confeſs a Truth, and ſo obtain your Favour) 'by ſuch an one, whom you know to be mine ancient 'profeſſed Enemy, I no ſooner received this Meſſage by 'him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, 'as you ſay, confeſſing a Truth indeed may procure my 'Safety, I ſhall with all Willingneſs and Duty perform 'your Command.

'BUT let not your Grace ever imagine, that your 'poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault,

'where

'where not ſo much as a Thought thereof preceded. 'And to ſpeak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more Loy-'al in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have 'ever found in *Ann Boleyn:* with which Name and 'Place I could willingly have contented myſelf, if God 'and your Grace's Pleaſure had been ſo pleaſed. Nei-'ther did I at any time ſo far forget myſelf in my Ex-'altation or received Queenſhip, but that I always 'looked for ſuch an Alteration as I now find; for the 'Ground of my Preferment being on no ſurer Foundati-'on than your Grace's Fancy, the leaſt Alteration I 'knew was fit and ſufficient to draw that Fancy to ſome 'other Object. You have choſen me, from a low 'Eſtate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond 'my Deſert or Deſire. If then you found me worthy 'of ſuch Honour, good your Grace let not any light 'Fancy, or bad Counſel of mine Enemies, withdraw 'your Princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, 'that unworthy Stain, of a Diſloyal Heart towards your 'good Grace, ever caſt ſo foul a Blot on your moſt Du-'tiful Wife, and the Infant-Princeſs your Daughter. 'Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Trial, 'and let not my ſworn Enemies ſit as my Accuſers 'and Judges; Yea let me receive an open Trial, for 'my Truth ſhall fear no open Shame; then ſhall you 'ſee either mine Innocence cleared, your Suſpicion and 'Conſcience ſatisfied, the Ignominy, and Slander of the 'World ſtopped, or my Guilt openly declared. So that 'whatſoever God or you may determine of me, your 'Grace may be free from an open Cenſure, and mine 'Offence being ſo lawfully proved, your Grace is at li-'berty, both before God and Man, not only to execute 'worthy Puniſhment on me as an unlawful Wife, but 'to follow your Affection, already ſettled on that Party, 'for whoſe ſake I am now as I am, whoſe Name I 'could ſome good while ſince have pointed unto, your 'Grace not being ignorant of my Suſpicion therein.

'BUT if you have already determined of me, and 'that not only my death, but an infamous Slander 'muſt bring you the enjoying of your deſired Happi-'neſs; then I deſire of God, that he will pardon your 'great Sin therein, and likewiſe mine Enemies, the In-

'ſtruments

'ſtruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a 'ſtrict Account for your unprincely and cruel Uſage of 'me, at his general Judgment-Seat, where both you and 'my ſelf muſt ſhortly appear, and in whoſe Judgment 'I doubt not (whatſoever the World may think of me) 'mine Innocence ſhall be openly known, and ſufficiently 'cleared.

'MY laſt and only Requeſt ſhall be, that myſelf may 'only bear the Burden of your Grace's Diſpleaſure, and 'that it may not touch the innocent Souls of thoſe poor 'Gentlemen, who (as I underſtand) are likewiſe in ſtrait 'Impriſonment for my ſake. If ever I have found Fa-'vour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn* 'hath been pleaſing in your Ears, then let me obtain this 'Requeſt, and I will ſo leave to trouble your Grace any 'further, with mine earneſt Prayers to the Trinity to 'have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct 'you in all your Actions. From my doleful Priſon in 'the *Tower*, this ſixth of *May*;

Your Moſt Loyal
and ever faithful Wife,
Ann Boleyn.

No. 398. *Friday, June* 6.

Inſanire pares certâ ratione modoque.
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 271.

You'd be a Fool
With Art and Wiſdom, and be mad by Rule. CREECH.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Perſons of Diſtinction in this Town, who have been Lovers theſe ten Months laſt paſt, and writ to each other for Gallantry Sake, under thoſe feigned Names: Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raiſing the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Paſſages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured ſo much ſuperior to that of the reſt of the World. But ever

ever ſince the beauteous *Cecilia* has made ſuch a Figure as ſhe now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been ſecretly one of her Adorers. *Lætitia* has been the fineſt Woman in Town theſe three Months, and ſo long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very aukwardly in the Preſence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too ſincere an Heart of her own to obſerve a thouſand things which would have diſcovered this Change of Mind to any one leſs engaged than ſhe was. *Cynthio* was muſing yeſterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was ſaying to himſelf that he was a very ill Man to go on in viſiting and profeſſing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not conſtant to *Flavia*; but it would be ſtill a greater Crime, ſince I cannot continue to love her, to profeſs that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldneſs that uſually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones ſelf with ones Eyes open; beſides it is really doing her an Injury. This laſt Conſideration, forſooth, of injuring her in perſiſting, made him reſolve to break off upon the firſt favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he ſaw *Robin* the Porter, who waits at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, paſſing by. *Robin*, you muſt know, is the beſt Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, ſwift Step, demure Looks, ſufficient Senſe, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cynthio*'s firſt Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever ſince, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Meſſages with the moſt exquiſite low Humour imaginable: The firſt he obliged *Flavia* to take, was by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if ſhe did not take that Letter, which, he was ſure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family muſt go ſupperleſs to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Buſineſs. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make uſe of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia*'s Door, and if ſhe called him to her, and aſked whether it was *Cynthio* who paſſed by, he ſhould at firſt be loth to own it was, but upon Importunity confeſs it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dreſſed

Huſſy

Huſſy fit for the Purpoſe *Cynthio* deſign'd her. As ſoon as he believed *Robin* was poſted, he drove by *Flavia*'s Lodgings in an Hackney Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia*'s Maid, and *Cynthio* pulled up the Glaſs as ſurpriſed, and hid his Aſſociate. The Report of this Circumſtance ſoon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Maſter; yet if it was he, he was ſure the Lady was but his Couſin whom he had ſeen aſk for him; adding that he believed ſhe was a poor Relation, becauſe they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epiſtle, which *Robin* brought to *Will*'s.

SIR, *June* 4, 1712.

'IT is in vain to deny it, baſeſt, falſeſt of Mankind; my Maid, as well as the Bearer, ſaw you.

The injur'd Flavia.

AFTER *Cynthio* had read the Letter, he aſked *Robin* how ſhe looked, and what ſhe ſaid at the Delivery of it. *Robin* ſaid ſhe ſpoke ſhort to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to ſay to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Anſwer.

CYNTHIO returned as follows.

Madam, June 4, *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

'THAT your Maid and the Bearer has ſeen me very often is very certain; but I deſire to know, being engaged at Picquet, what your Letter means by *'tis in vain to deny it*. I ſhall ſtay here all the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthio.

AS ſoon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* anſwered:

Dear Cynthio,

'I Have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-Chamber ſince I writ to you, and have recovered my ſelf from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and

'deſire

'desire you would come to me immediately to laugh off 'a Jealouſy that you and a Creature of the Town went 'by in a Hackney-Coach an Hour ago.

I am Your moſt humble Servant,
FLAVIA.

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthio* writ 'upon the Miſapprehenſion you muſt have been under 'when you writ, for want of hearing the whole Circum-'ſtance.

ROBIN came back in an Inſtant, and *Cynthio* anſwered:

Half an Hour, ſix Minutes after Three,
Madam, June 4, Will's *Coffee-houſe.*

'IT is certain I went by your Lodging with a Gentle-'woman to whom I have the Honour to be known, 'ſhe is indeed my Relation, and a pretty ſort of Wo-'man. But your ſtarting Manner of Writing, and own-'ing you have not done me the Honour ſo much as to 'open my Letter, has in it ſomething very unaccoun-'able and alarms one that has had Thoughts of paſſing 'his Days with you. But I am born to admire you with 'all your little Imperfections.

CYNTHIO.

ROBIN run back, and brought for Anſwer;

'EXACT Sir, that are at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe ſix 'Minutes after Three, *June* 4; one that has had 'Thoughts, and all my little Imperfections. Sir, come 'to me immediately, or I ſhall determine what may per-'haps not be very pleaſing to you.

FLAVIA.

ROBIN gave an Account that ſhe looked exceſſive angry when ſhe gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for ſhe aſked, that *Cynthio* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

NOW

NOW the Plot thickened ſo well, as that *Cynthio* ſaw he had not much more to accompliſh being irreconcilably baniſhed, he writ,

Madam,

'I Have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, that 'it is not poſſible for you to determine upon what 'will not be very pleaſing to

Your Obedient Servant,
CYNTHIO.

THIS was delivered, and the Anſwer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'IS it come to this? You never loved me; and the 'Creature you were with is the propereſt Perſon for 'your Aſſociate. I deſpiſe you, and hope I ſhall ſoon 'hate you as a Villain to

The Credulous Flavia.

ROBIN ran back, with

Madam,

'YOUR Credulity when you are to gain your Point, 'and Suſpicion when you fear to loſe it, make it a 'very hard Part to behave as becomes

Your humble Slave,
CYNTHIO.

ROBIN whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. *Wellford*,

'FLAVIA and *Cynthio* are no more. I relieve you 'from the hard Part of which you complain, and 'baniſh you from my Sight for ever.

Ann Heart.

ROBIN had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is publiſhed to admoniſh *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*. T

Saturday,

No. 399. *Saturday, June* 7.

Ut nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere!——Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 23.

None, none deſcends into himſelf to find
The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind. DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the faſhionable End of the Town is very different from Hypocriſy in the City. The modiſh Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter aſſumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a ſeeming Religious Deportment.

BUT there is another kind of Hypocriſy, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocriſy, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often impoſes on himſelf; That Hypocriſy which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or miſtake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocriſy and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in theſe Words, *Who can underſtand his Errors? cleanſe thou me from ſecret Faults.*

IF the open Profeſſors of Impiety deſerve the utmoſt Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may thoſe lay a Claim to their Care and Compaſſion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a Courſe of Virtue! I ſhall endeavour, therefore, to lay down ſome Rules for the Diſcovery of thoſe Vices that lurk in the ſecret Corners of the Soul, and to ſhew my Reader thoſe Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himſelf. The uſual Means preſcribed for this Purpoſe, are to examine our ſelves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction

rection in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Perſon who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the ſtanding Example, as well as the great Guide and Inſtructor, of thoſe who receive his Doctrines. Though theſe two Heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following Methods to the Conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret Faults, and make a true Eſtimate of themſelves.

IN the firſt Place, let them conſider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not ſee our Faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their Repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter Search into us, diſcovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a Light, it has generally ſome Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A wiſe Man ſhould give a juſt Attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the Improvement of one, and the Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Eſſay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies, and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it caſts upon us we ſee the worſt ſide of our ſelves, and open our Eyes to ſeveral Blemiſhes and Defects in our Lives and Converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved, without the Help of ſuch ill-natured Monitors.

IN order likewiſe to come at a true Knowledge of our ſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand how far we may deſerve the Praiſes and Approbations which the World beſtow upon us: whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the Virtues which gain us Applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a Reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn our ſelves by the Opinions

nions of others, and to ſacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

IN the next Place, that we may not deceive our ſelves in a Point of ſo much Importance, we ſhould not lay too great a Streſs on any ſuppoſed Virtues we poſſeſs that are of a doubtful Nature: And ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which Multitudes of Men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as our ſelves. We ſhould always act with great Cautiouſneſs and Circumſpection in Points, where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Perſecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak Men of our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly Criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Perſons eminent for Piety ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my own part, I muſt own I never yet knew any Party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

WE ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe Actions which proceed from natural Conſtitution, favourite Paſſions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Intereſt or Advantage. In theſe and the like Caſes, a Man's Judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. Theſe are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thouſand Errors and ſecret Faults find Admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe Man will ſuſpect thoſe Actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides Reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed Evil in every Reſolution that is of a diſputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleaſure or his Profit.

THERE is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to ſift our Thoughts, and examine all theſe dark Receſſes of the Mind, if we would eſtabliſh our Souls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it muſt ſtand the Teſt of infinite Wiſdom and Juſtice.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with obſerving that the two kinds of Hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of impoſing on our ſelves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred thirty ninth Pſalm. The Folly of the firſt kind of Hypocriſy is there ſet forth by Reflections on God's Omniſcience and Omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocriſy, whereby a Man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt Verſes, where the Pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my Heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everlaſting.*

No. 400. *Monday, June 9.*

——— *Latet Anguis in Herba.* Virg. Ecl. 3. v. 93.
There's a Snake in the Graſs. [Engliſh Proverb.]

IT ſhould, methinks, preſerve Modeſty and its intereſts in the World, that the Tranſgreſſion of it always creates Offence; and the very Purpoſes of Wantonneſs are defeated by a Carriage which has in it ſo much Boldneſs, as to intimate that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguiſh'd in an Object which would be otherwiſe deſirable. It was ſaid of a Wit of the laſt Age.

Sidney *has that prevailing gentle Art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs Charm impart
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart;
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
That the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

THIS prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaiſance, Courtſhip, and artful Conformity to the Modeſty

deſty of a Woman's Manners. Ruſticity, broad Expreſſion, and forward Obtruſion, offend thoſe of Education, and make the Tranſgreſſors odious to all who have Merit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taſte that the Scenary is ſo beautifully ordered in the Deſcription which *Antony* makes, in the Dialogue between him and *Dolabella*, of *Cleopatra* in her Barge.

Her Galley down the Silver Cidnos *row'd;*
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold;
The Gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails;
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe, another Sea-born Venus, *lay;*
She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take them. Boys like Cupids
Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
That play'd about her Face: but if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To ſoft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight,
And both to Thought ———

HERE the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects preſented, and yet there is nothing that is luſcious, or what raiſes any Idea more looſe than that of a beautiful Woman ſet off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modeſty, appears in the following Paſſage in one of Mr. *Philips*'s Paſtorals.

Breathe ſoft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,
Shield her ye Trees, ye Flow'rs around her grow,
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lie.

DESIRE is corrected when there is a Tenderneſs or Admiration expreſſed which partakes the Paſſion. Licentious Language has ſomething brutal in it, which diſgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be aſk'd to what good Uſe can tend a Diſcourſe of this Kind at all? It is

to alarm chaſte Ears againſt ſuch as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Maſters of that Talent are capable of clothing their Thoughts in ſo ſoft a Dreſs, and ſomething ſo diſtant from the ſecret Purpoſe of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondneſs which grows too inſenſibly to be reſiſted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to ſeem afraid leſt ſhe ſhould be annoyed by the very Air which ſurrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expreſſed by an Interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at ſome little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in any direct Profeſſion of Love, are the Methods of ſkilful Admirers: They are honeſt Arts when their Purpoſe is ſuch, but infamous when miſapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Females languiſh with the utmoſt Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my Female Readers, given them Warning againſt agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may diſguiſe it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for ſaying it; but I ſay it is natural to them, that they have no manner of Approbation of Men, without ſome Degree of Love: For this Reaſon he is dangerous to be entertain'd as a Friend or Viſitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent Eſteem or Obſervation, though it be never ſo remote from Pretenſions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Deſign, he may eaſily improve Approbation into Kindneſs, and Kindneſs into Paſſion. There may poſſibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance; no, it is all Friendſhip; and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdeſs in a Paſtoral, but ſtill the Nymph and the Swain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*.

When Lucy *decks with Flowers her ſwelling Breaſt,*
And on her Elbow leans, diſſembling Reſt,
Unable to refrain my madding Mind.
Nor Sleep nor Paſture worth my Care I find.

Once

Once Delia *ſlept, on eaſy Moſs reclin'd,*
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind;
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs:
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

SUCH good Offices as theſe, and ſuch friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity, as they call it, between Man and Woman.

IT is the Permiſſion of ſuch Intercourſe, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Huſband, after the Diſappointment of four or five Paſſions which ſhe has ſucceſſively had for different Men, before ſhe is prudentially given to him for whom ſhe has neither Love nor Friendſhip. For what ſhould a poor Creature do that has loſt all her Friends? There's *Marinet* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendſhip for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her Heart; then ſhe had ſo great a Friendſhip for Colonel *Hardy*, that ſhe could not endure any Woman elſe ſhould do any thing but rail at him. Many and Fatal have been Diſaſters between Friends who have fallen out, and theſe Reſentments are more keen than ever thoſe of other Men can poſſibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes very often find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

FOR my part, who ſtudy to paſs Life in as much Innocence and Tranquillity as I can, I ſhun the Company of agreeable Women as much as poſſible; and muſt confeſs that I have, though a tolerable good Philoſopher, but a low Opinion of Platonick Love: for which Reaſon I thought it neceſſary to give my fair Readers a Caution againſt it, having, to my great Concern, obſerved the Waſte of a Platoniſt lately ſwell to a Roundneſs which is inconſiſtent with that Philoſophy. T

No. 401. *Tuesday, June,* 10.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriæ,
Suspiciones, Inimicitiæ, Induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum. —— Ter. Eun. Act 1. Sc. 1.

It is the capricious State of Love, to be attended with Reproaches, Suspicions, Enmities, Truces, Quarrelling, Reconcilement.

I Shall publish for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my Female Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have often confess'd that you are not 'displeased your Paper should sometimes convey the 'Complaints of distressed Lovers to each other, I am 'in hopes you will favour one who gives you an 'undoubted Instance of her Reformation, and at the same 'time a convincing Proof of the happy Influence your 'Labours have had over the most incorrigible Part of 'the most incorrigible Sex. You must know, Sir, I 'am one of that Species of Women, whom you have 'often Characteriz'd under the Name of *Jilts*, and that 'I send you these Lines as well to do Publick Penance 'for having so long continued in a known Error, as to 'beg Pardon of the Party offended. I the rather choose 'this way, because it in some measure answers the 'Terms on which he intimated the Breach between us 'might possibly be made up, as you will see by the Letter he sent me the next Day after I had discarded him; 'which I thought fit to send you a Copy of, that you 'might the better know the whole Case.

'I must further acquaint you, that before I jilted 'him, there had been the greatest Intimacy between us 'for a Year and half together, during all which time I 'cherished his Hopes, and indulged his Flame. I leave 'you

'you to gueſs after this what muſt be his Surpriſe, when 'upon his preſſing for my full Conſent one Day, I told 'him I wonder'd what could make him fancy he had 'ever any Place in my Affections. His own Sex allow 'him Senſe, and all ours Good-breeding. His Perſon 'is ſuch as might without Vanity, make him believe 'himſelf not incapable to be belov'd. Our Fortunes in-'deed, weighed in the nice Scale of Intereſt, are not ex-'actly equal, which by the way was the true Cauſe of my 'Jilting him, and I had the Aſſurance to acquaint him 'with the following Maxim, That I ſhould always be-'lieve that Man's Paſſion to be the moſt violent, who 'could offer me the largeſt Settlement. I have ſince 'changed my Opinion, and have endeavoured to let him 'know ſo much by ſeveral Letters, but the barbarous 'Man has refus'd them all; ſo that I have no way left 'of writing to him but by your Aſſiſtance. If you can 'bring him about once more, I promiſe to ſend you all 'Gloves and Favours, and ſhall deſire the Favour of Sir 'ROGER and your ſelf to ſtand as God-fathers to my 'firſt Boy.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient moſt humble Servant,

AMORET.

Philander *to* Amoret.

MADAM,

'I AM ſo ſurpriſed at the Queſtion you were pleaſed 'to aſk me Yeſterday, that I am ſtill at a loſs what to 'ſay to it. At leaſt my Anſwer would be too long to 'trouble you with, as it would come from a Perſon, 'who, it ſeems, is ſo very indifferent to you. Inſtead of 'it, I ſhall only recommend to your Conſideration the 'Opinion of one whoſe Sentiments on theſe matters I 'have often heard you ſay are extremely juſt. *A generous 'and conſtant Paſſion*, ſays your favourite Author, *in an 'agreeable Lover, where there is not too great a Diſparity 'in their Circumſtances, is the greateſt Bleſſing that can be-'fal a Perſon beloved; and if overlook'd in one, may per-'haps never be found in another.*

'I do not, however, at all deſpair of being very ſhort-'ly much better belov'd by you than *Antenor* is at pre-

'ſent; ſince whenever my Fortune ſhall exceed his, you 'were pleaſed to intimate your Paſſion would increaſe 'accordingly.

'THE World has ſeen me ſhamefully loſe that Time 'to pleaſe a fickle Woman, which might have been em-'ployed much more to my Credit and Advantage in 'other Purſuits. I ſhall therefore take the Liberty to ac-'quaint you, however harſh it may ſound in a Lady's 'Ears, that tho' your Love-Fit ſhould happen to return, 'unleſs you could contrive a way to make your Recan-'tation as well known to the Publick, as they are al-'ready appriſed of the Manner with which you have 'treated me, you ſhall never more ſee

PHILANDER.

Amoret *to* Philander.

SIR,

'UPON Reflection, I find the Injury I have done 'both to you and my ſelf to be ſo great, that 'tho' the Part I now act may appear contrary to that 'Decorum uſually obſerved by our Sex, yet I purpoſely 'break through all Rules, that my Repentance may in 'ſome meaſure equal my Crime. I aſſure you that in 'my preſent Hopes of recovering you, I look upon *An-'tenor*'s Eſtate with Contempt. The Fop was here Ye-'ſterday in a gilt Chariot and new Liveries, but I refuſed 'to ſee him. Tho' I dread to meet your Eyes, after 'what has paſs'd, I flatter my ſelf, that amidſt all their 'Confuſion you will diſcover ſuch a Tenderneſs in mine, 'as none can imitate but thoſe who Love. I ſhall be all 'this Month at Lady *D*——'s in the Country; but the 'Woods, the Fields and Gardens, without *Philander*, af-'ford no Pleaſures to the unhappy

AMORET.

'I muſt deſire you, dear Mr. *Spectator*, to publiſh this 'my Letter to *Philander* as ſoon as poſſible, and to aſſure 'him that I know nothing at all of the Death of his rich 'Uncle in *Glouceſterſhire*. X

Wedneſday,

No. 402. *Wednesday, June* 11.

——— — ——— *quæ*
Spectator tradit ſibi ——— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 181.

By the Spectator given to himſelf.

WERE I to publiſh all the Advertiſements I receive from different Hands, and Perſons of different Circumſtances and Quality, the very Mention of them, without Reflections on the ſeveral Subjects, would raiſe all the Paſſions which can be felt by human Minds. As Inſtances of this, I ſhall give you two or three Letters; the Writers of which can have no Recourſe to any legal Power for Redreſs, and ſeem to have written rather to vent their Sorrow than to receive Conſolation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Woman of Beauty and Quality, and 'ſuitably married to a Gentleman who dotes on me. 'But this Perſon of mine is the Object of an unjuſt Paſſion 'in a Nobleman who is very intimate with my Huſband. 'This Friendſhip gives him very eaſy Acceſs, and fre-'quent Opportunities of entertaining me apart. My Heart 'is in the utmoſt Anguiſh, and my Face is covered over 'with Confuſion, when I impart to you another Cir-'cumſtance, which is, that my Mother, the moſt mer-'cenary of all Women, is gained by this falſe Friend of 'my Huſband's to ſolicit me for him. I am frequently 'chid by the poor believing Man my Huſband, for ſhew-'ing an Impatience of his Friend's Company; and I am 'never alone with my Mother, but ſhe tells me Stories of 'the diſcretionary Part of the World, and ſuch a one, and 'ſuch a one who are guilty of as much as ſhe adviſes me to. 'She laughs at my Aſtoniſhment; and ſeems to hint to me, 'that as virtuous as ſhe has always appeared, I am not 'the Daughter of her Huſband. It is poſſible that print-'ing this Letter may relieve me from the unnatural Im-'portunity of my Mother, and the perfidious Courtſhip 'of my Huſband's Friend. I have an unfeigned Love of

'Virtue, and am reſolved to preſerve my Innocence. The 'only Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Conſequen-'ces of the Diſcovery of this Matter, is to fly away for 'ever; which I muſt do to avoid my Huſband's fatal Re-'ſentment againſt the Man who attempts to abuſe him, 'and the Shame of expoſing a Parent to Infamy. The 'Perſons concerned will know theſe Circumſtances relate 'to 'em; and tho' the Regard to Virtue is dead in them, 'I have ſome Hopes from their Fear of Shame upon 'reading this in your Paper; which I conjure you to do, 'if you have any Compaſſion for injured Virtue.

SYLVIA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am the Huſband of a Woman of Merit, but am fal-'len in Love, as they call it, with a Lady of her 'Acquaintance, who is going to be married to a Gentle-'man who deſerves her. I am in a Truſt relating to this 'Lady's Fortune, which makes my Concurrence in this 'Matter neceſſary; but I have ſo irreſiſtible a Rage and 'Envy riſe in me when I conſider his future Happineſs, 'that againſt all Reaſon, Equity, and common Juſtice, I 'am ever playing mean Tricks to ſuſpend the Nuptials. 'I have no manner of Hopes for my ſelf; *Emilia*, for ſo 'I'll call her, is a Woman of the moſt ſtrict Virtue; her 'Lover is a Gentleman who of all others I could wiſh 'my Friend; but Envy and Jealouſy, though placed ſo 'unjuſtly, waſte my very Being, and with the Torment 'and Senſe of a Demon, I am ever curſing what I can-'not but approve. I wiſh it were the Beginning of Re-'pentance, that I ſit down and deſcribe my preſent Diſ-'poſition with ſo helliſh an Aſpect; but at preſent the 'Deſtruction of theſe two excellent Perſons would be 'more welcome to me than their Happineſs. Mr. SPEC-'TATOR, pray let me have a Paper on theſe terrible 'groundleſs Sufferings, and do all you can to exorciſe 'Crowds who are in ſome Degree poſſeſſed as I am.

Canibal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have no other Means but this to expreſs my Thanks 'to one Man, and my Reſentment againſt another. 'My Circumſtances are as follows. I have been for five

'Years

'Years laſt paſt courted by a Gentleman of greater For-
'tune than I ought to expect, as the Market for Women
'goes. You muſt to be ſure have obſerved People who
'live in that ſort of Way, as all their Friends reckon it
'will be a Match, and are marked out by all the World
'for each other. In this view we have been regarded
'for ſome Time, and I have above theſe three Years lov-
'ed him tenderly. As he is very careful of his Fortune,
'I always thought he lived in a near manner to lay up
'what he thought was wanting in my Fortune to make
'up what he might expect in another. Within few
'Months I have obſerved his Carriage very much alter-
'ed, and he has affected a certain Air of getting me a-
'lone, and talking with a mighty Profuſion of paſſionate
'Words, How I am not to be reſiſted longer, how irreſiſti-
'ble his Wiſhes are, and the like. As long as I have been
'acquainted with him, I could not on ſuch Occaſions ſay
'downright to him, You know you may make me yours
'when you pleaſe. But the other Night he with great
'Frankneſs and Impudence explained to me, that he
'thought of me only as a Miſtreſs. I anſwered this De-
'claration as it deſerved; upon which he only doubled
'the Terms on which he propoſed my Yielding. When
'my Anger heightened upon him, he told me he was ſorry
'he had made ſo little Uſe of the unguarded Hours we
'had been together ſo remote from Company, as indeed,
'continued he, ſo we are at preſent. I flew from him to
'a neighbouring Gentlewoman's Houſe, and tho' her
'Huſband was in the Room, threw my ſelf on a Couch,
'and burſt into a Paſſion of Tears. My Friend deſired
'her Huſband to leave the Room. But, ſaid he, there is
'ſomething ſo extraordinary in this, that I will partake
'in the Affliction; and be it what it will, ſhe is ſo much
'your Friend, that ſhe knows you may command what
'Services I can do her. The Man ſat down by me, and
'ſpoke ſo like a Brother, that I told him my whole Afflic-
'tion. He ſpoke of the Injury done me with ſo much In-
'dignation, and animated me againſt the Love he ſaid he
'ſaw I had for the Wretch who would have betrayed
'me, with ſo much Reaſon and Humanity to my Weak-
'neſs, that I doubt not of my Perſeverance. His Wife
'and he are my Comforters, and I am under no more

'Reſtraint in their Company than if I were alone; and I 'doubt not but in a ſmall time Contempt and Hatred will 'take place of the Remains of Affection to a Raſcal.

I am, SIR,

Your affectionate Reader,

DORINDA.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I knew 'my Nephews from my Neices, and now we are 'grown up to better Acquaintance they deny me the 'Reſpect they owe. One upbraids me with being their 'Familiar, another will hardly be perſuaded that I am 'an Uncle, a third calls me little Uncle, and a fourth 'tells me there is no Duty at all to an Uncle. I have 'a Brother-in-law whoſe Son will win all my Affection, 'unleſs you ſhall think this worthy of your Cogniſance, 'and will be pleaſed to preſcribe ſome Rules for our fu-'ture reciprocal Behaviour. It will be worthy the Par-'ticularity of your Genius to lay down Rules for his 'Conduct, who was as it were born an old Man, in which 'you will much oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

Cornelius Nepos.

No. 403. *Thurſday, June* 12.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit ———

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 142.

Who many Towns, and Change of Manners ſaw.

Roſcommon.

WHEN I conſider this great City in its ſeveral Quarters and Diviſions, I look upon it as an Aggregate of various Nations diſtinguiſhed from each other by their reſpective Cuſtoms, Manners and Intereſts. The Courts of two Countries do not ſo much differ

differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar ways of Life and Converſation. In ſhort, the Inhabitants of St. *James*'s, notwithſtanding they live under the ſame Laws, and ſpeak the ſame Language, are a diſtinct People from thoſe of *Cheapſide*, who are likewiſe removed from thoſe of the *Temple* on the one ſide, and thoſe of *Smithfield* on the other, by ſeveral Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Converſing together.

FOR this Reaſon, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that ariſe upon it in the ſeveral Diſtricts and Pariſhes of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my ſelf acquainted with the Opinions of my ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-houſe has ſome particular Stateſman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my ſelf near him, in order to know his Judgment on the preſent Poſture of Affairs. The laſt Progreſs that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of *France*'s Death. As I foreſaw this would produce a new Face of things in *Europe*, and many curious Speculations in our *Britiſh* Coffee-houſes, I was very deſirous to learn the Thoughts of our moſt eminent Politicians on that Occaſion.

THAT I might begin as near the Fountain-Head as poſſible, I firſt of all called in at St. *James*'s, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buz of Politicks. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were ſo very much improved by a Knot of Theoriſts, who ſat in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole *Spaniſh* Monarchy diſpoſed of, and all the Line of *Bourbon* provided for in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at *Giles*'s, where I ſaw a Board of *French* Gentlemen ſitting upon the Life and Death of their

their *Grand Monarque*. Thoſe among them who had eſpouſed the Whig Intereſt, very poſitively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week ſince, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Releaſe of their Friends in the Gallies, and to their own Re-eſtabliſhment; but finding they could not agree among themſelves, I proceeded on my intended Progreſs.

UPON my Arrival at *Jenny Man*'s I ſaw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entred juſt at the ſame time with my ſelf, and accoſted him after the following Manner. Well *Jack*, the old Prig is dead at laſt. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of *Paris* directly. With ſeveral other deep Reflections of the ſame Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politicks between *Charing-Croſs* and *Covent-Garden*. And upon my going into *Will*'s I found their Diſcourſe was gone off from the Death of the *French* King to that of Monſieur *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, and ſeveral other Poets, whom they regretted on this Occaſion, as Perſons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of ſo great a Prince, and ſo eminent a Patron of Learning.

AT a Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very ſmartly in a Diſpute on the Succeſſion to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy. One of them ſeemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of *Anjou*, the other for his Imperial Majeſty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of *England*; but finding them going out of my Depth I paſſed forward to *Paul*'s Church-yard, where I liſten'd with great Attention to a learned Man who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of *France* during the Minority of the *deceaſed* King.

I then turned on my right Hand into *Fiſh-ſtreet*, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for ſome time) If, ſays he, the King of *France* is certainly dead we ſhall have plenty of Mackerel this Sea-

ſon;

ſon; our Fiſhery will not be diſturbed by Privateers, as it has been for theſe ten Years paſt. He afterwards conſidered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by ſeveral other Remarks infuſed a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entred a By-Coffee houſe that ſtood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the *late French* King was moſt like *Auguſtus Cæſar*, or *Nero*. The Controverſy was carried on with great Heat on both ſides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Courſe of their Debate, I was under ſome Apprehenſion that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the beſt of my way to *Cheapſide*.

I here gazed upon the Signs for ſome time before I found one to my Purpoſe. The firſt Object I met in the Coffee-Room was a Perſon who expreſſed a great Grief for the Death of the *French* King; but upon his explaining himſelf, I found his Sorrow did not ariſe from the Loſs of the Monarch, but for his having ſold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it. Upon which a Haberdaſher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-houſe, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called ſeveral to witneſs that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the *French* King was certainly dead; to which he added, that conſidering the late Advices we had received from *France*, it was impoſſible that it could be otherwiſe. As he was laying theſe together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from *Garaway*'s, who told us that there were ſeveral Letters from *France* juſt come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Poſt came away: Upon which the Haberdaſher ſtole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Peg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confuſion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I had proſecuted with ſo much Satisfaction; not being a little pleaſed to hear ſo many different Opinions upon ſo great an Event, and to obſerve how

how naturally upon ſuch a Piece of News every one is apt to conſider it with a Regard to his particular Intereſt and Advantage. L

No. 404. *Friday, June* 13.

——*Non omnia poſſumus omnes.* Virg. Ecl. 8. v. 63.
With different Talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the Univerſe has appointed every thing to a certain Uſe and Purpoſe, and determined it to a ſettled Courſe and Sphere of Action, from which if it in the leaſt deviates, it becomes unfit to anſwer thoſe Ends for which it was deſigned. In like manner it is in the Diſpoſitions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural; and in either Caſe the Breach but of one Link puts the Whole in ſome Diſorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that moſt of the Abſurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never deſigned them.

EVERY Man has one or more Qualities which may make him uſeful both to himſelf and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianſhip, ſhe brings him on in his Way, and then offers herſelf for a Guide in what remains of the Journey; if he proceeds in that Courſe, he can hardly miſcarry: Nature makes good her Engagements; for as ſhe never promiſes what ſhe is not able to perform, ſo ſhe never fails of performing what ſhe promiſes. But the Misfortune is, Men deſpiſe what they may be Maſters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themſelves already poſſeſſed of what their Genius inclined them to, and ſo bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach. Thus they deſtroy the Uſe of their natural Talents, in the ſame manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repoſe; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they

they have, becauſe of the abſurd Inclination they are poſſeſſed with for what they have not.

CLEANTHES had good Senſe, a great Memory, and a Conſtitution capable of the cloſeſt Application. In a word, there was no Profeſſion in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't ſatisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondneſs for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this: inſtead of attending a Diſſection, frequenting the Courts of Juſtice, or ſtudying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dreſſes and ſpends his Time in Drawing-rooms; inſtead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Phyſician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents miſapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew ſuch a Part: ſhe has ſometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwiſe than Nature deſigned, who ever bears a high Reſentment for being put out of her Courſe, and never fails of taking her Revenge on thoſe that do ſo. Oppoſing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the ſame Succeſs as declining from her Courſe in the Production of Vegetables, by the Aſſiſtance of Art and an hot Bed: We may poſſibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Salad; but how weak, how taſteleſs and inſipid? Juſt as inſipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an univerſal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought juſtly, ſpoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and 'twas ſo far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's reſolved to be a Poet; he writes Verſes, and takes great pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Perſon he was taken for.

IF Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and aſſiſt her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not ſtand ſo much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæſar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing diſpoſes it ſelf into Order as it were of Courſe, and the whole Work is half done as ſoon as undertaken. *Cicero*'s Genius

Genius inclined him to Oratory, *Virgil*'s to follow the Train of the Muſes; they piouſly obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modeſt and ingenious Virtue would ſurely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully*'s declamatory Inclination would have been as uſeleſs in Poetry. Nature, if left to herſelf, leads us on in the beſt Courſe, but will do nothing by Compulſion and Conſtraint; and if we are not ſatisfied to go her way, we are always the greateſt Sufferers by it.

WHEREVER Nature deſigns a Production, ſhe always diſpoſes Seeds proper for it, which are as abſolutely neceſſary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally abſurd that will write Verſes in ſpite of Nature, with that Gardiner that ſhould undertake to raiſe a Junquil or Tulip without the Help of their reſpective Seeds.

AS there is no good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, ſo it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex muſt have ſuffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at leaſt as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none ſo conſpicuous as in the two oppoſite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras*; *Cælia* has all the Charms of Perſon, together with an abundant Sweetneſs of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungenteel, but has Wit and good Senſe: If *Cælia* would be ſilent, her Beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Cælia*'s Tongue runs inceſſantly, while *Iras* gives herſelf ſilent Airs and ſoft Languors; ſo that 'tis difficult to perſuade one's ſelf that *Cælia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit: Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Cælia*, and *Cælia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

THE great Misfortune of this Affectation is, that Men not only loſe a good Quality, but alſo contract a bad one: They not only are unfit for what they were deſigned, but they aſſign themſelves to what they are not fit for; and inſtead of making a very good Figure one Way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would

would have been ſatisfied with her natural Complection, ſhe might ſtill have been celebrated by the Name of the Olive Beauty; but *Semanthe* has taken up an Affectation toWhite and Red, and is now diſtinguiſhed by the Character of the Lady that paints ſo well. In a word, could the World be reformed to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero* when he conſulted what Courſe of Studies he ſhould purſue, we ſhould ſee almoſt every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere as *Tully* was in his, and ſhould in a very ſhort time find Impertinence and Affectation baniſhed from among the Women, and Coxcombs and falſe Characters from among the Men. For my part, I could never conſider this prepoſterous Repugnancy to Nature any otherwiſe, than not only as the greateſt Folly, but alſo one of the moſt heinous Crimes, ſince it is a direct Oppoſition to the Diſpoſition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expreſſes it) like the Sin of the Giants, an actual Rebellion againſt Heaven. Z

No. 405. *Saturday, June* 14.

Οἱ δὲ παννημέριοι μολπῇ Θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες Παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.
Hom. Il. 1. v. 472.

With Hymns divine the joyous Banquet ends;
The Pæans lengthen'd till the Sun deſcends:
The Greeks *reſtor'd the grateful Notes prolong;*
Apollo *liſtens, and approves the Song.* Pope.

I Am very ſorry to find, by the Opera Bills for this Day, that we are likely to loſe the greateſt Performer in Dramatick Muſick that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I am ſpeaking of *Signior Nicolini*. The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artiſt, for having ſhewn us the *Italian* Muſick in its Perfection, as well as

as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the Compoſer endeavoured to do Juſtice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been ſet him by the greateſt Foreign Maſters in that Art.

I could heartily wiſh there was the ſame Application and Endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-Muſick, as have been lately beſtowed on that of the Stage. Our Compoſers have one very great Incitement to it: They are ſure to meet with Excellent Words, and at the ſame time, a wonderful Variety of them. There is no Paſſion that is not finely expreſſed in thoſe parts of the inſpired Writings, which are proper for Divine Songs and Anthems.

THERE is a certain Coldneſs and Indifference in the Phraſe of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the Oriental Forms of Speech; and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *Engliſh* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infuſion of *Hebraiſms*, which are derived to it out of the Poetical Paſſages in Holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expreſſion, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intenſe Phraſes, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is ſomething ſo pathetick in this kind of Diction, that it often ſets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is compoſed in the moſt Elegant and Polite Forms of Speech, which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heighten'd by that Solemnity of Phraſe, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been ſaid by ſome of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly ſpeak in *Plato*'s Stile; but I think we may ſay, with Juſtice, that when Mortals converſe with their Creator, they cannot do it in ſo proper a Stile as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

IF any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *Engliſh* Language; after having per-

peruſed the Book of Pſalms, let him read a literal Tranſlation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in theſe two laſt ſuch an Abſurdity and Confuſion of Stile, with ſuch a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very ſenſible of what I have been here advancing.

SINCE we have therefore ſuch a Treaſury of Words, ſo beautiful in themſelves, and ſo proper for the Airs of Muſick, I cannot but wonder that Perſons of Diſtinction ſhould give ſo little Attention and Encouragement to that kind of Muſick which would have its Foundation in Reaſon, and which would improve our Virtue in proportion as it raiſed our Delight. The Paſſions that are excited by ordinary Compoſitions generally flow from ſuch ſilly and abſurd Occaſions, that a Man is aſhamed to reflect upon them ſeriouſly; but the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from ſuch Cauſes as are altogether reaſonable and praiſe-worthy. Pleaſure and Duty go hand in hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

MUSICK among thoſe who were ſtiled the choſen People was a Religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reaſon to believe were in high repute among the Courts of the Eaſtern Monarchs, were nothing elſe but Pſalms and Pieces of Poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greateſt Conqueror in this Holy Nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks, did not only compoſe the Words of his Divine Odes, but generally ſet them to Muſick himſelf: After which, his Works, tho' they were conſecrated to the Tabernacle, became the National Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

The firſt Original of the Drama was a Religious Worſhip conſiſting only of a Chorus, which was nothing elſe but a Hymn to a Deity. As Luxury and Voluptuouſneſs prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worſhip degenerated into Tragedies; in which however the Chorus ſo far remembred its firſt Office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

HOMER

HOMER and *Heſiod* intimate to us how this Art ſhould be applied, when they repreſent the Muſes as ſurrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might ſhew from innumerable Paſſages in Ancient Writers, not only that Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick were made uſe of in their Religious Worſhip, but that their moſt favourite Diverſions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their reſpective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our Paſſions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cheriſh thoſe Divine Impulſes in the Soul, which every one feels that has not ſtifled them by ſenſual and immoderate Pleaſures.

MUSICK, when thus applied, raiſes noble Hints in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It ſtrengthens Devotion, and advances Praiſes into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worſhip, and produces more laſting and permanent Impreſſions in the Mind, than thoſe which accompany any tranſient Form of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of Religious Worſhip. O

No. 406. *Monday, June* 16.

Hæc ſtudia Adoleſcentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis ſolatium & perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur. Tull.

Theſe Studies improve Youth; delight old Age; are the Ornament of Proſperity, and Refuge of Adverſity; pleaſe at home; are no Incumbrance abroad; lodge with us; travel with us, and retire into the Country with us.

THE following Letters bear a pleaſing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of a private Life. The firſt is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Reſpect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement; the other is

is a Letter to me, occaſioned by an Ode written by my *Lapland* Lover; this Correſpondent is ſo kind as to tranſlate another of *Scheffer*'s Songs in a very agreeable Manner. I publiſh them together, that the Young and Old may find ſomething in the ſame Paper which may be ſuitable to their reſpective Taſtes in Solitude; for I know no Fault in the Deſcription of ardent Deſires, provided they are honourable.

Dear Sir,

'YOU have obliged me with a very kind Letter; by which I find you ſhift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mixt State which wiſe Men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks moſt of the Philoſophers and Moraliſts have run too much into Extremes, in praiſing entirely either Solitude or publick Life; in the former Men generally grow uſeleſs by too much Reſt, and in the latter are deſtroyed by too much Precipitation: As Waters, lying ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more Miſchief in their Paſſage to others, and are ſwallowed up and loſt the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe who, like you, can make themſelves uſeful to all States, ſhould be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through lonely Vales and Foreſts amidſt the Flocks and Shepherds, but viſit populous Towns in their Courſe, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there is another ſort of People who ſeem deſigned for Solitude, thoſe I mean who have more to hide than to ſhew: As for my own part, I am one of thoſe of whom *Seneca* ſays, *I am umbratiles ſunt, ut putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some Men, like Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe ſuch as have a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noiſe, but after all run more ſmoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural Courſe upon the Ground. The Conſideration of this would make me very well contented with the Poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion of Obſcurity; but whoever has the Muſes too

for

'for his Companions, can never be idle enough to 'be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee I would flatter my 'ſelf into a good Opinion of my own Way of Liv-'ing: *Plutarch* juſt now told me, that 'tis in human 'Life as in a Game at Tables, one may wiſh he had the 'higheſt Caſt, but if his Chance be otherwiſe, he is even 'to play it as well as he can, and make the beſt of it.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

and moſt humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Town being ſo well pleaſed with the fine 'Picture of artleſs Love, which Nature inſpired 'the *Laplander* to paint in the Ode you lately printed; 'we were in hopes that the ingenious Tranſlator would 'have obliged it with the other alſo which *Scheffer* has 'given us; but ſince he has not, a much inferior Hand 'has ventured to ſend you this.

'IT is a Cuſtom with the Northern Lovers to divert 'themſelves with a Song, whilſt they journey through 'the ſenny Moors to pay a Viſit to their Miſtreſs. This 'is addreſſed by the Lover to his Rain-Deer, which is 'the Creature that in that Country ſupplies the Want of 'Horſes. The Circumſtances which ſucceſſively preſent 'themſelves to him in his Way, are, I believe you will 'think, naturally interwoven. The Anxiety of Ab-'ſence, the Gloomineſs of the Roads, and his Reſolution 'of frequenting only thoſe, ſince thoſe only can carry 'him to the Object of his Deſires; the Diſſatisfaction 'he expreſſes even at the greateſt Swiftneſs with which 'he is carried, and his joyful Surpriſe at an unexpected 'Sight of his Miſtreſs as ſhe is bathing, ſeem beautifully 'deſcribed in the Original.

'IF all thoſe petty Images of Rural Nature are loſt 'in the Imitation, yet poſſibly you may think fit to let 'this ſupply the Place of a long Letter, when Want of 'Leiſure or Indiſpoſition for Writing will not permit 'our being entertained by your own Hand. I propoſe 'ſuch a Time, becauſe tho' it is natural to have a Fond-'neſs for what one does one's ſelf, yet I aſſure you I

'would

‹ would not have any thing of mine diſplace a ſingle ‹ Line of yours.

I.

Haſte, my Rain-Deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey through this dreary Waſte;
Haſte, my Rain-Deer! ſtill ſtill thou art too ſlow,
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's Haſte.

II.

Around us far the Ruſty Moors are ſpread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw his chearful Ray;
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the Marſhes tread,
No Lay unſung to cheat the tedious Way.

III.

The wat'ry Length of theſe unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Through theſe I fly to her my Soul adores,
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride, Farewel.

IV.

Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breaſt is tortur'd with impatient Fires;
Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly ſwifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Deſires.

V.

Our pleaſing Toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in Wonder loſt, ſhalt view my Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artleſs Charms, her Bloom, her ſprightly Air.

VI.

But lo! with graceful Motion there ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious Wave;
The crowding Waves tranſported claſp her Limbs:
When, when, oh when ſhall I ſuch Freedoms have!

VII.

In vain, ye envious Streams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From every Touch ye more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays.

T

Tueſday,

No. 407. *Tuesday, June* 17.

——— *abeſt facundis Gratia dictis.*
Ovid. Met. l. 13. v. 127.

Eloquent Words a graceful Manner want.

MOST Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the *Engliſh* Nation, whatever Vices they aſcribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modeſt. It proceeds perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are obſerved to make uſe of leſs Geſture or Action than thoſe of other Countries. Our Preachers ſtand ſtock ſtill in the Pulpit, and will not ſo much as move a Finger to ſet off the beſt Sermons in the World. We meet with the ſame ſpeaking Statues at our Bars, and in all publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a ſmooth continued Stream, without thoſe Strainings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majeſty of the Hand which are ſo much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Diſcourſe which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal breaks out in the fineſt Tropes and Figures, it is not able to ſtir a Limb about us. I have heard it obſerved more than once by thoſe who have ſeen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Engliſhman* cannot reliſh all the Beauties of *Italian* Pictures, becauſe the Poſtures which are expreſſed in them are often ſuch as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not ſeen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble Geſture in *Raphael*'s Picture of St. *Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apoſtle is repreſented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidſt an Audience of Pagan Philoſophers.

I T is certain that proper Geſtures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much ſtudied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he

he utters, and enforce every thing he ſays, with weak Hearers, better than the ſtrongeſt Argument he can make uſe of. They keep the Audience awake, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the ſame time that they ſhew the Speaker is in earneſt, and affected himſelf with what he ſo paſſionately recommends to others. Violent Geſture and Vociferation naturally ſhake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to ſee Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, tho' he is placed quite out of their Hearing; as in *England* we very frequently ſee People lulled aſleep with ſolid and elaborate Diſcourſes of Piety, who would be warmed and tranſported out of themſelves by the Bellowing and Diſtortions of Enthuſiaſm.

IF Nonſenſe, when accompanied with ſuch an Emotion of Voice and Body, has ſuch an Influence on Mens Minds, what might we not expect from many of thoſe admirable Diſcourſes which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Fervour, and with the moſt agreeable Graces of Voice and Geſture?

WE are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this *laterum contentio*, this Vehemence of Action, with which he uſed to deliver himſelf. The *Greek* Orator was likewiſe ſo very famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagoniſts, whom he had baniſhed from *Athens*, reading over the Oration which had procured his Baniſhment, and ſeeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear aſking them, if they were ſo much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out ſuch a Storm of Eloquence?

HOW cold and dead a Figure, in compariſon of theſe two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *Britiſh* Bar, holding up his Head, with the moſt inſipid Serenity, and ſtroking the ſides of a long Wig that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Geſtures of an *Engliſh* Speaker; you ſee ſome of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thruſt them, and others looking with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has no-

thing written in it; you may ſee many a ſmart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into ſeveral different Cocks, examining ſometimes the Lining of it, and ſometimes the Button, during the whole courſe of his Harangue. A deaf Man would think he was cheapning a Beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the Fate of the *Britiſh* Nation. I remember when I was a young Man, and uſed to frequent *Weſtminſter-Hall*, there was a Counſellor who never pleaded without a Piece of Packthread in his Hand, which he uſed to twiſt about a Thumb or a Finger, all the while he was ſpeaking: The Wags of thoſe Days uſed to call it the Thread of his Diſcourſe, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wiſe, ſtole it from him one Day in the midſt of his Pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he loſt his Cauſe by his Jeſt.

I have all along acknowledged my ſelf to be a dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Perſon to give Rules for Oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aſide all kinds of Geſture, (which ſeems to be very ſuitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at leaſt to make uſe of ſuch only as are graceful and expreſſive. O

No. 408. *Wedneſday, June* 18.

Decet affectus animi neque ſe nimium erigere, nec ſubjacere ſerviliter. Tull. de Finibus.

We ſhou'd keep our Paſſions from being exalted above meaſure, or ſervilely depreſs'd.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your Manner of Treating it. Human Nature I always thought the moſt uſeful Object of human Reaſon, and to make the Conſideration of it pleaſant and

'enter-

'entertaining, I always thought the beſt Employment of 'human Wit: Other Parts of Philoſophy may perhaps 'make us wiſer, but this not only anſwers that End, 'but makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle 'pronounced *Socrates* the wiſeſt of all Men living, be-'cauſe he judiciouſly made choice of human Nature for 'the Object of his Thoughts; an Inquiry into which as 'much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more 'Conſequence to adjuſt the true Nature and Meaſures 'of Right and Wrong, than to ſettle the Diſtance of 'the Planets, and compute the Times of their Circum-'volutions.

'ONE good Effect that will immediately ariſe from 'a near Obſervation of human Nature, is that we ſhall 'ceaſe to wonder at thoſe Actions which Men are uſed 'to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is pro-'duced without a Cauſe, ſo by obſerving the Nature 'and Courſe of the Paſſions, we ſhall be able to trace 'every Action from its firſt Conception to its Death. 'We ſhall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Cati-'line* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated 'by a cruel Jealouſy, the other by a furious Ambition; 'for the Actions of Men follow their Paſſions as natu-'rally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows 'from its Cauſe; Reaſon muſt be employed in adjuſting 'the Paſſions, but they muſt ever remain the Principles 'of Action.

'THE ſtrange and abſurd Variety that is ſo apparent 'in Mens Actions, ſhews plainly they can never proceed 'immediately from Reaſon; ſo pure a Fountain emits 'no ſuch troubled Waters: They muſt neceſſarily ariſe 'from the Paſſions, which are to the Mind as the Winds 'to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often 'deſtroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the 'Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overſet it in the 'Waves: In the ſame manner is the Mind aſſiſted or 'endangered by the Paſſions; Reaſon muſt then take 'the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of ſecuring her 'Charge if ſhe be not wanting to herſelf; The Strength 'of the Paſſions will never be accepted as an Ex-'cuſe for complying with them; they were deſigned 'for Subjection, and if a Man ſuffers them to get the

'upper Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own 'Soul.

'AS Nature has framed the ſeveral Species of Beings 'as it were in a Chain, ſo Man ſeems to be placed as the 'middle Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence he 'participates both of Fleſh and Spirit by an admirable 'Tie, which in him occaſions perpetual War of Paſſions; 'and as a Man inclines to the angelick or brute Part 'of his Conſtitution, he is then denominated good or 'bad, virtuous, or wicked; if Love, Mercy, and Good-'nature prevail, they ſpeak him of the Angel; if Ha-'tred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they declare 'his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that ſome of 'the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this Life in-'clined more to the Angel or the Brute, ſo after their 'Death they ſhould tranſmigrate into the one or the 'other; and it would be no unpleaſant Notion to con-'ſider the ſeveral Species of Brutes, into which we may 'imagine that Tyrants, Miſers, the Proud, Malicious, 'and Ill-natured might be changed.

'AS a Conſequence of this Original, all Paſſions are 'in all Men, but appear not in all; Conſtitution, Edu-'cation, Cuſtom of the Country, Reaſon, and the like 'Cauſes may improve or abate the Strength of them, 'but ſtill the Seeds remain, which are ever ready to 'ſprout forth upon the leaſt Encouragement. I have 'heard a Story of a good religious Man, who, having 'been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modeſt 'in Publick by a careful Reflection he made on his Ac-'tions, but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, where-'in he had his Friſks and Capers; and if we had an 'Opportunity of examining the Retirement of the ſtrict-'eſt Philoſophers, no doubt but we ſhould find perpe-'tual Returns of thoſe Paſſions they ſo artfully conceal 'from the Publick. I remember *Machiavel* obſerves, 'that every State ſhould entertain a perpetual Jealouſy 'of its Neighbours, that ſo it ſhould never be unprovi-'ded when an Emergency happens; in like manner 'ſhould the Reaſon be perpetually on its Guard againſt 'the Paſſions, and never ſuffer them to carry on any De-'ſign that may be deſtructive of its Security; yet at the 'ſame time it muſt be careful, that it don't ſo far break

'their

'their Strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently it self unguarded.

'THE Understanding being of its self too slow 'and lazy to exert it self into Action, it's necessary it 'should be put in Motion by the gentle Gales of the 'Passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and 'Corruption; for they are necessary to the Health of 'the Mind, as the Circulation of the animal Spirits is 'to the Health of the Body; they keep it in Life, and 'Strength, and Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind 'to perform its Offices without their Assistance: These 'Motions are given us with our Being; they are little 'Spirits that are born and die with us; to some they are 'mild, easy and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, 'yet never too strong for the Reins of Reason and the 'Guidance of Judgment.

'WE may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion 'between the Strength of Reason and Passion; the greatest 'Genius's have commonly the strongest Affections, as, on 'the other hand, the weaker Understandings have gene-'rally the weaker Passions; and 'tis fit the Fury of the 'Coursers should not be too great for the Strength of the 'Charioteer. Young Men whose Passions are not a little 'unruly, give small Hopes of their ever being consider-'able; the Fire of Youth will of course abate, and is a 'Fault, if it be a Fault, that mends every Day; but sure-'ly, unless a Man has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have 'Warmth in Old Age. We must therefore be very cau-'tious, lest while we think to regulate the Passions, we 'should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the 'Light of the Soul; for to be without Passion or, to be 'hurried away with it, makes a Man equally blind. The 'extraordinary Severity used in most of our Schools has 'this fatal Effect, it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and 'most certainly destroys more good Genius's than it can 'possibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty Mistake that 'the Passions should be so intirely subdued; for little Ir-'regularities are sometimes not only to be bore with but 'to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended 'with the greatest Perfections. All great Genius's have 'Faults mixed with their Virtues, and resemble the flam-'ing Bush which has Thorns amongst Lights.

'SINCE therefore the Paſſions are the Principles of 'human Actions, we muſt endeavour to manage them 'ſo as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them under 'ſtrict Command; we muſt govern them rather like free 'Subjects than Slaves, leſt, while we intend to make 'them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for thoſe 'great Purpoſes to which they were deſigned. For my 'part I muſt confeſs I could never have any Regard to 'that Sect of Philoſophers, who ſo much inſiſted upon an 'abſolute Indifference and Vacancy from all Paſſion; for 'it ſeems to me a Thing very inconſiſtent, for a Man to 'diveſt himſelf of Humanity, in order to acquire 'Tranquillity of Mind, and to eradicate the very Prin-'ciples of Action, becauſe it's poſſible they may produce 'ill Effects.

I am, SIR,

Your Affectionate Admirer,

Z T. B.

No. 409. *Thurſday, June* 19.

——— *Muſæo contingere cuncta lepore.*

Lucr. lib. 1. v. 933.

To grace each Subject with enliv'ning Wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends *the fine Taſte*, as the utmoſt Perfection of an accompliſhed Man. As this Word ariſes very often in Converſation, I ſhall endeavour to give ſome Acount of it, and to lay down Rules how we may know whether we are poſſeſſed of it, and how we may acquire that fine Taſte of Writing, which is ſo much talked of among the Polite World.

MOST Languages make uſe of this Metaphor, to expreſs that Faculty of the Mind, which diſtinguiſhes all the moſt concealed Faults and niceſt Perfections in Writing. We may be ſure this Metaphor would not have been ſo general in all Tongues, had there not been a very great

great Conformity between that Mental Taſte, which is the Subject of this Paper, and that Senſitive Taſte, which gives us a Reliſh of every different Flavour that affects the Palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many Degrees of Refinement in the intellectual Faculty, as in the Senſe, which is marked out by this common Denomination.

I knew a Perſon who poſſeſſed the one in ſo great a Perfection, that after having taſted ten different Kinds of Tea, he would diſtinguiſh, without ſeeing the Colour of it, the particular Sort which was offered him; and not only ſo, but any two Sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal Proportion; nay, he has carried the Experiment ſo far, as upon taſting the Compoſition of three different Sorts, to name the Parcels from whence the three ſeveral Ingredients were taken. A Man of a fine Taſte in Writing will diſcern, after the ſame manner, not only the general Beauties and Imperfections of an Author, but diſcover the ſeveral Ways of thinking and expreſſing himſelf, which diverſify him from all other Authors, with the ſeveral Foreign Infuſions of Thought and Language, and the particular Authors from whom they were borrowed.

AFTER having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine Taſte in Writing, and ſhewn the Propriety of the Metaphor which is uſed on this Occaſion, I think I may define it to be *that Faculty of the Soul, which diſcerns the Beauties of an Author with Pleaſure, and the Imperfections with Diſlike.* If a Man would know whether he is poſſeſſed of this Faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated Works of Antiquity, which have ſtood the Teſt of ſo many different Ages and Countries, or thoſe Works among the Moderns which have the Sanction of the Politer Part of our Contemporaries. If upon the Peruſal of ſuch Writings he does not find himſelf delighted in an extraordinary Manner, or if, upon reading the admired Paſſages in ſuch Authors, he finds a Coldneſs and Indifference in his Thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too uſual among taſteleſs Readers) that the Author wants thoſe Perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himſelf wants the Faculty of diſcovering them.

HE ſhould, in the ſecond Place, be very careful to obſerve, whether he taſtes the diſtinguiſhing Perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them ſo, the Specifick Qualities of the Author whom he peruſes; whether he is particularly pleaſed with *Livy* for his Manner of telling a Story, with *Salluſt* for his entering into thoſe internal Principles of Action which ariſe from the Characters and Manners of the Perſons he deſcribes, or with *Tacitus* for his diſplaying thoſe outward Motives of Safety and Intereſt, which give Birth to the whole Series of Tranſactions which he relates.

HE may likewiſe conſider, how differently he is affected by the ſame Thought, which preſents it ſelf in a great Writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a Perſon of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much Difference in apprehending a Thought clothed in *Cicero*'s Language, and that of a common Author, as in ſeeing an Object by the Light of a Taper, or by the Light of the Sun.

IT is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of ſuch a Taſte as that I am here ſpeaking of. The Faculty muſt in ſome degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that thoſe who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this. One of the moſt eminent Mathematicians of the Age has aſſured me, that the greateſt Pleaſure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Æneas* his Voyage by the Map; as I queſtion not but many a modern Compiler of Hiſtory would be delighted with little more in that Divine Author, than the bare Matters of Fact.

BUT notwithſtanding this Faculty muſt in ſome meaſure be born with us, there are ſeveral Methods for Cultivating and Improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little uſe to the Perſon that poſſeſſes it. The moſt natural Method for this Purpoſe is to be converſant among the Writings of the moſt Polite Authors. A Man who has any Reliſh for fine Writing, either diſcovers new Beauties, or receives ſtronger Impreſſions from the Maſterly Strokes of a great Author every time he peruſes him; Beſides that he naturally wears himſelf into the ſame manner of Speaking and Thinking.

CON-

CONVERSATION with Men of a Polite Genius is another Method for improving our natural Taſte. It is impoſſible for a Man of the greateſt Parts to conſider any thing in its whole Extent, and in all its Variety of Lights. Every Man, beſides thoſe General Obſervations which are to be made upon an Author, forms ſeveral Reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of Thinking; ſo that Converſation will naturally furniſh us with Hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other Mens Parts and Reflections as well as our own. This is the beſt Reaſon I can give for the Obſervation which ſeveral have made, that Men of great Genius in the ſame Way of Writing, ſeldom riſe up ſingly, but at certain Periods of Time appear together, and in a Body; as they did at *Rome* in the Reign of *Auguſtus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Boileau*, *la Fontaine*, *Bruyere*, *Boſſu*, or the *Daciers*, would have written ſo well as they have done, had they not been Friends and Contemporaries.

IT is likewiſe neceſſary for a Man who would form to himſelf a finiſhed Taſte of good Writing, to be well verſed in the Works of the beſt *Criticks* both Ancient and Modern. I muſt confeſs that I could wiſh there were Authors of this Kind, who beſide the Mechanical Rules which a Man of very little Taſte may diſcourſe upon, would enter into the very Spirit and Soul of fine Writing, and ſhew us the ſeveral Sources of that Pleaſure which riſes in the Mind upon the Peruſal of a noble Work. Thus although in Poetry it be abſolutely neceſſary that the Unities of Time, Place and Action, with other Points of the ſame Nature, ſhould be thoroughly explained and underſtood; there is ſtill ſomething more eſſential to the Art, ſomething that elevates and aſtoniſhes the Fancy, and gives a Greatneſs of Mind to the Reader, which few of the Criticks beſides *Longinus* have conſidered.

OUR general Taſte in *England* is for Epigram, Turns of Wit, and forced Conceits, which have no manner of Influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the Mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greateſt Writers, both among the Ancients and Moderns. I have endeavoured in ſeveral of my Speculations to baniſh this *Gothic* Taſte, which has taken poſſeſſion

among us. I entertained the Town for a Week together with an Eſſay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect ſeveral of thoſe falſe kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the World; and at the ſame time to ſhew wherein the Nature of true Wit conſiſts. I afterwards gave an Inſtance of the great Force which lies in a natural Simplicity of Thought to affect the Mind of the Reader, from ſuch vulgar Pieces as have little elſe beſides this ſingle Qualification to recommend them. I have likewiſe examined the Works of the greateſt Poet which our Nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized moſt of thoſe rational and manly Beauties which give a Value to that Divine Work. I ſhall next *Saturday* enter upon an Eſſay *on the Pleaſures of the Imagination*, which, though it ſhall conſider that Subject at large, will perhaps ſuggeſt to the Reader what it is that gives a Beauty to many Paſſages of the fineſt Writers both in Proſe and Verſe. As an Undertaking of this Nature is intirely new, I queſtion not but it will be received with Candour. O

No. 410. *Friday, June* 20.

——— *Dum foris ſunt, nihil videtur mundius,*
Nec magis compoſitum quidquam, nec magis elegans:
Quæ, cum amatore ſuo cùm cœnant, Liguriunt.
Harum videre ingluviem, ſordes, inopiam,
Quàm inhoneſtæ ſolæ ſint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex Jure Heſterno panem atrum vorent:
Noſſe omnia hæc, ſalus eſt adoleſcentulis.

Ter. Eun. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

When they are abroad, nothing is ſo clean, and nicely dreſſed; and, when at Supper with a Gallant, they do but piddle, and pick the choiceſt Bits: but, to ſee their Naſtineſs and Poverty at home, their Gluttony, and how they devour black Cruſts dipped in Yeſterday's Broth, is a perfect Antidote againſt Wenching.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who diſguiſes his preſent Decay by viſiting the Wenches of the Town only by way of Humour, told us, that the laſt rainy Night

Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the *Temple* Cloiſter, whither had eſcaped alſo a Lady moſt exactly dreſſed from Head to Foot. WILL made no Scruple to acquaint us, that ſhe ſaluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY: Upon which nothing leſs could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam, the ſame at your Service. She was dreſſed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons; her Linen ſtriped Muſlin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning; decent Dreſſes being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once conſulting Cheapneſs and the Pretenſions to Modeſty. She went on with a familiar eaſy Air. Your Friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little ſurpriſed to ſee a Woman here alone and unattended; but I diſmiſſed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Counſel's Chambers; for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a ſmall diſputed Jointure to admit any other Expences but meer Neceſſaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB, begged they might have the Honour of ſetting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but truſting herſelf with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his Friend, to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be ſubjected to all the Impertinence ſhe muſt meet with in that publick Place. Mr. HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the firſt, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man, took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at *Sukey* in the State ſhe march'd off, WILL HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

MUCH Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where after declaring ſhe had no Stomach, and eaten a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Truſſe of Sallet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, ſhe ſung the old Man's Wiſh to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for ſome time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey*

to

to her Friend WILL HONEYCOMB. WILL has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

Madam,

'I Am not so meer a Country-Gentleman, but I can 'gues at the Law-Busines you had at the *Temple*. 'If you would go down to the Country and leave off all 'your Vanities but your Singing, let me know at my 'Lodgings in *Bow-Street, Covent-Garden*, and you shall 'be encouraged by

Your humble Servant,

ROGER DE COVERLY.

MY good Friend could not well stand the Rallery which was rising upon him; but to put a Stop to it, I deliver'd WILL HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING seen a Translation of one of the Chap-'ters in the *Canticles* into *English* Verse inserted 'among your late Papers, I have ventured to send you 'the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs* in a poetical Dress. 'If you think it worthy appearing among your Spe-'culations, it will be a sufficient Reward for the Trouble 'of

Your constant Reader,

A. B.

MY Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
And all the wholsom Precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.
Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures the Unwary in,
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.

Once

Once from my Window as I caſt mine Eye,
On thoſe that paſs'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the fooliſh Youths I ſpy'd,
Who took not ſacred Wiſdom for his Guide.
Juſt as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening ſoft led on the Shades of Night,
He ſtole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And paſs'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate;
When lo, a Woman comes! ———
Looſe her Attire, and ſuch her glaring Dreſs,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind expreſs:
Subtle ſhe is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedleſs Hearts:
Stubborn and loud ſhe is, ſhe hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form; ſhe loves to roam;
Now ſhe's within, now in the Street does ſtray,
Now at each Corner ſtands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth ſhe ſeiz'd; and laying now aſide
All Modeſty, the Female's juſteſt Pride,
She ſaid, with an Embrace, Here at my Houſe
Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And lo, in happy Hour I find thee here.
My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed
Are Cov'rings of the richeſt Tap'ſtry ſpread,
With Linen it is deck'd from Egypt *brought,*
And Carvings by the Curious Artiſt wrought:
It wants no Glad Perfume Arabia *yields*
In all her Citron Groves, and ſpicy Fields;
Here all her ſtore of richeſt Odours meets,
I'll lay thee in a Wilderneſs of Sweets.
Whatever to the Senſe can grateful be
I have collected there ——— *I want but Thee.*
My Huſband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will ſtay:
He nam'd for his Return a diſtant Day.
Upon her Tongue did ſuch ſmooth Miſchief dwell,
And from her Lips ſuch welcome Flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters ty'd,
Reſign'd his Reaſon, and with Eaſe comply'd.
Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is ſenſeleſs of th' impending Blow.

Thus

Thus flies the ſimple Bird into the Snare,
That ſkilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.
But let my Sons attend. Attend may they
Whom Youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;
Let them falſe Charmers fly, and guard their Hearts
Againſt the wily Wanton's pleaſing Arts;
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn aſtray
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Leſt they too late of her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been Slain. T

No. 411. *Saturday, June* 21.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita ſolo: juvat integros accedere fonteis,
Atque haurire: ——— Lucr. lib. 1. v. 925.

——— *Inſpired I trace the Muſes Seats,*
Untroden yet: 'tis ſweet to viſit firſt
Untouch'd and Virgin Streams, and quench my thirſt.

CREECH.

OUR Sight is the moſt perfect and moſt delightful of all our Senſes. It fills the Mind with the largeſt Variety of Ideas, converſes with its Objects at the greateſt Diſtance, and continues the longeſt in Action without being tired or ſatiated with its proper Enjoyments. The Senſe of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extenſion, Shape, and all other Ideas that enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the ſame time it is very much ſtraitned and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and diſtance of its particular Objects. Our Sight ſeems deſigned to ſupply all theſe Defects, and may be conſidered, as a more delicate and diffuſive kind of Touch, that ſpreads itſelf over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largeſt Figures, and brings into our reach ſome of the moſt remote Parts of the Univerſe.

IT

IT is this Senſe which furniſhes the Imagination with its Ideas; ſo that by the Pleaſures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I ſhall uſe promiſcuouſly) I here mean ſuch as ariſe from viſible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas into our Minds by Paintings, Statues, Deſcriptions, or any the like Occaſion. We cannot indeed have a ſingle Image in the Fancy that did not make its firſt Entrance through the Sight; but we have the Power of retaining, altering and compounding thoſe Images, which we have once received, into all the Varieties of Picture and Viſion that are moſt agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himſelf with Scenes and Landſkips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compaſs of Nature.

THERE are few Words in the *Engliſh* Language which are employed in a more looſe and uncircumſcribed Senſe than thoſe of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it neceſſary to fix and determine the Notion of theſe two Words, as I intend to make uſe of them in the Thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I muſt therefore deſire him to remember that, by the Pleaſures of the Imagination, I mean only ſuch Pleaſures as ariſe originally from Sight, and that I divide theſe Pleaſures into two Kinds: My Deſign being firſt of all to diſcourſe of thoſe Primary Pleaſures of the Imagination, which intirely proceed from ſuch Objects as are before our Eyes; and in the next place to ſpeak of thoſe ſecondary Pleaſures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of viſible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories, or formed into agreeable Viſions of things that are either Abſent or Fictitious.

THE Pleaſures of the Imagination, taken in the full Extent, are not ſo groſs as thoſe of Senſe, nor ſo refined as thoſe of the Underſtanding. The laſt are, indeed, more preferable, becauſe they are founded on ſome new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it muſt be confeſt that thoſe of the Imagination are

as great and as tranſporting as the other. A beautiful Proſpect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonſtration; and a Deſcription in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Ariſtotle*. Beſides, the Pleaſures of the Imagination have this Advantage, above thoſe of the Underſtanding, that they are more obvious, and more eaſy to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themſelves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are ſtruck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we ſee, and immediately aſſent to the Beauty of an Object, without inquiring into the particular Cauſes and Occaſions of it.

A Man of a polite Imagination is let into a great many Pleaſures, that the Vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converſe with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He meets with a ſecret Refreſhment in a Deſcription, and often feels a greater Satisfaction in the Proſpect of Fields and Meadows, than another does in the Poſſeſſion. It gives him, indeed, a kind of Property in every thing he ſees, and makes the moſt rude uncultivated Parts of Nature adminiſter to his Pleaſures: So that he looks upon the World, as it were, in another Light, and diſcovers in it a Multitude of Charms, that conceal themſelves from the generality of Mankind.

THERE are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a Reliſh of any Pleaſures that are not Criminal; every Diverſion they take is at the Expence of ſome one Virtue or another, and their very firſt Step out of Buſineſs is into Vice or Folly. A Man ſhould endeavour, therefore, to make the Sphere of his innocent Pleaſures as wide as poſſible, that he may retire into them with Safety, and find in them ſuch a Satisfaction as a wiſe Man would not bluſh to take. Of this Nature are thoſe of the Imagination, which do not require ſuch a Bent of Thought as is neceſſary to our more ſerious Employments, nor, at the ſame time, ſuffer the Mind to ſink into that Negligence and Remiſſneſs, which are apt to accompany our more ſenſual Delights, but, like a gentle Exerciſe to the Faculties, awaken them from

from Sloth and Idleneſs, without putting them upon any Labour or Difficulty.

WE might here add, that the Pleaſures of the Fancy are more conducive to Health, than thoſe of the Underſtanding, which are worked out by Dint of Thinking, and attended with too violent a Labour of the Brain. Delightful Scenes, whether in Nature, Painting, or Poetry, have a kindly Influence on the Body, as well as the Mind, and not only ſerve to clear and brighten the Imagination, but are able to diſperſe Grief and Melancholy, and to ſet the Animal Spirits in pleaſing and agreeable Motions. For this Reaſon Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Eſſay upon Health, has not thought it improper to preſcribe to his Reader a Poem or a Proſpect, where he particularly diſſuades him from knotty and ſubtile Diſquiſitions, and adviſes him to purſue Studies that fill the Mind with ſplendid and illuſtrious Objects, as Hiſtories, Fables, and Contemplations of Nature.

I have in this Paper, by way of Introduction, ſettled the Notion of thoſe Pleaſures of the Imagination which are the Subject of my preſent Undertaking, and endeavoured, by ſeveral Conſiderations, to recommend to my Reader the Purſuit of thoſe Pleaſures. I ſhall, in my next Paper, examine the ſeveral Sources from whence theſe Pleaſures are derived. O

No 412. *Monday, June* 23.

——*Diviſum ſic breve fiet Opus.* Mart. Ep. 83. lib. 4.

The Work, divided aptly, ſhorter grows.

I Shall firſt conſider thoſe Pleaſures of the Imagination, which ariſe from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects: And theſe, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is *Great*, *Uncommon*, or *Beautiful*. There may, indeed, be ſomething ſo terrible or offenſive, that the Horror or Loathſomneſs of an Object may over-bear the Pleaſure which reſults from its *Greatneſs*, *Novelty*, or *Beauty*;

Beauty; but ſtill there will be ſuch a Mixture of Delight in the very Diſguſt it gives us, as any of theſe three Qualifications are moſt conſpicuous and prevailing.

BY *Greatneſs*, I do not only mean the Bulk of any ſingle Object, but the Largeneſs of a whole View, conſidered as one intire Piece. Such are the Proſpects of an open Champian Country, a vaſt uncultivated Deſart, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanſe of Waters, where we are not ſtruck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of theſe ſtupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to graſp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are ſtung into a pleaſing Aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stilneſs and Amazement in the Soul at the Apprehenſions of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Reſtraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itſelf under a ſort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compaſs, and ſhortned on every ſide by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a ſpacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the Immenſity of its Views, and to loſe its ſelf amidſt the Variety of Objects that offer themſelves to its Obſervation. Such wide and undetermined Proſpects are as pleaſing to the Fancy, as the Speculations of Eternity or Infinitude are to the Underſtanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonneſs joined with this Grandeur, as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a ſpacious Landſkip cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and Meadows, the Pleaſure ſtill grows upon us, as it ariſes from more than a ſingle Principle.

EVERY thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raiſes a Pleaſure in the Imagination, becauſe it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surpriſe, gratifies its Curioſity, and gives it an Idea of which it was not before poſſeſt. We are indeed ſo often converſant with one Set of Objects, and tired out with ſo many repeated Shows of the ſame Things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with

with the Strangeneſs of its Appearance: It ſerves us for a kind of Refreſhment, and takes off from that Satiety we are apt to complain of in our uſual and ordinary Entertainments. It is this that beſtows Charms on a Monſter, and makes even the Imperfections of Nature pleaſe us. It is this that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Inſtant called off to ſomething new, and the Attention not ſuffered to dwell too long, and waſte it ſelf on any particular Object. It is this, likewiſe, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are at any Seaſon of the Year pleaſant to look upon, but never ſo much as in the opening of the Spring, when they are all new and freſh, with their firſt Gloſs upon them, and not yet too much accuſtomed and familiar to the Eye. For this Reaſon there is nothing that more enlivens a Proſpect than Rivers, Jetteaus, or Falls of Water, where the Scene is perpetually ſhifting, and entertaining the Sight every Moment with ſomething that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Valleys, where every thing continues fixt and ſettled in the ſame Place and Poſture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of ſuch Objects as are ever in Motion, and ſliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

BUT there is nothing that makes its Way more directly to the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately diffuſes a ſecret Satisfaction and Complacency through the Imagination, and gives a Finiſhing to any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The very firſt Diſcovery of it ſtrikes the Mind with an inward Joy, and ſpreads a Chearfulneſs and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more in one Piece of Matter than another, becauſe we might have been ſo made, that whatſoever now appears loathſom to us, might have ſhewn it ſelf agreeable; but we find by Experience, that there are ſeveral Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Conſideration, pronounces at firſt Sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we ſee that every different Species of ſenſible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is moſt affected with the Beauties of its own Kind. This

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is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the ſame Shape and Proportion, where we often ſee the Mate determined in his Courtſhip by the ſingle Grain or Tincture of a Feather, and never diſcovering any Charms but in the Colour of its Species.

Scit thalamo ſervare fidem, ſanctaſque veretur
Connubii leges; non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque prævum accendit amorem
Splendida Lanugo, vel honeſta in vertice criſta,
Purpureuſve nitor pennarum; aſt agmina late
Fœminea explorat cautus, maculaſque requirit
Cognatas, paribuſque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis ſylvam circum undique monſtris
Confuſam aſpiceres vulgò, partuſque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, & Veneris monumenta nefandæ.
Hinc merula in nigro ſe oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc ſocium laſciva petit Philomela canorum,
Agnoſcitque pares ſonitus, hinc Noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, & glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe ſibi ſemper conſtat, creſcitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, caſtos confeſſa parentes;
Dum virides inter ſaltus luceſque ſonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumaſque decora Juventus
Explicat ad ſolem, patriiſque coloribus ardet.

The feather'd Huſband, to his Partner true,
Preſerves connubial Rites inviolate.
With cold indifference every Charm he ſees,
The milky Whiteneſs of the ſtately Neck,
The ſhining Down, proud Creſt, and purple Wings:
But cautious with a ſearching Eye explores
The female Tribes, his proper Mate to find,
With kindred Colours mark'd: Did he not ſo,
The Grove with painted Monſters wou'd abound,
Th' ambiguous Product of unnatural Love.
The Black-bird hence ſelects her ſooty Spouſe;
The Nightingale her muſical Compeer,
Lur'd by the well-known Voice: the Bird of Night,
Smit with his duſky Wings, and greeniſh Eyes,
Wooes his dun Paramour. The beauteous Race
Speak the chaſte Loves of their Progenitors;
When, by the Spring invited, they exult

In

In Woods and Fields, and to the Sun unfold
Their Plumes, that with paternal Colours glow.

THERE is a ſecond Kind of *Beauty* that we find in the ſeveral Products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the Imagination with that Warmth and Violence as the Beauty that appears in our proper Species, but is apt however to raiſe in us a ſecret Delight, and a kind of Fondneſs for the Places or Objects in which we diſcover it. This conſiſts either in the Gaiety or Variety of Colours, in the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts, in the Arrangement and Diſpoſition of Bodies, or in a juſt Mixture and Concurrence of all together. Among theſe ſeveral kinds of Beauty the Eye takes moſt Delight in Colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleaſing Show in Nature, than what appears in the Heavens at the riſing and ſetting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of thoſe different Stains of Light that ſhew themſelves in Clouds of a different Situation. For this Reaſon we find the Poets, who are always addreſſing themſelves to the Imagination, borrowing more of their Epithets from Colours than from any other Topic.

AS the Fancy delights in every thing that is Great, Strange or Beautiful, and is ſtill more pleaſed the more it finds of theſe Perfections in the ſame Object, ſo it is capable of receiving a new Satisfaction by the Aſſiſtance of another Senſe. Thus any continued Sound, as the Muſick of Birds, or a Fall of Water, awakens every Moment the Mind of the Beholder, and makes him more attentive to the ſeveral Beauties of the Place that lie before him. Thus if there ariſes a Fragrancy of Smells or Perfumes, they heighten the Pleaſures of the Imagination, and make even the Colours and Verdure of the Landſkip appear more agreeable; for the Ideas of both Senſes recommend each other, and are pleaſanter together, than when they enter the Mind ſeparately: As the different Colours of a Picture, when they are well diſpoſed, ſet off one another, and receive an additional Beauty from the Advantage of their Situation. O

No. 413. *Tuesday, June* 24.

——— *Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima* ———

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 207.

The Cauſe is ſecret, but th' Effect is known.

ADDISON.

THOUGH in Yeſterday's Paper we conſidered how every thing that is *Great*, *New*, or *Beautiful*, is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleaſure, we muſt own that it is impoſſible for us to aſſign the neceſſary Cauſe of this Pleaſure, becauſe we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Subſtance of a human Soul, which might help us to diſcover the Conformity or Diſagreeableneſs of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of ſuch a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind, is to reflect on thoſe Operations of the Soul that are moſt agreeable, and to range, under their proper Heads, what is pleaſing or diſpleaſing to the Mind, without being able to trace out the ſeveral neceſſary and efficient Cauſes from whence the Pleaſure or Diſpleaſure ariſes.

FINAL Cauſes lie more bare and open to our Obſervation, as there are often a greater Variety that belong to the ſame Effect; and theſe, tho' they are not altogether ſo ſatisfactory, are generally more uſeful than the other, as they give us greater Occaſion of admiring the Goodneſs and Wiſdom of the firſt Contriver.

ONE of the final Cauſes of our Delight in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has ſo formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himſelf can be its laſt, adequate, and proper Happineſs. Becauſe, therefore, a great Part of our Happineſs muſt ariſe from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a juſt Reliſh of ſuch a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehenſion of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration, which is a very

a very pleaſing Motion of the Mind, immediately riſes at the Conſideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of Room in the Fancy, and, by Conſequence, will improve into the higheſt Pitch of Aſtoniſhment and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumſcribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largeſt Capacity of a created Being.

HE has annexed a ſecret Pleaſure to the Idea of any thing that is *new* or *uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the Purſuit after Knowledge, and engage us to ſearch into the Wonders of his Creation; for every new Idea brings ſuch a Pleaſure along with it as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquiſitions, and conſequently ſerves as a Motive to put us upon freſh Diſcoveries.

HE has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own Species* pleaſant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their kind, and fill the World with Inhabitants; for 'tis very remarkable that wherever Nature is croſt in the Production of a Monſter (the Reſult of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating its Likeneſs, and of founding a new Order of Creatures; ſo that unleſs all Animals were allured by the Beauty of their own Species, Generation would be at an End, and the Earth unpeopled.

IN the laſt Place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleaſant, or rather has made ſo many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almoſt every thing about us the Power of raiſing an agreeable Idea in the Imagination: So that it is impoſſible for us to behold his Works with Coldneſs or Indifference, and to ſurvey ſo many Beauties without a ſecret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we ſaw them only in their proper Figures and Motions: And what Reaſon can we aſſign for their exciting in us many of thoſe Ideas which are different from any thing that exiſts in the Objects themſelves, (for ſuch are Light and Colours) were it not to add ſupernumerary Ornaments to the Univerſe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleaſing Shows and Apparitions, we diſcover Imaginary Glories in the Heavens,

and

and in the Earth, and ſee ſome of this Viſionary Beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough unſightly Sketch of Nature ſhould we be entertained with, did all her Colouring diſappear, and the ſeveral Diſtinctions of Light and Shade vaniſh? In ſhort, our Souls are at preſent delightfully loſt and bewildered in a pleaſing Deluſion, and we walk about like the inchanted Hero in a Romance, who ſees beautiful Caſtles, Woods and Meadows; and at the ſame time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purling of Streams; but upon the finiſhing of ſome ſecret Spell, the fantaſtick Scene breaks up, and the diſconſolate Knight finds himſelf on a barren Heath, or in a ſolitary Deſart. It is not improbable that ſomething like this may be the State of the Soul after its firſt Separation, in reſpect of the Images it will receive from Matter, tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are ſo pleaſing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is poſſible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by ſome other Occaſional Cauſe, as they are at preſent by the different Impreſſions of the ſubtle Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here ſuppoſed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Diſcovery, which is at preſent univerſally acknowledged by all the Inquirers into Natural Philoſophy: Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Exiſtence in Matter. As this is a Truth that has been proved inconteſtably by many Modern Philoſophers, and is indeed one of the fineſt Speculations in that Science, if the *Engliſh* Reader would ſee the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the eighth Chapter of the ſecond Book of Mr. *Locke*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. O

No. 414. *Wedneſday, June,* 25.

——— *Alterius ſic*
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amicè.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 411.

But mutually they need each other's Help.
ROSCOMMON.

IF we conſider the Works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we ſhall find the laſt very defective, in compariſon of the former; for though they may ſometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vaſtneſs and Immenſity, which afford ſo great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Polite and Delicate as the other, but can never ſhew herſelf ſo Auguſt and Magnificent in the Deſign. There is ſomething more bold and maſterly in the rough careleſs Strokes of Nature, than in the nice Touches and Embelliſhments of Art. The Beauties of the moſt ſtately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compaſs, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires ſomething elſe to gratify her; but in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite Variety of Images, without any certain Stint or Number. For this Reaſon we always find the Poet in Love with the Country-Life, where Nature appears in the greateſt Perfection, and furniſhes out all thoſe Scenes that are moſt apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit Urbes.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 77.

——To Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's Son. POPE.

Hîc Secura quies, & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hîc latis otia fundis,

Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hìc frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.
Virg. Georg. l. 2. v. 467.

Here eaſy Quiet, a ſecure Retreat,
A harmleſs Life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bleſs,
And Rural Pleaſures crown his Happineſs.
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undiſturb'd with Noiſe,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
Cool Grots, and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride
Of Meads, and Streams that through the Valley glide;
And ſhady Groves that eaſy Sleep invite,
And, after toilſome Days, a ſhort Repoſe at Night.
DRYDEN.

BUT tho' there are ſeveral of theſe wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows; yet we find the Works of Nature ſtill more pleaſant, the more they reſemble thoſe of Art: For in this caſe our Pleaſure riſes from a double Principle; from the Agreeableneſs of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects: We are pleaſed as well with comparing their Beauties, as with ſurveying them, and can repreſent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a Proſpect which is well laid out, and diverſified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers; in thoſe accidental Landſkips of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are ſometimes found in the Veins of Marble; in the curious Fret-work of Rocks and Grotto's; and in a word, in any thing that hath ſuch a Variety or Regularity as may ſeem the Effect of Deſign in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature riſe in Value according as they more or leſs reſemble thoſe of Art, we may be ſure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Reſemblance of ſuch as are natural; becauſe here the Similitude is not only pleaſant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettieſt Landſkip I ever ſaw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which ſtood oppoſite on one ſide to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might diſcover the Waves and Fluctuations of the

the Water in ſtrong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entring at one end, and ſailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leaping about upon the Wall. I muſt confeſs, the Novelty of ſuch a Sight may be one Occaſion of its Pleaſantneſs to the Imagination; but certainly the chief Reaſon is its near Reſemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it repreſents.

WE have before obſerved, that there is generally in Nature ſomething more Grand and Auguſt, than what we meet with in the Curioſities of Art. When, therefore, we ſee this imitated in any meaſure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleaſure, than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our *Engliſh* Gardens are not ſo entertaining to the Fancy as thoſe in *France* and *Italy*, where we ſee a large Extent of Ground covered over with an agreeable Mixture of Garden and Foreſt, which repreſent every where an artificial Rudeneſs, much more charming than that Neatneſs and Elegancy which we meet with in thoſe of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Conſequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Perſons, to alienate ſo much Ground from Paſturage, and the Plough, in many Parts of a Country that is ſo well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater Advantage. But why may not a whole Eſtate be thrown into a kind of a Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleaſure of the Owner? A Marſh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain ſhaded with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of Corn make a pleaſant Proſpect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were help'd and improved by ſome ſmall Additions of Art, and the ſeveral Rows of Hedges ſet off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Landſkip of his own Poſſeſſions.

WRITERS, who have given us an Account of *China* tell us the Inhabitants of that Country laugh

at the Plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the Rule and Line; because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They choose rather to shew a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an Effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinths of the most finished Parterre. But as our great Modellers of Gardens have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may most turn to their own Profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Moveable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked. O

No. 415. *Thursday, June* 26.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
Virg. Georg. 2. v. 155.

Next add our Cities of illustrious Name,
Their costly Labour, and stupendous Frame. DRYDEN.

HAVING already shewn how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and complete each other in

in forming ſuch Scenes and Proſpects as are moſt apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I ſhall in this Paper throw together ſome Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency, than any other, to produce thoſe Primary Pleaſures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Diſcourſe. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I ſhall conſider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entring into thoſe Rules and Maxims which the great Maſters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberleſs Treatiſes upon that Subject.

GREATNESS, in the Works of Architecture, may be conſidered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the firſt, we find the Ancients, eſpecially among the Eaſtern Nations of the World, infinitely ſuperior to the Moderns.

NOT to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author ſays, there were the Foundations to be ſeen in his time, which looked like a ſpacious Mountain; what could be more noble than the Walls of *Babylon*, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that roſe a Mile high by eight ſeveral Stories, each Story a Furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the *Babylonian* Obſervatory, I might here, likewiſe, take notice of the huge Rock that was cut into the Figure of *Semiramis*, with the ſmaller Rocks that lay by it in the Shape of Tributary Kings; the prodigious Baſon, or artificial Lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, till ſuch time as a new Canal was formed for its Reception, with the ſeveral Trenches through which that River was conveyed. I know there are Perſons who look upon ſome of theſe Wonders of Art as fabulous, but I cannot find any Ground for ſuch a Suſpicion, unleſs it be that we have no ſuch Works among us at preſent. There were indeed many greater Advantages for Building in thoſe Times, and in that Part of the World, than have been met with ever ſince. The Earth was extremely fruitful, Men lived generally on Paſturage, which requires a much ſmaller number of Hands than Agriculture: There

were few Trades to employ the buſy Part of Mankind, and fewer Arts and Sciences to give Work to Men of Speculative Tempers; and what is more than all the reſt, the Prince was abſolute; ſo that when he went to War, he put himſelf at the Head of a whole People: As we find *Semiramis* leading her three Millions to the Field, and yet overpowered by the Number of her Enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when ſhe was at Peace, and turned her Thoughts on Building, that ſhe could accompliſh ſo great Works, with ſuch a prodigious Multitude of Labourers: Beſides that in her Climate, there was ſmall Interruption of Froſts and Winters which make the Northern Workmen lie half the Year idle. I might mention too, among the Benefits of the Climate, what Hiſtorians ſay of the Earth, that it ſweated out a Bitumen or natural kind of Morter, which is doubtleſs the ſame with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the Structure of *Babel*. *Slime they uſed inſtead of Morter.*

IN *Egypt* we ſtill ſee their Pyramids, which anſwer to the Deſcriptions that have been made of them; and I queſtion not but a Traveller might find out ſome Remains of the Labyrinth that covered a whole Province, and had a hundred Temples diſpoſed among its ſeveral Quarters and Divſions.

THE Wall of *China* is one of theſe Eaſtern Pieces of Magnificence, which makes a Figure even in the Map of the World, altho' an Account of it would have been thought Fabulous, were not the Wall itſelf ſtill extant.

WE are obliged to Devotion for the nobleſt Buildings that have adorned the ſeveral Countries of the World. It is this which has ſet Men at work on Temples and Publick Places of Worſhip, not only that they might, by the Magnificence of the Building, invite the Deity to reſide within it, but that ſuch ſtupendous Works might, at the ſame time, open the Mind to vaſt Conceptions, and fit it to converſe with the Divinity of the Place. For every thing that is Majeſtick imprints an Awfulneſs and Reverence on the Mind of the Beholder, and ſtrikes in with the Natural Greatneſs of the Soul.

IN

IN the ſecond place we are to conſider *Greatneſs of Manner* in Architecture, which has ſuch Force upon the Imagination, that a ſmall Building, where *it* appears, ſhall give the Mind nobler Ideas than one of twenty times the Bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a Man would have been more aſtoniſhed with the Majeſtick Air that appeared in one of *Lyſippus*'s Statues of *Alexander*, tho' no bigger than the Life, than he might have been with Mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the Figure of the Hero, according to the Propoſal of *Phidias*, with a River in one Hand, and a City in the other.

LET any one reflect on the Diſpoſition of Mind he finds in himſelf, at his firſt Entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how the Imagination is filled with ſomething Great and Amazing; and, at the ſame time, conſider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inſide of a *Gothick* Cathedral tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can ariſe from nothing elſe but the Greatneſs of the Manner in the one, and the Meanneſs in the other.

I have ſeen an Obſervation upon this Subject in a *French* Author, which very much pleaſed me. It is in Monſieur *Freart*'s Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture. I ſhall give it the Reader with the ſame Terms of Art which he has made uſe of. *I am obſerving* (ſays he) *a thing, which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the ſame Quantity of Superficies, the one* Manner *ſeems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the Reaſon is fine and uncommon. I ſay then, that to introduce into Architecture this Grandeur of Manner, we ought ſo to proceed, that the Diviſion of the Principal Members of the Order may conſiſt but of few Parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample Relievo, and Swelling; and that the Eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the Imagination may be more vigorouſly touched and affected with the Work that ſtands before it. For Example; In a Cornice, if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modillions or Dentelli, make a noble Show by their graceful Projections, if we ſee none of that ordinary Confuſion which is the Reſult of thoſe little Cavities, Quarter Rounds of the Aſtragal, and I know not how many other intermingled Particulars, which produce no Effect in great and*

maſſy Works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the Prejudice of the Principal Member, it is moſt certain that this Manner will appear Solemn and Great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean Effect, where there is a Redundancy of thoſe ſmaller Ornaments, which divide and ſcatter the Angles of the Sight into ſuch a multitude of Rays, ſo preſſed together that the whole will appear but a Confuſion.

AMONG all the Figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater Air than the Concave and the Convex, and we find in all the Ancient and Modern Architecture, as well in the remote Parts of *China*, as in Countries nearer home, that round Pillars and vaulted Roofs make a great Part of theſe Buildings which are deſigned for Pomp and Magnificence. The Reaſon I take to be, becauſe in theſe Figures we generally ſee more of the Body, than in thoſe of other Kinds. There are, indeed, Figures of Bodies, where the Eye may take in two Thirds of the Surface; but as in ſuch Bodies the Sight muſt ſplit upon ſeveral Angles, it does not take in one uniform Idea, but ſeveral Ideas of the ſame kind. Look upon the Outſide of a Dome, your Eye half ſurrounds it; look up into the Inſide, and at one Glance you have all the Proſpect of it; the intire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being as the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference: In a Square Pillar, the Sight often takes in but a fourth Part of the Surface; and in a Square Concave, muſt move up and down to the different Sides, before it is Maſter of all the inward Surface. For this Reaſon, the Fancy is infinitely more ſtruck with the View of the open Air, and Skies, that paſſes through an Arch, than what comes through a Square, or any other Figure. The Figure of the Rainbow does not contribute leſs to its Magnificence, than the Colours to its Beauty, as it is very poetically deſcribed by the Son of *Sirach: Look upon the Rainbow, and praiſe him that made it; very beautiful it is in its Brightneſs; it encompaſſes the Heavens with a glorious Circle, and the Hands of the moſt High have bended it.*

HAVING thus ſpoken of that Greatneſs which affects the Mind in Architecture, I might next ſhew the Pleaſure that riſes in the Imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this Art; but as every Beholder has naturally

naturally a greater Taſte of theſe two Perfections in every Building which offers it ſelf to his View, than of that which I have hitherto conſidered, I ſhall not trouble my Reader with any Reflections upon it. It is ſufficient for my preſent Purpoſe, to obſerve, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleaſes the Imagination, but as it is Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful. O

No. 416. *Friday, June* 27.

Quatenùs hoc ſimile eſt oculis, quod mente videmus.

Lucr. l. 4. v. 754.

——— *Objects ſtill appear the ſame*
To Mind and Eye, in Colour and in Frame.

CREECH.

I At firſt divided the Pleaſures of the Imagination into ſuch as ariſe from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in at our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind either barely by its own Operations, or on occaſion of ſomething without us, as Statues, or Deſcriptions. We have already conſidered the firſt Diviſion, and ſhall therefore enter on the other, which, for Diſtinction ſake, I have called the Secondary Pleaſures of the Imagination. When I ſay the Ideas we receive from Statues, Deſcriptions, or ſuch like Occaſions, are the ſame that were once actually in our View, it muſt not be underſtood that we had once ſeen the very Place, Action, or Perſon which are carved or deſcribed. It is ſufficient, that we have ſeen Places, Perſons, or Actions in general which bear a Reſemblance, or at leaſt ſome remote Analogy, with what we find repreſented. Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleaſure.

AMONG the different Kinds of Repreſentation, *Statuary* is the moſt natural, and ſhews us ſomething *like* the Object that is repreſented. To make uſe of a common Inſtance, let one, who is born blind, take an

Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers the different Furrows and Impreſſions of the Chiſel, and he will eaſily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beaſt, may be repreſented by it; but ſhould he draw his Hand over a *Picture*, where all is ſmooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the ſeveral Prominencies and Depreſſions of a human Body could be ſhewn on a plain Piece of Canvaſs, that has in it no Unevenneſs or Irregularity. *Deſcription* runs yet farther from the Things it repreſents than Painting; for a Picture bears a real Reſemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of. Colours ſpeak all Languages, but Words are underſtood only by ſuch a People or Nation. For this Reaſon, tho' Mens Neceſſities quickly put them on finding out Speech, Writing is probably of a later Invention than Painting; particularly we are told, that in *America*, when the *Spaniards* firſt arriv'd there, Expreſſes were ſent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a Pencil, which was a more natural Way than that of Writing, tho' at the ſame time much more imperfect, becauſe it is impoſſible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction or an Adverb. It would be yet more ſtrange, to repreſent viſible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make ſomething like Deſcription in *Muſick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confuſed, imperfect, Notions of this Nature raiſed in the Imagination by an Artificial Compoſition of Notes; and we find that great Maſters in the Art are able, ſometimes to ſet their Hearers in the Heat and Hurry of a Battle, to overcaſt their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehenſions of Deaths and Funerals, or to lull them into pleaſing Dreams of Groves and Elyſiums.

IN all theſe Inſtances, this Secondary Pleaſure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas ariſing from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the Statue, Picture, Deſcription, or Sound that repreſents them. It is impoſſible for us to give the neceſſary Reaſon, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with ſo much Pleaſure, as I have before obſerved on the ſame Occaſion;

ſion; but we find a great Variety of Entertainments derived from this ſingle Principle: For it is this that not only gives us a Reliſh of Statuary, Painting and Deſcription, but makes us delight in all the Actions and Arts of Mimickry. It is this that makes the ſeveral kinds of Wit pleaſant, which conſiſts as I have formerly ſhewn, in the Affinity of Ideas: And we may add, it is this alſo that raiſes the little Satisfaction we ſometimes find in the different Sorts of falſe Wit; whether it conſiſts in the Affinity of Letters, as an Anagram, Acroſtick, or of Syllables, as in Doggerel Rhimes, Echos; or of Words, as in Puns, Quibbles; or of a whole Sentence or Poem, as Wings and Altars. The *final Cauſe*, probably of annexing Pleaſure to this Operation of the Mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, ſince the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another, and the right diſcerning betwixt our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and obſerving the Congruity or Diſagreement that appears among the ſeveral Works of Nature.

BUT I ſhall here confine my ſelf to thoſe Pleaſures of the Imagination, which proceed from Ideas raiſed by *Words*, becauſe moſt of the Obſervations that agree with Deſcriptions, are equally Applicable to Painting and Statuary.

WORDS, when well choſen, have ſo great a Force in them, that a Deſcription often gives us more lively Ideas than the Sight of Things themſelves. The Reader finds a Scene drawn in ſtronger Colours, and painted more to the Life in his Imagination, by the help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which they deſcribe. In this caſe the Poet ſeems to get the better of Nature; he takes, indeed, the Landſkip after her, but gives it more vigorous Touches, heightens its Beauty, and ſo enlivens the whole Piece, that the Images which flow from the Objects themſelves appear weak and faint, in compariſon of thoſe that come from the Expreſſions. The Reaſon, probably, may be, becauſe in the Survey of any Object, we have only ſo much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye; but in its Deſcription, the Poet gives us as free a View of it as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral Parts, that either

we

we did not attend to, or that lay out of our Sight when we firſt beheld it. As we look on any Object, our Idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three ſimple Ideas; but when the Poet repreſents it, he may either give us a more complex Idea of it, or only raiſe in us ſuch Ideas as are moſt apt to affect the Imagination.

IT may be here worth our while to examine how it comes to paſs that ſeveral Readers, who are all acquainted with the ſame Language, and know the Meaning of the Words they read, ſhould nevertheleſs have a different Reliſh of the ſame Deſcriptions. We find one tranſported with a Paſſage, which another runs over with Coldneſs and Indifference, or finding the Repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of Likeneſs and Conformity. This different Taſte muſt proceed either from the *Perfection of Imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different Ideas* that ſeveral Readers affix to the ſame Words. For, to have a true Reliſh, and form a right Judgment of a Deſcription, a Man ſhould be born with a good Imagination, and muſt have well weighed the Force and Energy that lie in the ſeveral Words of a Language, ſo as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant and expreſſive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy muſt be warm to retain the Print of thoſe Images it hath received from outward Objects, and the Judgment diſcerning, to know what Expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt Advantage. A Man who is deficient in either of theſe Reſpects, tho' he may receive the general Notion of a Deſcription, can never ſee diſtinctly all its particular Beauties: As a Perſon with a weak Sight may have the confuſed Proſpect of a Place that lies before him, without entring into its ſeveral Parts, or diſcerning the variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection.

No. 417. *Saturday, June* 28.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.

Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perſluunt,
Et ſpiſſæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

Hor. Od. 3. l. 4. v. 1.

At whoſe bleſt Birth propitious Rays
The Muſes ſhed, on whom they ſmile,
No duſty Iſthmian *Game*
Shall ſtouteſt of the Ring proclaim,
Or, to reward his toil,
Wreath Ivy Crowns, and grace his Head with Bays.

But fruitful Tibur's *ſhady Groves,*
Its pleaſant Springs, and purling Streams,
Shall raiſe a laſting Name,
And ſet him high in ſounding Fame,
For Lyric *Verſe.*

CREECH.

WE may obſerve, that any ſingle Circumſtance of what we have formerly ſeen often raiſes up a whole Scene of Imagery, and awakens numberleſs Ideas that before ſlept in the Imagination; ſuch a particular Smell or Colour is able to fill the Mind, on a ſudden, with the Picture of the Fields or Gardens where we firſt met with it, and to bring up into View all the Variety of Images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the Hint, and leads us unexpectedly into Cities or Theatres, Plains or Meadows. We may further obſerve, when the Fancy thus reflects on the Scenes that have paſt in it formerly, thoſe, which were at firſt pleaſant to behold, appear more ſo upon Reflection, and that the Memory heightens the Delightfulneſs of the Original. A *Carteſian* would account for both theſe Inſtances in the following Manner.

THE

THE Set of Ideas which we received from ſuch a Proſpect or Garden, having entred the Mind at the ſame time, have a Set of Traces belonging to them in the Brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of theſe Ideas ariſes in the Imagination, and conſequently diſpatches a flow of Animal Spirits to its proper Trace, theſe Spirits, in the Violence of their Motion, run not only into the Trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into ſeveral of thoſe that lie about it: By this means they awaken other Ideas of the ſame Set, which immediately determine a new Diſpatch of Spirits, that in the ſame manner open other Neighbouring Traces, till at laſt the whole Set of them is blown up, and the whole Proſpect or Garden flouriſhes in the Imagination. But becauſe the Pleaſure we received from theſe Places far ſurmounted, and overcame the little Diſagreeableneſs we found in them; for this Reaſon there was at firſt a wider Paſſage worn in the Pleaſure Traces, and on the contrary, ſo narrow a one in thoſe which belonged to the diſagreeable Ideas, that they were quickly ſtopt up, and render'd incapable of receiving any Animal Spirits, and conſequently of exciting any unpleaſant Ideas in the Memory.

IT would be in vain to inquire, whether the Power of imagining Things ſtrongly proceeds from any greater Perfection in the Soul, or from any nicer Texture in the Brain of one Man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble Writer ſhould be born with this Faculty in its full Strength and Vigour, ſo as to be able to receive lively Ideas from outward Objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon Occaſion, in ſuch Figures and Repreſentations as are moſt likely to hit the Fancy of the Reader. A Poet ſhould take as much pains in forming his Imagination, as a Philoſopher in cultivating his Underſtanding. He muſt gain a due Reliſh of the Works of Nature, and be thoroughly converſant in the various Scenery of a Country Life.

WHEN he is ſtored with Country Images, if he would go beyond Paſtoral, and the lower kinds of Poetry, he ought to acquaint himſelf with the Pomp and Magnificence of Courts. He ſhould be very well verſed in every thing that is noble and ſtately in the Productions of

of Art, whether it appear in Painting or Statuary, in the great Works of Architecture which are in their preſent Glory, or in the Ruins of thoſe which flouriſhed in former Ages.

SUCH Advantages as theſe help to open a Man's Thoughts, and to enlarge his Imagination, and will therefore have their Influence on all kinds of Writing, if the Author knows how to make right uſe of them. And among thoſe of the learned Languages who excel in this Talent, the moſt perfect in their ſeveral kinds, are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The firſt ſtrikes the Imagination wonderfully with what is Great, the ſecond with what is Beautiful, and the laſt with what is Strange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a Country uninhabited, where the Fancy is entertained with a thouſand Savage Proſpects of vaſt Deſarts, wide uncultivated Marſhes, huge Foreſts, miſhapen Rocks and Precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well ordered Garden, where it is impoſſible to find out any Part unadorned, or to caſt our Eyes upon a ſingle Spot, that does not produce ſome beautiful Plant or Flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoſis* we are walking on inchanted Ground, and ſee nothing but Scenes of Magick lying round us.

HOMER is in his Province, when he is deſcribing a Battle or a Multitude, a Hero or a God. *Virgil* is never better pleaſed, than when he is in his *Elyſium*, or copying out an entertaining Picture. *Homer*'s Epithets generally mark out what is Great, *Virgil*'s what is agreeable. Nothing can be more Magnificent than the Figure *Jupiter* makes in the firſt *Iliad*, nor more Charming than that of *Venus* in the firſt *Æneid*.

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερῴωσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.
Il. lib. 1. v. 528.

He ſpoke, and awful bends his ſable Brows;
Shakes his ambroſial Curls, and gives the nod,
The Stamp of Fate, and Sanction of the God:
High Heav'n with trembling the dread Signal took,
And all *Olympus* to the Center ſhook. POPE.

Dixit.

Dixit & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit:
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: Pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea —— Æn. 1. v. 406.

Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd and made appear
Her Neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd Hair;
Which, flowing from her Shoulders, reach'd the Ground,
And widely ſpread Ambroſial Scents around:
In length of Train deſcends her ſweeping Gown,
And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known.
DRYDEN.

Homer's Perſons are moſt of them Godlike and Terrible; *Virgil* has ſcarce admitted any into his Poem, who are not Beautiful, and has taken particular Care to make his Hero ſo.

——— *lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflavit honores.
Æn. 1. v. 594.

And gave his rolling Eyes a ſparkling Grace,
And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face.
DRYDEN.

In a word, *Homer* fills his Readers with Sublime Ideas, and, I believe, has raiſed the Imagination of all the good Poets that have come after him. I ſhall only inſtance *Horace*, who immediately takes Fire at the firſt Hint of any Paſſage in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey*, and always riſes above himſelf, when he has *Homer* in his View. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Æneid*, all the pleaſing Scenes his Subject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a Collection of the moſt delightful Landſkips that can be made out of Fields and Woods, Herds of Cattle, and Swarms of Bees.

OVID, in his *Metamorphoſis*, has ſhewn us how the Imagination may be affected by what is ſtrange. He deſcribes a Miracle in every Story, and always gives us the Sight of ſome new Creature at the End of it. His Art conſiſts chiefly in well timing his Deſcription, before the firſt Shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finiſhed; ſo that he every where entertains us with ſomething

thing we never ſaw before, and ſhews Monſter after Monſter to the end of the *Metamorphoſis*.

IF I were to name a Poet that is a perfect Maſter in all theſe Arts of working on the Imagination, I think *Milton* may paſs for one: And if his *Paradiſe Loſt* falls ſhort of the *Æneid* or *Iliad* in this reſpect, it proceeds rather from the Fault of the Language in which it is written, than from any Defect of Genius in the Author. So Divine a Poem in *Engliſh*, is like a ſtately Palace built of Brick, where one may ſee Architecture in as great a Perfection as in one of Marble, though the Materials are of a coarſer Nature. But to conſider it only as it regards our preſent Subject: What can be conceived greater than the Battle of Angels, the Majeſty of Meſſiah, the Stature and Behaviour of Satan and his Peers? What more beautiful than *Pandæmonium*, Paradiſe, Heaven, Angels, *Adam* and *Eve?* What more ſtrange, than the Creation of the World, the ſeveral Metamorphoſes of the fallen Angels, and the ſurpriſing Adventures their Leader meets with in his Search after Paradiſe? No other Subject could have furniſhed a Poet with Scenes ſo proper to ſtrike the Imagination, as no other Poet could have painted thoſe Scenes in more ſtrong and lively Colours. O

No. 418. *Monday, June* 30.

———*feret & rubus aſper amomum.*

Virg. Ecl. 3. v. 89.

The rugged Thorn ſhall bear the fragrant Roſe.

THE Pleaſures of theſe Secondary Views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more univerſal Nature than thoſe it has when joined with Sight; for not only what is Great, Strange, or Beautiful, but any Thing that is Diſagreeable when look'd upon, pleaſes us in an apt Deſcription. Here, therefore, we muſt inquire a new Principle of Pleaſure, which is nothing elſe but

but the Action of the Mind, which *compares* the Ideas that arise from Words, with the Ideas that arise from the Objects themselves; and why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, we have before considered. For this Reason therefore, the Description of a Dunghil is pleasing to the Imagination, if the Image be represented to our Minds by suitable Expressions; tho', perhaps, this may be more properly called the Pleasure of the Understanding than of the Fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the Image that is contained in the Description, as with the Aptness of the Description to excite the Image.

BUT if the Description of what is Little, Common, or Deformed, be acceptable to the Imagination, the Description of what is Great, Surprising, or Beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with *comparing* the Representation with the Original, but are highly pleased with the Original it self. Most Readers, I believe, are more charmed with *Milton*'s Description of Paradise, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their Kind, but in the one the Brimstone and Sulphur are not so refreshing to the Imagination, as the Beds of Flowers and the Wilderness of Sweets in the other.

THERE is yet another Circumstance which recommends a Description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such Objects as are apt to raise a secret Ferment in the Mind of the Reader, and to work, with Violence, upon his Passions. For, in this Case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the Pleasure becomes more Universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in Painting, it is pleasant to look on the Picture of any Face, where the Resemblance is hit, but the Pleasure increases, if it be the Picture of a Face that is Beautiful, and is still greater, if the Beauty be softened with an Air of Melancholy or Sorrow. The two leading Passions which the more serious Parts of Poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such Passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take Delight

light in ſuch Paſſages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like Emotions in us, becauſe they never riſe in the Mind without an inward Pleaſure which attends them. But how comes it to paſs, that we ſhould take delight in being terrified or dejected by a Deſcription, when we find ſo much Uneaſineſs in the Fear or Grief which we receive from any other Occaſion?

IF we conſider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleaſure, we ſhall find that it does not ariſe ſo properly from the Deſcription of what is terrible, as from the Reflection we make on our ſelves at the Time of reading it. When we look on ſuch hideous Objects, we are not a little pleaſed to think we are in no danger of them. We conſider them, at the ſame time, as Dreadful and Harmleſs; ſo that the more frightful Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleaſure we receive from the Senſe of our own Safety. In ſhort, we look upon the Terrors of a Deſcription, with the ſame Curioſity and Satisfaction that we ſurvey a dead Monſter.

——— ——— *Informe cadaver*
Protrahitur: nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos, vultum, villoſaque ſetis
Pectora ſemiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
Virg. Æn. 8. v. 264.

——— They drag him from his Den.
The wond'ring Neighbourhood, with glad Surpriſe,
Beheld his ſhagged Breaſt, his Giant Size,
His Mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd Eyes.

DRYDEN.

It is for the ſame Reaſon that we are delighted with the reflecting upon Dangers that are paſt, or in looking on a Precipice at a diſtance, which would fill us with a different kind of Horror, if we ſaw it hanging over our Heads.

IN the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds, Deaths, and the like diſmal Accidents, our Pleaſure does not flow ſo properly from the Grief which ſuch melancholy Deſcriptions give us, as from the ſecret Compariſon which we make between our ſelves and the Perſon

Perſon who ſuffers. Such Repreſentations teach us to ſet a juſt Value upon our own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune, which exempts us from the like Calamities. This is, however, ſuch a kind of Pleaſure as we are not capable of receiving, when we ſee a Perſon actually lying under the Tortures that we meet with in a Deſcription; becauſe in this caſe, the Object preſſes too cloſe upon our Senſes, and bears ſo hard upon us, that it does not give us Time or Leiſure to reflect on our ſelves. Our Thoughts are ſo intent upon the Miſeries of the Sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own Happineſs. Whereas, on the contrary, we conſider the Misfortunes we read in Hiſtory or Poetry, either as paſt, or as fictitious, ſo that the Reflection upon our ſelves riſes in us inſenſibly, and over-bears the Sorrow we conceive for the Sufferings of the Afflicted.

BUT becauſe the Mind of Man requires ſomething more perfect in Matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any Sight in Nature which ſufficiently anſwers its higheſt Ideas of Pleaſantneſs; or, in other Words, becauſe the Imagination can fancy to it ſelf Things more Great, Strange, or Beautiful, than the Eye ever ſaw, and is ſtill ſenſible of ſome Defect in what it has ſeen; on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the Imagination in our own Notions, by mending and perfecting Nature where he deſcribes a Reality, and by adding greater Beauties than are put together in Nature, where he deſcribes a Fiction.

HE is not obliged to attend her in the ſlow Advances which ſhe makes from one Seaſon to another, or to obſerve her Conduct in the ſucceſſive Production of Plants and Flowers. He may draw into his Deſcription all the Beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole Year contribute ſomething to render it the more agreeable. His Roſe trees, Woodbines and Jeſſamines may flower together, and his Beds be cover'd at the ſame time with Lilies, Violets and Amaranths. His Soil is not reſtrained to any particular Set of Plants, but is proper either for Oaks or Myrtles, and adapts it ſelf to the Products of every Climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; Myrrh may be met with in every Hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a Grove of Spices, he can quickly command

mand Sun enough to raiſe it. If all this will not furniſh out an agreeable Scene, he can make ſeveral new Species of Flowers, with richer Scents and higher Colours than any that grow in the Gardens of Nature. His Concerts of Birds may be as full and harmonious, and his Woods as thick and gloomy as he pleaſes. He is at no more Expence in a long Viſta, than a ſhort one, and can as eaſily throw his Caſcades from a Precipice of half a Mile high, as from one of twenty Yards. He has his Choice of the Winds, and can turn the Courſe of his Rivers in all the Variety of *Meanders*, that are moſt delightful to the Reader's Imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own Hands, and may give her what Charms he pleaſes, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into Abſurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O

No. 419. *Tueſday, July* 1.

—mentis gratiſſimus Error. Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 140.

In pleaſing Error loſt, and charmingly deceiv'd.

THERE is a kind of Writing, wherein the Poet quite loſes Sight of Nature, and entertains his Reader's Imagination with the Characters and Actions of ſuch Perſons as have many of them no Exiſtence, but what he beſtows on them. Such are Fairies, Witches, Magicians, Demons, and departed Spirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls *the Fairy Way of Writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the Poet's Fancy, becauſe he has no Pattern to follow in it, and muſt work altogether out of his own Invention.

THERE is a very odd Turn of Thought required for this ſort of Writing, and it is impoſſible for a Poet to ſucceed in it, who has not a particular Caſt of Fancy, and an Imagination naturally fruitful and ſuperſtitious. Beſides this, he ought to be very well verſed in Legends and Fables, antiquated Romances, and the Traditions of Nurſes

Nurſes and old Women, that he may fall in with our natural Prejudices, and humour thoſe Notions which we have imbibed in our Infancy. For otherwiſe he will be apt to make his Fairies talk like People of his own Species, and not like other Sets of Beings, who converſe with different Objects, and think in a different Manner from that of Mankind;

Sylvis deducti caveant, me Judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus ——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 244.

A Satyr, that comes ſtaring from the Woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an Orator.

ROSCOMMON.

I do not ſay with Mr. *Bays* in the *Rehearſal*, that Spirits muſt not be confined to ſpeak Senſe, but it is certain their Senſe ought to be a little diſcoloured, that it may ſeem particular, and proper to the Perſon and Condition of the Speaker.

THESE Deſcriptions raiſe a pleaſing kind of Horror in the Mind of the Reader, and amuſe his Imagination with the Strangeneſs and Novelty of the Perſons who are repreſented in them. They bring up into our Memory the Stories we have heard in our Childhood, and favour thoſe ſecret Terrors and Apprehenſions to which the Mind of Man is naturally ſubject. We are pleaſed with ſurveying the different Habits and Behaviours of Foreign Countries; how much more muſt we be delighted and ſurpriſed when we are led, as it were, into a new Creation, and ſee the Perſons and Manners of another Species? Men of cold Fancies, and Philoſophical Diſpoſitions, object to this kind of Poetry, that it has not Probability enough to affect the Imagination. But to this it may be anſwered, that we are ſure, in general, there are many intellectual Beings in the World beſides our ſelves, and ſeveral Species of Spirits, who are ſubject to different Laws and Oeconomics from thoſe of Mankind; when we ſee, therefore, any of theſe repreſented naturally, we cannot look upon the Repreſentation as altogether impoſſible; nay, many are prepoſſeſt with

with ſuch falſe Opinions, as diſpoſe them to believe theſe particular Deluſions; at leaſt, we have all heard ſo many pleaſing Relations in favour of them, that we do not care for ſeeing through the Falſhood, and willingly give our ſelves up to ſo agreeable an Impoſture.

THE Ancients have not much of this Poetry among them; for, indeed, almoſt the whole Subſtance of it owes its Original to the Darkneſs and Superſtition of latter Ages, when pious Frauds were made uſe of to amuſe Mankind, and frighten them into a Senſe of their Duty. Our Forefathers looked upon Nature with more Reverence and Horror, before the World was enlightened by Learning and Philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the Apprehenſions of Witchcraft, Prodigies, Charms and Inchantments. There was not a Village in *England*, that had not a Ghoſt in it, the Church-yards were all haunted, every large Common had a Circle of Fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a Shepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a Spirit.

AMONG all the Poets of this Kind our *Engliſh* are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more Stories of this Nature, or that the Genius of our Country is fitter for this ſort of Poetry. For the *Engliſh* are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that Gloomineſs and Melancholy of Temper, which is ſo frequent in our Nation, to many wild Notions and Viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

AMONG the *Engliſh*, *Shakeſpear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble Extravagance of Fancy, which he had in ſo great Perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious Part of his Reader's Imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the Strength of his own Genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the Speeches of his Ghoſts, Fairies, Witches and the like Imaginary Perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no Rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch Beings in the World, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

THERE

THERE is another ſort of imaginary Beings, that we ſometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author repreſents any Paſſion, Appetite, Virtue, or Vice, under a viſible Shape, and makes it a Perſon or an Actor in his Poem. Of this Nature are the Deſcriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Ovid*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole Creation of the like ſhadowy Perſons in *Spencer*, who had an admirable Talent in Repreſentations of this kind. I have diſcourſed of theſe Emblematical Perſons in former Papers, and ſhall therefore only mention them in this Place. Thus we ſee how many Ways Poetry addreſſes itſelf to the Imagination, as it has not only the whole Circle of Nature for its Province, but makes new Worlds of its own, ſhews us Perſons who are not to be found in Being, and repreſents even the Faculties of the Soul, with the ſeveral Virtues and Vices, in a ſenſible Shape and Character.

I ſhall, in my two following Papers, conſider in general, how other kinds of Writing are qualified to pleaſe the Imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Eſſay. O

No. 420. *Wedneſday, July* 2.

——*Quòcunque volunt mentem Auditoris agunto.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 100.

And raiſe Mens Paſſions to what height they will.

ROSCOMMON.

AS the Writers in Poetry and Fiction borrow their ſeveral Materials from outward Objects, and join them together at their own Pleaſure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more cloſely, and to take intire Scenes out of her. Such are Hiſtorians, Natural Philoſophers, Travellers, Geographers, and in a word, all who deſcribe viſible Objects of a real Exiſtence.

IT

IT is the moſt agreeable Talent of an Hiſtorian to be able to draw up his Armies and fight his Battles in proper Expreſſions, to ſet before our Eyes the Diviſions, Cabals and Jealouſies of great Men, and to lead us Step by Step into the ſeveral Actions and Events of his Hiſtory. We love to ſee the Subject unfolding itſelf by juſt Degrees, and breaking upon us inſenſibly, that ſo we may be kept in a pleaſing Suſpence, and have time given us to raiſe our Expectations, and to ſide with one of the Parties concerned in the Relation. I confeſs this ſhews more the Art than the Veracity of the Hiſtorian, but I am only to ſpeak of him as he is qualified to pleaſe the Imagination. And in this reſpect *Livy* has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written ſince his Time. He deſcribes every thing in ſo lively a Manner, that his whole Hiſtory is an admirable Picture, and touches on ſuch proper Circumſtances in every Story, that his Reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himſelf all the Variety of Paſſions which are correſpondent to the ſeveral parts of the Relation.

BUT among this Set of Writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the Imagination, than the Authors of the new Philoſophy, whether we conſider their Theories of the Earth or Heavens, the Diſcoveries they have made by Glaſſes, or any other of their Contemplations on Nature. We are not a little pleaſed to find every green Leaf ſwarm with Millions of Animals, that at their largeſt Growth are not viſible to the naked Eye. There is ſomething very engaging to the Fancy, as well as to our Reaſon, in the Treatiſes of Metals, Minerals, Plants, and Meteors. But when we ſurvey the whole Earth at once, and the ſeveral Planets that lie within its Neighbourhood we are filled with a pleaſing Aſtoniſhment, to ſee ſo many Worlds hanging one above another, and ſliding round their Axles in ſuch an amazing Pomp and Solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate thoſe wild Fields of *Æther*, that reach in Height as far as from *Saturn* to the fix'd Stars, and run abroad almoſt to an Infinitude, our Imagination finds its Capacity filled with ſo immenſe a Proſpect, and puts it ſelf upon the Stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet riſe higher, and conſider the fix'd Stars as ſo many vaſt Oceans of Flame,

that are each of them attended with a different Set of Planets, and ſtill diſcover new Firmaments and new Lights that are ſunk farther in thoſe unfathomable Depths of *Æther*, ſo as not to be ſeen by the ſtrongeſt of our Teleſcopes, we are loſt in ſuch a Labyrinth of Suns and Worlds, and confounded with the Immenſity and Magnificence of Nature.

NOTHING is more pleaſant to the Fancy, than to enlarge it ſelf by Degrees, in its Contemplation of the various Proportions which its ſeveral Objects bear to each other, when it compares the Body of Man to the Bulk of the whole Earth, the Earth to the Circle it deſcribes round the Sun, that Circle to the Sphere of the fix'd Stars, the Sphere of the fix'd Stars to the Circuit of the whole Creation, the whole Creation itſelf to the infinite Space that is every where diffuſed about it; or when the Imagination works downward, and conſiders the Bulk of a human Body, in reſpect of an Animal, a hundred times leſs than a Mite, the particular Limbs of ſuch an Animal, the different Springs which actuate the Limbs, the Spirits which ſet theſe Springs a going, and the proportionable Minuteneſs of theſe ſeveral Parts, before they have arrived at their full Growth and Perfection. But if, after all this, we take the leaſt Particle of theſe Animal Spirits, and conſider its Capacity of being wrought into a World, that ſhall contain within thoſe narrow Dimenſions a Heaven and Earth, Stars and Planets, and every different Species of living Creatures, in the ſame Analogy and Proportion they bear to each other in our own Univerſe; ſuch a Speculation, by reaſon of its Nicety, appears ridiculous to thoſe who have not turned their Thoughts that way, though at the ſame time it is founded on no leſs than the Evidence of a Demonſtration. Nay, we may yet carry it farther, and diſcover in the ſmalleſt Particle of this little World a new inexhauſted Fund of Matter, capable of being ſpun out into another Univerſe.

I have dwelt the longer on this Subject, becauſe I think it may ſhew us the proper Limits, as well as the Defectiveneſs, of our Imagination; how it is confined to a very ſmall Quantity of Space, and immediately ſtops in its Operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a Man try to conceive

ceive the different Bulk of an animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times leſs than a Mite, or to compare, in his Thoughts, a length of a thouſand Diameters of the Earth, with that of a Million, and he will quickly find that he has no different Meaſures in his Mind, adjuſted to ſuch extraordinary Degrees of Grandeur or Minuteneſs. The Underſtanding, indeed, opens an infinite Space on every ſide of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint Efforts, is immediately at a ſtand, and finds her ſelf ſwallowed up in the Immenſity of the Void that ſurrounds it: Our Reaſon can purſue a Particle of Matter through an infinite Variety of Diviſions, but the Fancy ſoon loſes ſight of it, and feels in it ſelf a kind of Chaſm, that wants to be filled with Matter of a more ſenſible Bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the Faculty to the Dimenſions of either Extreme. The Object is too big for our Capacity, when we would comprehend the Circumference of a World, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the Idea of an Atom.

IT is poſſible this Defect of Imagination may not be in the Soul it ſelf, but as it acts in Conjunction with the Body. Perhaps there may not be room in the Brain for ſuch a variety of Impreſſions, or the Animal Spirits may be incapable of figuring them in ſuch a manner, as is neceſſary to excite ſo very large or very minute Ideas. However it be, we may well ſuppoſe that Beings of a higher Nature very much excel us in this reſpect, as it is probable the Soul of Man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this Faculty, as well as in all the reſt; inſomuch that, perhaps, the Imagination will be able to keep Pace with the Underſtanding, and to form in it ſelf diſtinct Ideas of all the different Modes and Quantities of Space. O

No. 421. *Thurſday, July* 3.



Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flamina gaudebat; ſtudio minuente laborem.
Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 294.

He ſought freſh Fountains in a foreign Soil:
The Pleaſure leſſen'd the attending Toil.
ADDISON.

THE Pleaſures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to ſuch particular Authors as are converſant in material Objects, but are often to be met with among the Polite Maſters of Morality, Criticiſm, and other Speculations abſtracted from Matter, who, tho' they do not directly treat of the viſible Parts of Nature, often draw from them their Similitudes, Metaphors, and Allegories. By theſe Alluſions a Truth in the Underſtanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination; we are able to ſee ſomething like Colour and Shape in a Notion, and to diſcover a Scheme of Thoughts traced out upon Matter. And here the Mind receives a great deal of Satisfaction, and has two of its Faculties gratified at the ſame time, while the Fancy is buſy in copying after the Underſtanding, and tranſcribing Ideas out of the Intellectual World into the Material.

THE Great Art of a Writer ſhews itſelf in the Choice of pleaſing Alluſions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* Works of Art or Nature; for though whatever is New or Uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief Deſign of an Alluſion being to illuſtrate and explain the Paſſages of an Author, it ſhould be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the Paſſages which are to be explained.

ALLEGORIES, when well choſen, are like ſo many Tracks of Light in a Diſcourſe, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when

when it is placed to an Advantage, caſts a kind of Glory round it, and darts a Luſtre through a whole Sentence. Theſe different Kinds of Alluſion are but ſo many different Manners of Similitude, and, that they may pleaſe the Imagination, the Likeneſs ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to ſee a Picture where the Reſemblance is juſt, or the Poſture and Air graceful. But we often find eminent Writers very faulty in this reſpect; Great Scholars are apt to fetch their Compariſons and Alluſions from the Sciences in which they are moſt converſant, ſo that a Man may ſee the Compaſs of their Learning in a Treatiſe on the moſt indifferent Subject. I have read a Diſcourſe upon Love, which none but a profound Chymiſt could underſtand, and have heard many a Sermon that ſhould only have been preached before a Congregation of *Carteſians*. On the contrary, your Men of Buſineſs uſually have recourſe to ſuch Inſtances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the Reader into a Game of Cheſs or Tennis, or for leading him from Shop to Shop, in the Cant of particular Trades and Employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite Variety of very agreeable Alluſions in both theſe kinds, but, for the generality, the moſt entertaining ones lie in the Works of Nature, which are obvious to all Capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in Arts and Sciences.

IT is this Talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an Embelliſhment to good Senſe, and makes one Man's Compoſitions more agreeable than another's. It ſets off all Writings in general, but is the very Life and higheſt Perfection of Poetry: Where it ſhines in an Eminent Degree, it has preſerved ſeveral Poems for many Ages, that have nothing elſe to recommend them; and where all the other Beauties are preſent, the Work appears dry and inſipid, if this ſingle one be wanting. It has ſomething in it like Creation: It beſtows a kind of Exiſtence, and draws up to the Reader's View ſeveral Objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes Additions to Nature, and gives greater Variety to God's Works. In a word, it is able to beautify and adorn the moſt illuſtrious Scenes in the Univerſe, or to fill the Mind with more

glorious Shows and Apparitions, than can be found in any Part of it.

WE have now diſcovered the ſeveral Originals of thoſe Pleaſures that gratify the Fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to caſt under their proper Heads thoſe contrary Objects, which are apt to fill it with Diſtaſte and Terror; for the Imagination is as liable to Pain as Pleaſure. When the Brain is hurt by any Accident, or the Mind diſordered by Dreams or Sickneſs, the Fancy is over-run with wild diſmal Ideas, and terrified with a thouſand hideous Monſters of its own framing.

Eumenidum veluti demens videt Agmina Pentheus,
Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas:
Aut Agamemnonius ſcenis agitatus Oreſtes,
Armatam facibus matrem & ſerpentibus atris
Cùm fugit, ultriceſque ſedent in limine Diræ.

Virg. Æn. 4. v. 469.

Like *Pentheus*, when, diſtracted with his Fear,
He ſaw two Suns, and double *Thebes* appear:
Or mad *Oreſtes*, when his Mother's Ghoſt
Full in his Face infernal Torches toſt,
And ſhook her ſnaky Locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the Stage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the Door, and intercept his flight.

DRYDEN.

THERE is not a Sight in Nature ſo mortifying as that of a Diſtracted Perſon, when his Imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul diſordered and confuſed. *Babylon* in Ruins is not ſo melancholy a Spectacle. But to quit ſo diſagreeable a Subject, I ſhall only conſider by way of Concluſion, what an infinite Advantage this Faculty gives an Almighty Being over the Soul of Man, and how great a meaſure of Happineſs or Miſery we are capable of receiving from the Imagination only.

WE have already ſeen the Influence that one Man has over the Fancy of another, and with what Eaſe he conveys into it a Variety of Imagery; how great a Power then may we ſuppoſe lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination, who can infuſe what Ideas

Ideas he pleaſes, and fill thoſe Ideas with Terror and Delight to what Degree he thinks fit? He can excite Images in the Mind without the help of Words, and make Scenes riſe up before us and ſeem preſent to the Eye without the Aſſiſtance of Bodies or Exterior Objects. He can tranſport the Imagination with ſuch beautiful and glorious Viſions, as cannot poſſibly enter into our preſent Conceptions, or haunt it with ſuch ghaſtly Spectres and Apparitions, as would make us hope for Annihilation, and think Exiſtence no better than a Curſe. In ſhort, he can ſo exquiſitely raviſh or torture the Soul through this ſingle Faculty, as might ſuffice to make the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

THIS Eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Imagination having been publiſhed in ſeparate Papers, I ſhall conclude it with a Table of the principal Contents of each Paper.

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No. 422. *Friday, July* 4.

Hæc ſcripſi non otii abundantiâ, ſed amoris erga te.
Tull. Epiſt.

I have written this, not out of Abundance of Leiſure, but of my Affection towards you.

I Do not know any thing which gives greater Diſturbance to Converſation, than the falſe Notion ſome People have of Rallery. It ought certainly to be the firſt Point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the Goodwill of thoſe with whom you converſe. The Way to that, is to ſhew you are well inclined towards them: What then can be more abſurd, than to ſet up for being extremely ſharp and biting, as the Term is, in your Expreſſions to your Familiars? A Man who has no good Quality but Courage is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable Figure in the World, becauſe that which he has ſuperior to other People cannot be exerted, without raiſing himſelf an Enemy. Your Gentleman of a Satirical Vein is in the like Condition. To ſay a Thing which perplexes the Heart of him you ſpeak to, or brings Bluſhes into his Face, is a degree of Murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to ſhew a Man you do not care, whether he is pleaſed or diſpleaſed. But won't you then take a Jeſt? Yes: but pray let it be a Jeſt. It is no Jeſt to put me, who am ſo unhappy as to have an utter Averſion to ſpeaking to more than one Man at a time, under a Neceſſity to explain myſelf in much Company, and reducing me to Shame and Deriſion, except I perform what my Infirmity of Silence diſables me to do.

CALLISTHENES has great Wit accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a ſound Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the beſt of any Man I know, for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumſtance which you are in your Heart not unwilling

ling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Exceſs in ſomething which is in itſelf laudable. He very well underſtands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that Thing. The Generous will bear being reproached as Laviſh, and the Valiant as Raſh, without being provoked to Reſentment againſt their Monitor. What has been ſaid to be a Mark of a good Writer will fall in with the Character of a good Companion. The good Writer makes his Reader better pleaſed with himſelf, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themſelves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. *Calliſthenes* does this with inimitable Pleaſantry. He whiſpered a Friend the other Day, ſo as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Cocking upon the Company, That Gentleman has very much of the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a Compoſed Behaviour, and behaved himſelf ſuitably to the Conceptions he believed the Company had of him. It is to be allowed that *Calliſthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and expreſs the Satisfaction he has in his own dear ſelf till he is very ridiculous, but in this caſe the Man is made a Fool by his own Conſent, and not expoſed as ſuch whether he will or no. I take it therefore that, to make Rallery agreeable, a Man muſt either not know he is rallied, or think never the worſe of himſelf if he ſees he is.

ACETUS is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admired than *Calliſthenes*, but not with Juſtice. *Acetus* has no regard to the Modeſty or Weakneſs of the Perſon he rallies; but if the Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has no Mercy on making the Onſet. He can be pleaſed to ſee his beſt Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applauſe. His Rallery always puts the Company into little Diviſions and ſeparate Intereſts, while that of *Calliſthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleaſed with himſelf, but alſo with all the reſt in the Converſation.

TO rally well, it is abſolutely neceſſary that Kindneſs muſt run thro' all you ſay, and you muſt ever preſerve the Character of a Friend to ſupport your Pretenſions

to

to be free with a Man. *Acetus* ought to be baniſhed human Society, becauſe he raiſes his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Perſon upon whom he is pleaſant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards thoſe who excel, could make his Company tolerated; but they, with whom he converſes, are ſure to ſee ſome Man ſacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the Credit he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Mens Ill-nature.

MINUTIUS has a Wit that conciliates a Man's Love at the ſame time that it is exerted againſt his Faults. He has an Art in keeping the Perſon he rallies in Countenance, by inſinuating that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame Imperfection. This he does with ſo much Addreſs, that he ſeems rather to bewail himſelf, than fall upon his Friend.

IT is really monſtrous to ſee how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of diſpleaſing each other. One would think ſometimes that the Contention is, who ſhall be moſt diſagreeable. Alluſions to paſt Follies, Hints which revive what a Man has a mind to forget for ever, and deſerves that all the reſt of the World ſhould, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Diſtinction. They do not thruſt with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbarity of Butchers. It is, methinks, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Diſorder. They who have the true Taſte of Converſation, enjoy themſelves in a Communication of each others Excellencies, and not in a Triumph over their Imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a Wit, if there had never been a Fool in the World; He wants not Foils to be a Beauty, but has that natural Pleaſure in obſerving Perfection in others, that his own Faults are over-looked out of Gratitude by all his Acquaintance.

AFTER theſe ſeveral Characters of Men who ſucceed or fail in Rallery, it may not be amiſs to reflect a little further what one takes to be the moſt agreeable Kind of it; and that to me appears when the Satire is directed againſt Vice, with an Air of Contempt of the Fault, but no Ill-will to the Criminal. Mr. *Congreve*'s *Doris* is a Maſter-

Maſter-piece in this Kind. It is the Character of a Woman utterly abandoned, but her Impudence by the fineſt Piece of Rallery is made only Generoſity.

Peculiar therefore is her Way,
Whether by Nature taught,
I ſhall not undertake to ſay,
Or by Experience bought;

For who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day diſown,
And ſtare upon the ſtrange Man's Face,
As one ſhe ne'er had known.

So well ſhe can the Truth diſguiſe,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or diſtruſts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.

Some cenſure this as lewd or low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
But to forget what we beſtow,
Beſpeaks a noble Mind. T

No. 423. *Saturday, July* 5.

——— *Nuper Idoneus.* Hor. Od. 26. l. 3. v. 1.

Once fit myſelf.

I Look upon my ſelf as a kind of Guardian to the Fair, and am always watchful to obſerve any thing which concerns their Intereſt. The preſent Paper ſhall be employed in the Service of a very fine young Woman; and the Admonitions I give her, may not be unuſeful to the reſt of her Sex. *Gloriana* ſhall be the Name of the Heroine in To-day's Entertainment; and when I have told you that ſhe is rich, witty, young, and beautiful, you will

will believe ſhe does not want Admirers. She has had ſince ſhe came to Town about twenty five of thoſe Lovers, who make their Addreſſes by way of Jointure and Settlement. Theſe come and go, with great Indifference on both Sides; and as beauteous as ſhe is, a Line in a Deed has had Exception enough againſt it, to outweigh the Luſtre of her Eyes, the Readineſs of her Underſtanding, and the Merit of her general Character. But among the Crowd of ſuch cool Adorers, ſhe has two who are very aſſiduous in their Attendance. There is ſomething ſo extraordinary and artful in their Manner of Application, that I think it but common Juſtice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following Letter.

MADAM,

'I Have for ſome time taken notice of two Gentlemen 'who attend you in all publick Places, both of 'whom have alſo eaſy Acceſs to you at your own Houſe: 'But the Matter is adjuſted between them, and *Damon*, who ſo paſſionately addreſſes you, has no De'ſign upon you; but *Strephon*, who ſeems to be in'different to you, is the Man, who is, as they have 'ſettled it, to have you. The Plot was laid over a 'Bottle of Wine; and *Strephon*, when he firſt thought 'of you, propoſed to *Damon* to be his Rival. The 'manner of his breaking of it to him, I was ſo 'placed at a Tavern, that I could not avoid hearing. '*Damon*, ſaid he, with a deep Sigh, I have long 'languiſhed for that Miracle of Beauty *Gloriana*, and 'if you will be very ſtedfaſtly my Rival, I ſhall cer'tainly obtain her. Do not, continued he, be offended 'at this Overture; for I go upon the Knowledge of 'the Temper of the Woman, rather than any Vanity 'that I ſhould profit by an Oppoſition of your Preten'ſions to thoſe of your humble Servant. *Gloriana* has 'very good Senſe, a quick Reliſh of the Satisfactions of 'Life, and will not give her ſelf, as the Crowd of 'Women do, to the Arms of a Man to whom ſhe is 'indifferent. As ſhe is a ſenſible Woman, Expreſ'ſions of Rapture and Adoration will not move her 'neither; but he that has her muſt be the Object of

'her

'her Deſire, not her Pity. The Way to this End I 'take to be, that a Man's general Conduct ſhould be 'agreeable, without addreſſing in particular to the Wo-'man he loves. Now, Sir, if you will be ſo kind as 'to ſigh and die for *Gloriana*, I will carry it with great 'Reſpect towards her, but ſeem void of any Thoughts 'as a Lover. By this Means I ſhall be in the moſt 'amiable Light of which I am capable; I ſhall be re-'ceived with Freedom, you with Reſerve. *Damon*, who 'has himſelf no Deſigns of Marriage at all, eaſily 'fell into the Scheme; and you may obſerve, that 'where-ever you are *Damon* appears alſo. You ſee he 'carries on an unaffecting Exactneſs in his Dreſs and 'Manner, and ſtrives always to be the very contrary of '*Strephon*. They have already ſucceeded ſo far, that 'your Eyes are ever in Search of *Strephon*, and turn 'themſelves of Courſe from *Damon*. They meet and 'compare Notes upon your Carriage; and the Letter 'which was brought to you the other Day, was a Con-'trivance to remark your Reſentment. When you ſaw 'the Billet ſubſcribed *Damon*, and turned away with a 'ſcornful Air, and cried Impertinence! you gave Hopes 'to him that ſhuns you, without mortifying him that 'languiſhes for you.

'WHAT I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in 'the diſpoſal of your Heart, you ſhould know what you 'are doing, and examine it before it is loſt. *Strephon* 'contradicts you in Diſcourſe with the Civility of one 'who has a Value for you, but gives up nothing like 'one that loves you. This ſeeming Unconcern gives 'his Behaviour the advantage of Sincerity, and inſen-'ſibly obtains your good Opinion, by appearing diſin-'tereſted in the purchaſe of it. If you watch theſe 'Correſpondents hereafter, you will find that *Strephon* 'makes his Viſit of Civility immediately after *Damon* 'has tired you with one of Love. Though you are 'very diſcreet, you will find it no eaſy matter to 'eſcape the Toils ſo well laid, as when one ſtudies 'to be diſagreeable in Paſſion, the other to be pleaſing 'without it. All the Turns of your Temper are care-'fully watched, and their quick and faithful Intelli-'gence gives your Lovers irreſiſtible Advantage. You

'will

'will pleaſe, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take 'all the neceſſary Precautions againſt one who is amiable 'to you before you know he is enamoured.

I am,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

STREPHON makes great Progreſs in this Lady's good Graces, for moſt Women being actuated by ſome little Spirit of Pride and Contradiction, he has the good Effects of both thoſe Motives by this Covert-Way of Courtſhip. He received a Meſſage Yeſterday from *Damon* in the following Words, ſuperſcribed *With Speed.*

'ALL goes well; ſhe is very angry at me, and I 'dare ſay hates me in earneſt. It is a good time to 'viſit.

Yours.

THE Compariſon of *Strephon*'s Gaiety to *Damon*'s Languiſhment, ſtrikes her Imagination with a Proſpect of very agreeable Hours with ſuch a Man as the former, and Abhorrence of the inſipid Proſpect with one like the latter. To know when a Lady is diſpleaſed with another, is to know the beſt time of advancing your ſelf. This method of two Perſons playing in each other's Hand is ſo dangerous, that I cannot tell how a Woman could be able to withſtand ſuch a Siege. The Condition of *Gloriana*, I am afraid is irretrievable, for *Strephon* has had ſo many Opportunities of pleaſing without ſuſpicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now ſhe is adviſed, to an Explanation of his Paſſion, and beginning again, if ſhe can conquer the kind Sentiments ſhe has already conceived for him. When one ſhews himſelf a Creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for Succour, they have the whole Woman between them, and can occaſionally rebound her Love and Hatred from one to the other, in ſuch a manner as to keep her at a diſtance from all the reſt of the World, and caſt Lots for the Conqueſt.

N. B. *I*

N. B. *I have many other Secrets which concern the Empire of Love, but I conſider that while I alarm my Women, I inſtruct my Men.* T

No. 424. *Monday, July 7.*

Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus.
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 30.

'Tis not the Place Diſguſt or Pleaſure brings:
From our own Mind our Satisfaction ſprings.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June 24.*

'A Man who has it in his Power to chooſe his own 'Company, would certainly be much to blame 'ſhould he not, to the beſt of his Judgment, 'take ſuch as are of a Temper moſt ſuitable to his 'own; and where that Choice is wanting, or where a 'Man is miſtaken in his Choice, and yet under a Ne'ceſſity of continuing in the ſame Company, it will 'certainly be his Intereſt to carry himſelf as eaſily as 'poſſible.

'IN this I am ſenſible I do but repeat what has been 'ſaid a thouſand times, at which however I think no 'Body has any Title to take Exception, but they who 'never failed to put this in Practice——Not to uſe any 'longer Preface, this being the Seaſon of the Year in 'which great Numbers of all ſorts of People retire from 'this Place of Buſineſs and Pleaſure to Country Solitude, 'I think it not improper to adviſe them to take with 'them as great a Stock of Good-humour as they can; 'for tho' a Country-Life is deſcribed as the moſt plea'ſant of all others, and though it may in truth be ſo, 'yet it is ſo only to thoſe who know how to enjoy Lei'ſure and Retirement.

'AS for thoſe who can't live without the conſtant 'helps of Buſineſs or Company, let them conſider, that

'in

'in the Country there is no *Exchange*, there are no Play-'houſes, no Variety of Coffee-houſes, nor many of thoſe 'other Amuſements, which ſerve here as ſo many Re-'liefs from the repeated Occurrences in their own Fami-'lies; but that there the greateſt Part of their Time muſt 'be ſpent within themſelves, and conſequently it be-'hoves them to conſider how agreeable it will be to 'them before they leave this dear Town.

'I remember, Mr. SPECTATOR, we were very well 'entertained, laſt Year, with the Advices you gave us 'from Sir ROGER's Country Seat; which I the rather 'mention, becauſe 'tis almoſt impoſſible not to live plea-'ſantly, where the Maſter of a Family is ſuch a one as 'you there deſcribe your Friend, who cannot therefore '(I mean as to his domeſtick Character) be too often 'recommended to the Imitation of others. How amia-'ble is that Affability and Benevolence with which he 'treats his Neighbours, and every one, even the meaneſt 'of his own Family! And yet how ſeldom imitated? 'inſtead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured 'Expoſtulations, Noiſe, and Chidings—— And this I 'hinted, becauſe the Humour and Diſpoſition of the 'Head, is what chiefly influences all the other Parts of 'a Family.

'AN Agreement and kind Correſpondence between 'Friends and Acquaintance, is the greateſt Pleaſure of 'Life. This is an undoubted Truth, and yet any Man 'who judges from the Practice of the World, will be al-'moſt perſuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we 'ſuppoſe People ſhould be ſo induſtrious to make them-'ſelves uneaſy? What can engage them to entertain and 'foment Jealouſies of one another upon every the leaſt 'Occaſion? Yet ſo it is, there are People who (as it 'ſhould ſeem) delight in being troubleſom and vexatious, 'who (as *Tully* ſpeaks) *Mirâ ſunt alacritate ad litigan-'dum, Have a certain Chearfulneſs in wrangling.* And 'thus it happens, that there are very few Families in 'which there are not Feuds and Animoſities, tho' 'tis 'every one's Intereſt, there more particularly, to avoid 'em, becauſe there (as I would willingly hope) no one 'gives another Uneaſineſs, without feeling ſome ſhare of 'it—But I am gone beyond what I deſigned, and had

'almoſt

'almoſt forgot what I chiefly propoſed; which was, 'barely to tell you how hardly we who paſs moſt of our 'Time in Town diſpenſe with a long Vacation in the 'Country, how uneaſy we grow to our ſelves and to 'one another when our Converſation is confined, inſo-'much that by *Michaelmas*, 'tis odds but we come to 'downright ſquabbling, and make as free with one ano-'ther to our Faces, as we do with the reſt of the World 'behind their Backs. After I have told you this, I am 'to deſire that you would now and then give us a Leſſon 'of Good-humour, a Family-Piece, which ſince we are 'all very fond of you, I hope may have ſome Influence 'upon us.

'AFTER theſe plain Obſervations, give me leave to 'give you an Hint of what a Set of Company of my Ac-'quaintance, who are now gone into the Country, and 'have the Uſe of an abſent Nobleman's Seat, have ſet-'tled among themſelves, to avoid the Inconveniencies 'above-mentioned. They are a Collection of ten or 'twelve, of the ſame good Inclination towards each 'other, but of very different Talents and Inclinations: 'From hence they hope, that the Variety of their Tem-'pers will only create Variety of Pleaſures. But as there 'always will ariſe, among the ſame People, either for 'want of Diverſity of Objects, or the like Cauſes, a cer-'tain Satiety, which may grow into Ill-humour or Diſ-'content, there is a large Wing of the Houſe which they 'deſign to employ in the Nature of an Infirmary. Who-'ever ſays a peeviſh thing, or acts any thing which 'betrays a Sourneſs or Indiſpoſition to Company, is 'immediately to be conveyed to his Chambers in the In-'firmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by 'his Manner of Submiſſion, and the Sentiments expreſ-'ſed in his Petition for that Purpoſe, he appears to the 'Majority of the Company to be again fit for Society. 'You are to underſtand, that all ill-natured Words or 'uneaſy Geſtures are ſufficient Cauſe for Baniſhment; 'ſpeaking impatiently to Servants, making a Man repeat 'what he ſays, or any thing that betrays Inattention or 'Diſhumour, are alſo criminal without Reprieve: But it 'is provided, that whoever obſerves the ill-natured Fit 'coming upon himſelf, and voluntarily retires, ſhall be

'received

'received at his return from the Infirmary with the 'higheſt Marks of Eſteem. By theſe and other whole-ſom Methods it is expected that if they cannot cure 'one another, yet at leaſt they have taken care that the 'Ill-humour of one ſhall not be troubleſome to the reſt 'of the Company. There are many other Rules which 'the Society have eſtabliſhed for the Preſervation of their 'Eaſe and Tranquillity, the Effects of which, with the 'Incidents that ariſe among them, ſhall be communi-'cated to you from Time to Time for the publick 'Good, by,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

T R. O.

No. 425. *Tueſday, July* 8.

Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris; Ver proterit Æſtas
Interitura, ſimul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit; & mox
Bruma recurrit iners. Hor. Od. 7. l. 4. v. 9.

The Cold grows ſoft with Weſtern Gales,
The Summer over Spring prevails,
But yields to Autumn's fruitful Rain,
As this to Winter Storms and Hails;
Each Loſs the haſting Moon repairs again.
Sir W. TEMPLE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more 'ſenſible Delight, than the Enjoyment of a cool 'ſtill Evening after the Uneaſineſs of a hot ſultry 'Day. Such a one I paſſed not long ago, which made 'me rejoice, when the Hour was come for the Sun to 'ſet, that I might enjoy the Freſhneſs of the Even-'ing in my Garden, which then affords me the plea-'ſanteſt Hours I paſs in the whole Four and twenty. I 'imme-

'immediately roſe from my Couch, and went down in-
'to it. You deſcend at firſt by twelve Stone Steps into
'a large Square divided into four Graſs-plots, in each
'of which is a Statue of white Marble. This is ſepa-
'rated from a large Parterre by a low Wall, and from
'thence thro' a Pair of Iron Gates, you are led into a
'long broad Walk of the fineſt Turf, ſet on each Side
'with tall Yews, and on either Hand bordered by a Ca-
'nal, which on the Right divides the Walk from a Wil-
'derneſs parted into Variety of Alleys and Arbours, and
'on the Left from a kind of Amphitheatre, which is the
'Receptacle of a great Number of Oranges and Myrtles.
'The Moon ſhone bright, and ſeemed then moſt agree-
'ably to ſupply the Place of the Sun, obliging me with
'as much Light as was neceſſary to diſcover a thouſand
'pleaſing Objects, and at the ſame time diveſted of all
'Power of Heat. The Reflection of it in the Water, the
'Fanning of the Wind ruſtling on the Leaves, the Sing-
'ing of the Thruſh and Nightingale, and the Coolneſs
'of the Walks, all conſpired to make me lay aſide all
'diſpleaſing Thoughts, and brought me into ſuch a Tran-
'quillity of Mind, as is I believe the next Happineſs to
'that of hereafter. In this ſweet Retirement I naturally
'fell into the Repetition of ſome Lines out of a Poem
'of *Milton*'s, which he entitles *Il Penſeroſo*, the Ideas of
'which were exquiſitely ſuited to my preſent Wandrings
'of Thought.

Sweet Bird! that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical! moſt melancholy!
Thee, Chauntreſs, oft, the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Evening Song:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On thy dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt Noon,
Like one that hath been led aſtray,
Thro' the Heaven's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her Head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud.

Then let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave with his Wings in airy Stream,

Of

Of lively Portraiture displaid,
Softly on my Eyelids laid:
And as I wake, sweet Musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by Spirits to Mortals Good,
Or the unseen Genius of the Wood.

'I reflected then upon the sweet Vicissitudes of Night 'and Day, on the charming Disposition of the Seasons, 'and their Return again in a perpetual Circle! and oh! 'said I, that I could from these my declining Years re- 'turn again to my first Spring of Youth and Vigour; 'but that, alas! is impossible: All that remains within 'my Power, is to soften the Inconveniencies I feel, 'with an easy contented Mind, and the Enjoyment of 'such Delights as this Solitude affords me. In this 'Thought I sat me down on a Bank of Flowers and 'dropt into a Slumber, which whether it were the Ef- 'fect of Fumes and Vapours, or my present Thoughts, 'I know not; but methought the Genius of the Garden 'stood before me, and introduced into the Walk where 'I lay this Drama and different Scenes of the Revolu- 'tion of the Year, which whilst I then saw, even in 'my Dream, I resolved to write down, and send to the 'SPECTATOR.

'THE first Person whom I saw advancing towards 'me, was a Youth of a most beautiful Air and Shape, 'tho' he seemed not yet arrived at that exact Proportion 'and Symmetry of Parts which a little more Time 'would have given him; but however, there was such a 'Bloom in his Countenance, such Satisfaction and Joy, 'that I thought it the most desirable Form that I had 'ever seen. He was clothed in a flowing Mantle of 'green Silk, interwoven with Flowers: He had a Chap- 'let of Roses on his Head, and a *Narcissus* in his Hand; 'Primroses and Violets sprang up under his Feet, and all 'Nature was cheer'd at his Approach. *Flora* was on 'one Hand, and *Vertumnus* on the other in a Robe of 'changeable Silk. After this I was surprised to see the 'Moon-beams reflected with a sudden Glare from Ar- 'mour, and to see a Man compleatly armed advancing 'with his Sword drawn. I was soon informed by the

'Genius

'Genius it was *Mars*, who had long uſurp'd a Place a-
'mong the Attendants of the *Spring*. He made way for
'a ſofter Appearance: it was *Venus*, without any Orna-
'ment but her own Beauties, not ſo much as her own
'Ceſtus, with which ſhe had encompaſs'd a Globe, which
'ſhe held in her right Hand, and in her Left ſhe had a
'Sceptre of Gold. After her followed the *Graces* with
'their Arms entwined within one another: their Girdles
'were looſed, and they moved to the Sound of ſoft Mu-
'ſick, ſtriking the Ground alternately with their Feet.
'Then came up the three Months which belong to this
'Seaſon. As *March* advanced towards me, there was
'methought in his Look a louring Roughneſs, which ill
'befitted a Month which was ranked in ſo ſoft a Seaſon;
'but as he came forwards his Features became inſen-
'ſibly more mild and gentle: He ſmooth'd his Brow,
'and looked with ſo ſweet a Countenance that I could
'not but lament his Departure, though he made way for
'*April*. He appeared in the greateſt Gaiety imaginable,
'and had a thouſand Pleaſures to attend him: His Look
'was frequently clouded, but immediately return'd to its
'firſt Compoſure, and remained fixed in a Smile. Then
'came *May* attended by *Cupid*, with his Bow ſtrung, and
'in a Poſture to let fly an Arrow: As he paſſed by me-
'thought I heard a confuſed Noiſe of ſoft Complaints,
'gentle Ecſtaſies, and tender Sighs of Lovers; Vows of
'Conſtancy, and as many Complainings of Perfidiouſ-
'neſs; all which the Winds wafted away as ſoon as they
'had reached my Hearing. After theſe I ſaw a Man ad-
'vance in the full Prime and Vigour of his Age: his Com-
'plection was ſanguine and ruddy, his Hair black, and
'fell down in beautiful Ringlets beneath his Shoulders;
'a Mantle of Hair-colour'd Silk hung looſely upon him:
'He advanced with a haſty Step after the *Spring*, and
'ſought out the Shade and cool Fountains which plaid
'in the Garden. He was particularly well pleaſed when
'a Troop of *Zephyrs* fanned him with their Wings: He
'had two Companions who walked on each Side, that
'made him appear the moſt agreeable: the one was *Au-
'rora* with Fingers of Roſes, and her Feet dewy, attired
'in gray: The other was *Veſper* in a Robe of Azure
'beſet with Drops of Gold, whoſe Breath he caught

'whilſt

'whilſt it paſſed over a Bundle of Honey-Suckles and 'Tuberoſes which he held in his Hand. *Pan* and *Ceres* 'followed them with four Reapers, who danced a Mor-'rice to the Sound of Oaten Pipes and Cymbals. Then 'came the Attendant Months. *June* retained ſtill ſome 'ſmall Likeneſs of the *Spring*; but the other two ſeemed 'to ſtep with a leſs vigorous Tread, eſpecially *Auguſt*, 'who ſeem'd almoſt to faint, whilſt for half the Steps he 'took the Dog-ſtar levelled his Rays full at his Head: 'They paſſed on and made way for a Perſon that ſeemed 'to bend a little under the Weight of Years; his Beard 'and Hair, which were full grown, were compoſed of an 'equal Number of black and gray; he wore a Robe which 'he had girt round him of a yellowiſh Caſt, not unlike 'the Colour of fallen Leaves, which he walked upon. I 'thought he hardly made Amends for expelling the 'foregoing Scene by the large Quantity of Fruits which 'he bore in his Hands. *Plenty* walked by his Side with 'an healthy freſh Countenance, pouring out from an 'Horn all the various Product of the Year. *Pomona* 'followed with a Glaſs of Cider in her Hand, with *Bac-'chus* in a Chariot drawn by Tigers, accompanied by a 'whole Troop of Satyrs, Fauns, and Sylvans. *September*, 'who came next, ſeem'd in his Looks to promiſe a new 'Spring, and wore the Livery of thoſe Months. The ſuc-'ceeding Month was all ſoiled with the Juice of Grapes, 'as if he had juſt come from the Wine-Preſs. *November*, 'though he was in this Diviſion, yet by the many Stops 'he made ſeemed rather inclined to the *Winter*, which 'followed cloſe at his Heels. He advanced in the Shape 'of an old Man in the Extremity of Age: The Hair he 'had was ſo very white it ſeem'd a real Snow; his Eyes 'were red and piercing, and his Beard hung with a great 'Quantity of Icicles: He was wrapt up in Furrs, but 'yet ſo pinched with Exceſs of Cold that his Limbs 'were all contracted and his Body bent to the Ground, 'ſo that he could not have ſupported himſelf had it not 'been for *Comus* the God of Revels, and *Neceſſity* the 'Mother of *Fate*, who ſuſtained him on each Side. The 'Shape and Mantle of *Comus* was one of the Things that 'moſt ſurpriſed me; as he advanced towards me, his 'Countenance ſeemed the moſt deſirable I had ever ſeen:

On

'One the fore Part of his Mantle was pictured Joy, De-
'light and Satisfaction, with a thouſand Emblems of
'Merriment, and Jeſts with Faces looking two Ways at
'once; but as he paſſed from me I was amazed at a
'Shape ſo little correſpondent to his Face: His Head
'was bald, and all the reſt of his Limbs appeared old and
'deformed. On the hinder Part of his Mantle was repre-
'ſented Murder with diſheveled Hair and a Dagger all
'bloody, Anger in a Robe of Scarlet, and Suſpicion ſquint-
'ing with both Eyes; but above all the moſt conſpicuous
'was the Battle of the *Lapithæ* and the *Centaurs*. I deteſted
'ſo hideous a Shape, and turned my Eyes upon *Saturn*,
'who was ſtealing away behind him, with a Scythe in one
'Hand and an Hour-glaſs in t'other, unobſerved. Behind
'*Neceſſity* was *Veſta* the Goddeſs of Fire with a Lamp
'which was perpetually ſupplied with Oil, and whoſe
'Flame was eternal. She cheered the rugged Brow of
'*Neceſſity*, and warmed her ſo far as almoſt to make her
'aſſume the Features and Likeneſs of *Choice*. *December*,
'*January*, and *February*, paſſed on after the reſt all in
'Furrs; there was little Diſtinction to be made amongſt
'them, and they were more or leſs diſpleaſing as they
'diſcovered more or leſs Haſte towards the grateful Re-
'turn of *Spring*. Z

No. 426. *Wedneſday, July* 9.

——— *Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames? ——— Virg. Æn. 3. v. 56.

O ſacred Hunger of pernicious Gold!
What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold!

DRYDEN.

A Very agreeable Friend of mine, the other Day, carrying me in his Coach into the Country to Dinner, fell into Diſcourſe concerning the Care of Parents due to their Children, and the Piety of Children towards their Parents. He was reflecting upon the Succeſſion of particular Virtues and Qualities there might be preſerved from one Generation to another, if theſe Regards were

reciprocally held in Veneration: But as he never fails to mix an Air of Mirth and Good-humour with his good Senſe and Reaſoning, he entered into the following Relation.

I Will not be confident in what Century, or under what Reign it happened, that this Want of mutual Confidence and right Underſtanding between Father and Son was fatal to the Family of the *Valentines* in *Germany*. *Baſilius Valentinus*, was a Perſon who had arrived at the utmoſt Perfection in the Hermetick Art, and initiated his Son *Alexandrinus* in the ſame Myſteries: But as you know they are not to be attained but by the Painful, the Pious, the Chaſte, and Pure of Heart, *Baſilius* did not open to him, becauſe of his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it, the greateſt Secrets of which he was Maſter, as well knowing that the Operation would fail in the Hands of a Man ſo liable to Errors in Life as *Alexandrinus*. But believing, from a certain Indiſpoſition of Mind as well as Body, his Diſſolution was drawing nigh, he called *Alexandinus* to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over-againſt which his Son was ſeated, and prepared by ſending out Servants one after another, and Admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the moſt important of his Secrets with the Solemnity and Language of an Adept. My Son, ſaid he, many have been the Watchings, long the Lucubrations, conſtant the Labours of thy Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful Eſtate to his Poſterity, but alſo to take care that he ſhould have no Poſterity. Be not amazed, my Child; I do not mean that thou ſhalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and conſequently cannot be ſaid to have Poſterity. Behold, my deareſt *Alexandrinus*, the Effect of what was propagated in nine Months: We are not to contradict Nature, but to follow and to help her; juſt as long as an Infant is in the Womb of its Parent, ſo long are theſe Medicines of Reviſication in preparing. Obſerve this ſmall Phial and this little Gallipot, in this an Unguent, in the other a Liquor. In theſe, my Child, are collected ſuch Powers, as ſhall revive the Springs of Life when they are yet but juſt ceaſed, and give new Strength, new Spirits, and, in a word,

wholly

wholly reſtore all the Organs and Senſes of the human Body to as great a Duration, as it had before enjoyed from its Birth to the Day of the Application of theſe my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care muſt be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Reſuſcitation. I find my Frame grown crazy with perpetual Toil and Meditation; and I conjure you, as ſoon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent; and when you ſee me begin to move, pour into my Lips this ineſtimable Liquor, elſe the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this Means you will give me Life as I have you, and we will from that Hour mutually lay aſide the Authority of having beſtowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines againſt ſuch another Period of Time as will demand another Application of the ſame Reſtoratives. In a few days after theſe wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Baſilius* departed this Life. But ſuch was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loſs of ſo excellent a Father, and the firſt Tranſports of Grief had ſo wholly diſabled him from all manner of Buſineſs, that he never thought of the Medicines till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy was expired. To tell the Truth, *Alexandrinus* was a Man of Wit and Pleaſure, and conſidered his Father had lived out his natural Time, his Life was long and uniform, ſuitable to the Regularity of it; but that he himſelf, poor Sinner, wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the Examination of his Heart, reſolv'd to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully, and ſpend very piouſly the Life to which he ſhould be reſtored by Application of theſe Rarities, when Time ſhould come, to his own Perſon.

IT has been obſerved, that Providence frequently puniſhes the Self-love of Men, who would do immoderately for their own Offspring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, inſomuch that they only tranſmit their Names to be borne by thoſe who give daily Proofs of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors.

IT happen'd thus in the Family of *Baſilius*; for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Houſhold Expence, Furniture, and inſolent Equipage; and this he purſued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew ſenſible, to approach. As *Baſilius* was puniſhed with a Son very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was viſited with one of his own Diſpoſition. It is natural that ill Men ſhould be ſuſpicious, and *Alexandrinus*, beſides that Jealouſy, had Proofs of the vicious Diſpoſition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

ALEXANDRINUS, as I obſerved, having very good Reaſons for thinking it unſafe to truſt the real Secret of his Phial and Gallipot to any Man living, projected to make ſure Work, and hope for his Succeſs depending from the Avarice, not the Bounty of his Benefactor.

WITH this Thought he called *Renatus* to his Bedſide, and beſpoke him in the moſt pathetick Geſture and Accent. As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleaſure, as I alſo have been before you, you nor I could eſcape the Fame, or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the Renowned *Baſilius*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philoſophick World, and I ſhall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Myſteries of *the Smaragdine Table of* Hermes. *It is true*, ſaid he, *and far removed from all Colour of Deceit; That which is Inferior is like that which is Superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the Miracles of a certain Work. The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurſe of it, and Mother of all Perfection. All this muſt be received with Modeſty and Wiſdom.* The Chymical People carry in all their Jargon a whimſical ſort of Piety which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themſelves, that their Regularity and Strictneſs of Manners for the Ends of this World, has ſome Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which muſt recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his Father talk ſo like an Adept, and with ſuch a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexandrinus* obſerving his Attention fixed, proceeded: This Phial, Child, and this little Earthen-Pot

will

will add to thy Eſtate ſo much, as to make thee the richeſt Man in the *German* Empire. I am going to my long Home, but ſhall not return to common Duſt. Then he reſumed a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, That if within an Hour after his Death he anointed his whole Body, and poured down his Throat that Liquor which he had from old *Baſilius*, the Corps would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to expreſs to you the unfeigned Tenderneſs that paſſed between theſe two extraordinary Perſons; but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behind hand in profeſſing that he would not cut the leaſt Bit off him, but upon the utmoſt Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Siſters.

WELL, *Alexandrinus* died, and the Heir of his Body (as our Term is) could not forbear in the Wantonneſſes of his Heart, to meaſure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and caſt up the enſuing Value of him before he proceeded to Operation. When he knew the immenſe Reward of his Pains, he began the Work: But lo! when he had anointed the Corps all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body ſtirred, and *Renatus*, in a Fright, broke the Phial.

No. 427. *Thurſday, July* 10.

Quantùm à rerum turpitudine abes, tantùm Te à verborum libertate ſejungas. TULL.

We ſhou'd be as careful of our Words, as our Actions; and as far from ſpeaking, as from doing Ill.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill-Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmleſs and innocent, can have no Gratification that way; but it ever ariſes from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's ſelf, and an Impatience of ſeeing it in another. Elſe why ſhould

Virtue provoke? Why ſhould Beauty diſpleaſe in ſuch a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either paſs by him without offering ſomething to the Diminution of it? A Lady the other Day at a Viſit being attacked ſomewhat rudely by one, whoſe own Character has been very roughly treated, anſwered a great deal of Heat and Intemperance very calmly, *Good Madam, ſpare me, who am none of your Match; I ſpeak ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing to me to be ſpoken ill of.* Little Minds think Fame conſiſts in the Number of Votes they have on their Side among the Multitude, whereas it is really the inſeparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a Follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds preſs upon you, this Shadow cannot be ſeen, but when they ſeparate from around you, it will again appear. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Froward, are the Perſons who are moſt pleaſed with the little Tales which paſs about the Town to the Diſadvantage of the reſt of the World. Were it not for the Pleaſure of ſpeaking Ill, there are Numbers of People who are too Lazy to go out of their own Houſes, and too ill-natur'd to open their Lips in Converſation. It was not a little diverting the other day to obſerve a Lady reading a Poſt-Letter, and at theſe Words, *After all her Airs, he has heard ſome Story or other, and the Match is broke off*, give Orders in the midſt of her Reading, *Put to the Horſes.* That a young Woman of Merit had miſſed an advantageous Settlement, was News not to be delayed, leſt ſomebody elſe ſhould have given her malicious Acquaintance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingneſs to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inſeparable from a Scandal-bearer, as the Readineſs to divulge bad. But, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleaſed but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the higheſt Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The *Perſian* Soldier, who was heard reviling *Alexander* the Great, was well admoniſh'd by his Officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight againſt* Alexander, *and not to rail at him.*

CICERO in one of his Pleadings, defending his Client from general Scandal, ſays very handſomly, and with

with much Reaſon, *There are many who have particular Engagements to the Proſecutor: There are many who are known to have Ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to ſpread Reports of this kind: For nothing is ſo ſwift as Scandal, nothing is more eaſily ſent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuſes itſelf ſo univerſally. I ſhall not deſire, that if any Report to our Diſadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: But if there be any thing advanced without a Perſon who can ſay whence he had it, or which is atteſted by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of ſo little Conſideration that he did not then think it worth his Notice, all ſuch Teſtimonies as theſe, I know you will think it too ſlight to have any Credit againſt the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow-Citizen.* When an ill Report is traced, it very often vaniſhes among ſuch as the Orator has here recited. And how deſpicable a Creature muſt that be, who is in Pain for what paſſes among ſo frivolous a People? There is a Town in *Warwickſhire* of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animoſity and Diſſention, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whiſpers, Backbitings, Envies, and private Malices, into Mirth and Entertainment, by means of a peeviſh old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of the Lady *Bluemantle*. This Heroine had for many Years together out-done the whole Siſterhood of Goſſips, in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a laſting Conſtitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumſtances of being always at Home from her Lameneſs, and very attentive from her Blindneſs, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that paſſes in Town, Good or Bad; but for the latter ſhe ſeems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is uſual with old People, ſhe has a livelier Memory of Things which paſſed when ſhe was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that ſhe does not only not love any Body, but ſhe hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not ſerve to vent Malice half ſo well, as this old Lady does to diſappoint it. She does not know the

Author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter itſelf; therefore, though ſhe expoſes all the whole Town, ſhe offends no one Body in it. She is ſo exquiſitely reſtleſs and peeviſh, that ſhe quarrels with all about her, and ſometimes in a Freak will inſtantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, ſhe is led about the Grounds belonging to the ſame Houſe ſhe is in, and the Perſons to whom ſhe is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At ſtated Times, the Gentlewoman at whoſe Houſe ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe is at the Time, is ſent for to quarrel with, according to her common Cuſtom: When they have a mind to drive the Jeſt, ſhe is immediately urged to that Degree, that ſhe will board in a Family with which ſhe has never yet been; and away ſhe will go this Inſtant, and tell them all that the reſt have been ſaying of them. By this Means ſhe has been an Inhabitant of every Houſe in the Place without ſtirring from the ſame Habitation: and the many Stories which every Body furniſhes her with to favour that Deceit, make her the general Intelligencer of the Town of all that can be ſaid by one Woman againſt another. Thus groundleſs Stories die away, and ſometimes Truths are ſmothered under the general Word, when they have a mind to diſcountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my Lady *Bluemantle*'s Memoirs.

WHOEVER receives Impreſſions to the Diſadvantage of others without Examination, is to be had in no other Credit for Intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantle*, who is ſubjected to have her Ears impoſed upon for want of other Helps to better Information. Add to this, that other Scandal Bearers ſuſpend the Uſe of theſe Faculties which ſhe has loſt, rather than apply them to do Juſtice to their Neighbours; and, I think, for the Service of my fair Readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every Viſit in Town.

T

Friday,

No. 428. *Friday, July* 11.

Occupet extremum Scabies —— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 417.

The Devil take the hindmoſt! [Engliſh Proverb.]

IT is an impertinent and unreaſonable Fault in Converſation, for one Man to take up all the Diſcourſe. It may poſſibly be objected to me my ſelf, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the Town every Day, and not giving ſo many able Perſons who have it more in their Power, and as much in their Inclination, an Opportunity to oblige Mankind with their Thoughts. Beſides, ſaid one whom I overheard the other Day, why muſt this Paper turn all together upon Topicks of Learning and Morality? Why ſhould it pretend only to Wit, Humour or the like? Things which are uſeful only to amuſe Men of Literature and ſuperior Education. I would have it conſiſt alſo of all Things which may be neceſſary or uſeful to any Part of Society, and the mechanick Arts ſhould have their Place as well as the Liberal. The Ways of Gain, Huſbandry and Thrift, will ſerve a greater Number of People, than Diſcourſes upon what was well ſaid or done by ſuch a Philoſopher, Hero, General, or Poet. I no ſooner heard this Critick talk of my Works, but I minuted what he had ſaid; and from that Inſtant reſolved to enlarge the Plan of my Speculations, by giving notice to all Perſons of all Orders, and each Sex, that if they are pleaſed to ſend me Diſcourſes, with their Names and Places of Abode to them, ſo that I can be ſatisfied the Writings are authentick, ſuch their Labours ſhall be faithfully inſerted in this Paper. It will be of much more Conſequence to a Youth in his Apprenticeſhip, to know by what Rules and Arts ſuch a one became Sheriff of the City of *London*, than to ſee the Sign of one of his own Quality with a Lion's Heart in each Hand. The World indeed is inchanted with romantick

and improbable Atchievements, when the plain Path to reſpective Greatneſs and Succeſs in the Way of Life a Man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it poſſible that a young Man at preſent could paſs his Time better, than in reading the Hiſtory of Stocks, and knowing by what ſecret Springs they have had ſuch ſudden Aſcents and Falls in the ſame Day? Could he be better conducted in his Way to Wealth, which is the great Article of Life, than in a Treatiſe dated from *Change-Alley* by an able Proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more uſeful, than to be well inſtructed in his Hopes and Fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a ſecret Joy buy when others think it their Intereſt to ſell. I invite all Perſons who have any thing to ſay for the profitable Information of the Publick to take their Turns in my Paper: They are welcome from the late noble Inventor of the Longitude, to the humble Author of Strops for Razors. If to carry Ships in Safety, to give Help to People toſt in a troubled Sea, without knowing to what Shore they bear, what Rocks to avoid, or what Coaſt to pray for in their Extremity, be a worthy Labour, and an Invention that deſerves a Statue; at the ſame Time, he who has found a Means to let the Inſtrument which is to make your Viſage leſs horrible, and your Perſon more ſmug, eaſy in the Operation, is worthy of ſome kind of good Reception: If things of high Moment meet with Renown, thoſe of little Conſideration, ſince of any Conſideration, are not to be deſpiſed. In order that no Merit may lie hid and no Art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call Artificers; as well as Philoſophers, to my Aſſiſtance in the Publick Service. It would be of great Uſe if we had an exact Hiſtory of the Succeſſes of every great Shop within the City Walls, what Tracts of Land have been purchaſed by a conſtant Attendance within a Walk of thirty Foot; if it could alſo be noted in the Equipage of thoſe who are aſcended from the Succeſsful Trade of their Anceſtors into Figure and Equipage. Such Accounts would quicken Induſtry in the Purſuit of ſuch Acquiſitions, and diſcountenance Luxury in the Enjoyment of them.

TO diverſify theſe kind of Informations, the Induſtry of the Female World is not to be unobſerved: She to whoſe

whoſe Houſhold-Virtues it is owing, that Men do Honour to her Huſband, ſhould be recorded with Veneration; ſhe who has waſted his Labours, with Infamy. When we are come into Domeſtick Life in this manner, to awaken Caution and Attendance to the main Point, it would not be amiſs to give now and then a Touch of Tragedy, and deſcribe that moſt dreadful of all human Conditions, the Caſe of Bankruptcy; how Plenty, Credit, Chearfulneſs, full Hopes, and eaſy Poſſeſſions, are in an Inſtant turned into Penury, faint Aſpects, Diffidence, Sorrow, and Miſery; how the Man, who with an open Hand the Day before could adminiſter to the Extremities of others, is ſhunn'd to-day by the Friend of his Boſom. It would be uſeful to ſhew how juſt this is on the Negligent, how lamentable on the Induſtrious. A Paper written by a Merchant, might give this Iſland a true Senſe of the Worth and Importance of his Character: It might be viſible from what he could ſay, That no Soldier entring a Breach adventures more for Honour, than the Trader does for Wealth to his Country. In both Caſes the Adventurers have their own Advantage, but I know no Caſes wherein every Body elſe is a Sharer in the Succeſs.

IT is objected by Readers of Hiſtory, That the Battles in thoſe Narrations are ſcarce ever to be underſtood. This Misfortune is to be aſcribed to the Ignorance of Hiſtorians in the Methods of drawing up, changing the Forms of a Battalia, and the Enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the Charge. But in the Diſcourſes from the Correſpondents, whom I now invite, the Danger will be of another kind; and it is neceſſary to caution them only againſt uſing Terms of Art, and deſcribing Things that are familiar to them in Words unknown to their Reader. I promiſe my ſelf a great Harveſt of new Circumſtances, Perſons, and Things from this Propoſal; and a World, which many think they are well acquainted with, diſcovered as wholly new. This Sort of Intelligence will give a lively Image of the Chain and mutual Dependence of human Society, take off impertinent Prejudices, enlarge the Minds of thoſe, whoſe Views are confined to their own Circumſtances; and in ſhort, if the Knowing in ſeveral Arts, Profeſſions,

and

and Trades will exert themſelves, it cannot but produce a new Field of Diverſion, an Inſtruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T

No. 429. *Saturday, July* 12.

——— *Populumque falſis dedocet uti*
Vocibus ——— ——— Hor. Od. 2. l. 2. v. 19.

From Cheats of Words the Crowd ſhe brings
To real Eſtimate of Things. CREECH.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE I gave an Account of an agreeable Set 'of Company which were gone down into the 'Country, I have received Advices from thence, that 'the Inſtitution of an Infirmary for thoſe who ſhould 'be out of Humour, has had very good Effects. My 'Letters mention particular Circumſtances of two or 'three Perſons, who had the good Senſe to retire of their 'own Accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, 'with the Reaſons of it, to the Company, in their re-'ſpective Memorials.

The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty *Spinſter.*

Humbly Sheweth,

'THAT conſcious of her own want of Merit, ac-'companied with a Vanity of being admired, ſhe 'had gone into Exile of her own accord.

'SHE is ſenſible, that a vain Perſon is the moſt in-'ſufferable Creature living in a well-bred Aſſembly.

'THAT ſhe deſired, before ſhe appeared in publick 'again, ſhe might have Aſſurances, that tho' ſhe might 'be thought handſome, there might not more Addreſs 'of Compliment be paid to her, than to the reſt of the 'Company.

'THAT ſhe conceived it a kind of Superiority, that 'one Perſon ſhould take upon him to command another.

'LASTLY,

'LASTLY, That she went into the Infirmary, to 'avoid a particular Person who took upon him to pro-'fess an Admiration of her.

'SHE therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due 'place, might be declared an Offence, and punished in 'the same Manner with Detraction, in that the latter 'did but report Persons defective, and the former made 'them so.

All which is submitted, *&c.*

THERE appeared a Delicacy and Sincerity in this Memorial very uncommon, but my Friend informs me, that the Allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this Declaration of an Aversion to being praised, was understood to be no other than a secret Trap to purchase it, for which Reason it lies still on the Table unanswered.

The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,

Sheweth,

'THAT the Lady *Lydia* is a Woman of Quality; 'married to a private Gentleman.

'THAT she finds herself neither well nor ill.

'THAT her Husband is a Clown.

'THAT Lady *Lydia* cannot see Company.

'THAT she desires the Infirmary may be her Apart-'ment during her stay in the Country.

'THAT they would please to make merry with 'their Equals.

'THAT Mr. *Loller* might stay with them if he 'thought fit.

IT was immediately resolved, that Lady *Lydia* was still at *London*.

The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, *Esq*; *of the* Inner-Temple.

Sheweth,

'THAT Mr. *Sudden* is conscious that he is too 'much given to Argumentation.

'THAT he talks loud.

'THAT

'THAT he is apt to think all things matter of 'Debate.

'THAT he ſtayed behind in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, 'when the late Shake of the Roof happened, only be-'cauſe a Counſel of the other Side aſſerted it was com-'ing down.

'THAT he cannot for his Life conſent to any 'thing.

'THAT he ſtays in the Infirmary to forget him-'ſelf.

'THAT as ſoon as he has forgot himſelf, he will 'wait on the Company.

HIS Indiſpoſition was allowed to be ſufficient to require a Ceſſation from Company.

The Memorial of Frank Jolly.

Sheweth,

'THAT he hath put himſelf into the Infirmary, 'in regard he is ſenſible of a certain ruſtick Mirth 'which renders him unfit for polite Converſation.

'THAT he intends to prepare himſelf by Abſti-'nence and thin Diet to be one of the Company.

'THAT at preſent he comes into a Room, as if he 'were an Expreſs from Abroad.

'THAT he has choſen an Apartment with a matted 'Anti-Chamber, to practiſe Motion without being heard.

'THAT he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps 'himſelf before a Glaſs, to learn to act with Modera-'tion.

'THAT by reaſon of his luxuriant Health he is 'oppreſſive to Perſons of compoſed Behaviour.

'THAT he is endeavouring to forget the Word '*Pſhaw, Pſhaw.*

'THAT he is alſo weaning himſelf from his Cane.

'THAT when he has learnt to live without his ſaid 'Cane, he will wait on the Company, *&c.*

The

The Memorial of John Rhubarb, *Esq*;

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioner has retired to the Infirmary, but that he is in perfect good Health, except that he has by long Use, and for want of Discourse, contracted an Habit of Complaint that he is sick.

'THAT he wants for nothing under the Sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy Malady of complaining that he is sick.

'THAT this Custom of his makes him, by his own Confession, fit only for the Infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'THAT he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a Complaint in good Company, in that they must pity, whether they think the Lamenter ill or not; and that the Complainant must make a silly Figure, whether he is pitied or not.

'YOUR Petitioner humbly prays, that he may have Time to know how he does, and he will make his Appearance.

'THE *Valetudinarian* was likewise easily excused; and this Society being resolved not only to make it their Business to pass their Time agreeably for the present Season, but also to commence such Habits in themselves as may be of Use in their future Conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real Incapacity to join with their Measures, in order to have no Humourist, proud Man, impertinent or sufficient Fellow, break in upon their Happiness. Great Evils seldom happen to disturb Company; but Indulgence in Particularities of Humour, is the Seed of making half our Time hang in Suspence, or waste away under real Discomposures.

'AMONG other Things it is carefully provided that there may not be disagreeable Familiarities. No one is to appear in the publick Rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's Apartment without Intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his Behaviour, that there has but one Offender in ten

'Days

'Days Time been ſent into the Infirmary, and that was 'for throwing away his Cards at Whiſt.

'HE has offered his Submiſſion in the following 'Terms.

The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotſpur, *Eſq;*

Sheweth,

'THOUGH the Petitioner ſwore, ſtamped, and 'threw down his Cards, he has all imaginable Re-'ſpect for the Ladies, and the whole Company.

'THAT he humbly deſires it may be conſidered, 'in the Caſe of Gaming, there are many Motives which 'provoke to Diſorder.

'THAT the Deſire of Gain, and the Deſire of 'Victory, are both thwarted in loſing.

'THAT all Converſations in the World have in-'dulged Human Infirmity in this Caſe.

'YOUR Petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, 'that he may be reſtored to the Company, and he hopes 'to bear ill Fortune with a good Grace for the future, 'and to demean himſelf ſo as to be no more than chear-'ful when he wins, than grave when he loſes. T

No. 430. *Monday, July* 14.

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 62.

——— ——— *The Crowd replies,*
Go ſeek a Stranger to believe thy Lies. CREECH.

SIR,

'AS you are a Spectator-General, you may with 'Authority cenſure whatſoever looks ill, and is 'offenſive to the Sight; the worſt Nuſance of which 'kind, methinks, is the ſcandalous Appearance of Poor 'in all Parts of this wealthy City. Such miſerable 'Objects affect the compaſſionate Beholder with diſ-

'mal

'mal Ideas, diſcompoſe the Chearfulneſs of his Mind, 'and deprive him of the Pleaſure that he might other-'wiſe take in ſurveying the Grandeur of our Metropolis. 'Who can without Remorſe ſee a diſabled Sailor, the 'Purveyor of our Luxury, deſtitute of Neceſſaries? 'Who can behold an honeſt Soldier, that bravely with-'ſtood the Enemy, proſtrate and in want amongſt his 'Friends? It were endleſs to mention all the Variety of 'Wretchedneſs, and the numberleſs Poor that not only 'ſingly, but in Companies, implore your Charity. Spec-'tacles of this Nature every where occur; and it is un-'accountable, that amongſt the many lamentable Cries 'that infeſt this Town, your Comptroller-General ſhould 'not take notice of the moſt ſhocking, *viz.* thoſe of the 'Needy and afflicted. I can't but think he wav'd it 'meerly out of good Breeding, chooſing rather to ſtifle 'his Reſentment, than upbraid his Countrymen with 'Inhumanity; however, let not Charity be ſacrificed to 'Popularity, and if his Ears were deaf to their Com-'plaint, let not your Eyes overlook their Perſons. There 'are, I know, many Impoſtors among them. Lameneſs 'and Blindneſs are certainly very often acted; but can 'thoſe that have their Sight and Limbs, employ them 'better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited 'or not? I know not which of the two miſapplies his 'Senſes moſt, he who pretends himſelf blind to move 'Compaſſion, or he who beholds a miſerable Object 'without pitying it. But in order to remove ſuch Im-'pediments, I wiſh, Mr. SPECTATOR, you would give 'us a Diſcourſe upon Beggars, that we may not paſs by 'true Objects of Charity, or give to Impoſtors. I looked 'out of my Window the other Morning earlier than 'ordinary, and ſaw a blind Beggar, an Hour before the 'Paſſage he ſtands in is frequented, with a Needle and 'Thread, thriftily mending his Stockings: My Aſtoniſh-'ment was ſtill greater, when I beheld a lame Fellow 'whoſe Legs were too big to walk within an Hour after, 'bring him a Pot of Ale. I will not mention the Shak-'ings, Diſtortions and Convulſions, which many of 'them practiſe to gain an Alms; but ſure I am, they 'ought to be taken care of in this Condition, either by 'the Beadle or the Magiſtrate. They, it ſeems, relieve

'their

'their Posts, according to their Talents. There is the 'Voice of an old Woman never begins to beg till nine 'in the Evening, and then she is destitute of Lodging, 'turned out for want of Rent, and has the same ill For-'tune every Night in the Year. You should employ an 'Officer to hear the Distress of each Beggar that is con-'stant at a particular Place, who is ever in the same 'Tone, and succeeds because his Audience is continually 'changing, tho' he does not alter his Lamentation. If 'we have nothing else for our Money, let us have more 'Invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted 'to your Spectatorial Vigilance: and I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

SIR,

'I Was last *Sunday* highly transported at our Parish-'Church; the Gentleman in the Pulpit pleaded mo-'vingly in behalf of the poor Children, and they for 'themselves much more forcibly by singing an Hymn; 'and I had the Happiness to be a Contributor to this 'little religious Institution of Innocents, and am sure I 'never disposed of Money more to my Satisfaction and 'Advantage. The inward Joy I find in my self, and 'the Good-will I bear to Mankind, make me heartily 'wish those pious Works may be encouraged, that the 'present Promoters may reap the Delight, and Posterity 'the Benefit of them. But whilst we are building this 'beautiful Edifice, let not the old Ruins remain in View 'to sully the Prospect: Whilst we are cultivating and 'improving this young hopeful Offspring, let not the 'ancient and helpless Creatures be shamefully neglected. 'The Crowds of Poor, or pretended Poor, in every 'Place, are a great Reproach to us, and eclipse the Glory 'of all other Charity. It is the utmost Reproach to 'Society, that there should be a poor Man unrelieved, or 'a poor Rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no 'Part of Human Life out of your Consideration, but

'will,

'will, at your Leiſure, give us the Hiſtory of Plenty and 'Want, and the natural Gradations towards them, calcu-'lated for the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

T. D.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Beg you would be pleaſed to take notice of a very 'great Indecency, which is extremely common, 'though, I think, never yet under your Cenſure. It is, 'Sir, the ſtrange Freedoms ſome ill-bred married People 'take in Company: The unſeaſonable Fondneſs of ſome 'Huſbands, and the ill-timed Tenderneſs of ſome Wives. 'They talk and act, as if Modeſty was only fit for Maids 'and Batchelors, and that too before both. I was once, 'Mr. SPECTATOR, where the Fault I ſpeak of was ſo 'very flagrant, that (being, you muſt know, a very baſh-'ful Fellow, and ſeveral young Ladies in the Room) I 'proteſt I was quite out of Countenance. *Lucina*, it ſeems, 'was breeding, and ſhe did nothing but entertain the 'Company with a Diſcourſe upon the Difficulty of 'Reckoning to a Day, and ſaid ſhe knew thoſe who 'were certain to an Hour; then fell a laughing at a ſilly 'unexperienced Creature, who was a Month above her 'Time. Upon her Huſband's coming in, ſhe put ſeveral 'Queſtions to him; which he not caring to reſolve, Well, 'cries *Lucina*, I ſhall have 'em all at Night——But leſt 'I ſhould ſeem guilty of the very Fault I write againſt, 'I ſhall only intreat *Mr.* SPECTATOR, to correct ſuch 'Miſdemeanors;

For higher of the Genial Bed by far,
And with Myſterious Reverence, I deem.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

T. Meanwell.

T

Tueſday,

No. 431. *Tueſday, July* 15.

Quid Dulcius hominum generi à Natura datum eſt quàm ſui cuique liberi? TULL.

What is there in Nature ſo dear to a Man as his own Children?

I Have lately been caſting in my Thoughts the ſeveral Unhappineſſes of Life, and comparing the Infelicities of old Age to thoſe of Infancy. The Calamities of Children are due to the Negligence and Miſconduct of Parents, thoſe of Age to the paſt Life which led to it. I have here the Hiſtory of a Boy and Girl to their Wedding-Day, and think I cannot give the Reader a livelier Image of the inſipid way which time uncultivated paſſes, than by entertaining him with their authentick Epiſtles, expreſſing all that was remarkable in their Lives, 'till the Period of their Life above-mentioned. The Sentence at the Head of this Paper, which is only a warm Interrogation, *What is there in Nature ſo dear as a Man's own Children to him?* is all the Reflection I ſhall at preſent make on thoſe who are negligent or cruel in the Education of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am now entring into my One and Twentieth Year, and do not know that I had one Day's thorough Satisfaction ſince I came to Years of any Reflection, 'till the Time they ſay others loſe their Liberty, the Day of my Marriage. I am Son to a Gentleman of a very great Eſtate, who reſolv'd to keep me out of the Vices of the Age; and in order to it never let me ſee any Thing that he thought could give me the leaſt Pleaſure. At ten Years old I was put to a Grammar-School, where my Maſter received Orders every Poſt to uſe me very ſeverely, and have no regard to my having a great Eſtate. At Fifteen I was removed to the Univerſity,

'Univerſity, where I liv'd, out of my Father's great Diſ-
'cretion, in ſcandalous Poverty and Want, 'till I was
'big enough to be married, and I was ſent for to ſee
'the Lady who ſends you the Underwritten. When we
'were put together, we both conſidered that we could
'not be worſe than we were in taking one another, and
'out of a Deſire of Liberty entered into Wedlock. My
'Father ſays I am now a Man, and may ſpeak to him
'like another Gentleman.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Richard Rentfree.

Mr. SPEC,

'I Grew tall and wild at my Mother's, who is a gay
'Widow, and did not care for ſhewing me, till a-
'bout two Years and a half ago; at which Time my
'Guardian Uncle ſent me to a Boarding-School, with
'Orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been
'miſuſed enough already. I had not been there above a
'Month, when being in the Kitchen, I ſaw ſome Oat-
'meal on the Dreſſer; I put two or three Corns in my
'Mouth, liked it, ſtole a Handful, went into my Cham-
'ber, chewed it, and for two Months after never failed
'taking Toll of every Pennyworth of Oatmeal that
'came into the Houſe: But one Day playing with a
'Tobacco-pipe between my Teeth, it happened to break
'in my Mouth, and the ſpitting out the Pieces left ſuch
'a delicious Roughneſs on my Tongue, that I could not
'be ſatisfied 'till I had champed up the remaining Part
'of the Pipe. I forſook the Oatmeal, and ſtuck to the
'Pipes three Months, in which Time I had diſpenſed
'with thirty ſeven foul Pipes, all to the Boies; They be-
'longed to an old Gentleman, Father to my Governeſs
'—— He locked up the clean ones. I left off eating of
'Pipes, and fell to licking of Chalk. I was ſoon tired
'of this; I then nibbled all the red Wax of our laſt Ball-
'Tickets, and three Weeks after, the black Wax from the
'Burying-Tickets of the old Gentleman. Two Months
'after this I lived upon Thunder-bolts, a certain long,
'round bluiſh Stone, which I found among the Gravel
'in our Garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this;

but

'but Thunder-bolts growing ſcarce, I faſten'd Tooth and 'Nail upon our Garden-wall, which I ſtuck to almoſt a 'Twelvemonth, and had in that time peeled and de-'voured half a Foot toward our Neighbour's Yard. I 'now thought my ſelf the happieſt Creature in the 'World, and I believe in my Conſcience, I had eaten 'quite through, had I had it in my Chamber; but now 'I became lazy, and unwilling to ſtir, and was obliged 'to ſeek Food nearer Home. I then took a ſtrange Han-'kering to Coals; I fell to ſcranching 'em, and had already 'conſumed, I am certain, as much as would have dreſ-'ſed my Wedding-Dinner, when my Uncle came for me 'Home. He was in the Parlour with my Governeſs 'when I was called down. I went in, fell on my Knees, 'for he made me call him Father; and when I expected 'the Bleſſing I aſked, the good Gentleman, in a Sur-'priſe, turns himſelf to my Governeſs, and aſks, Whe-'ther this (pointing to me) was his Daughter? This '(added he) is the very Picture of Death. My Child 'was a plump-fac'd, hale, freſh-colour'd Girl; but this 'looks as if ſhe was half ſtarved, a mere Skeleton. My 'Governeſs, who is really a good Woman, aſſured my 'Father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him 'I was continually eating ſome Traſh or other, and that 'I was almoſt eaten up with the green Sickneſs, her Or-'ders being never to croſs me. But this magnified but 'little with my Father, who preſently in a kind of Pet, 'paying for my Board, took me home with him. I had 'not been long at home, but one *Sunday* at Church (I 'ſhall never forget it) I ſaw a young neighbouring Gen-'tleman that pleaſed me hugely; I liked him of all Men 'I ever ſaw in my Life, and began to wiſh I could be as 'pleaſing to him. The very next Day he came, with his 'Father, a viſiting to our Houſe: We were left alone to-'gether, with Directions on both ſides to be in Love with 'one another, and in three Weeks Time we were mar-'ried. I regained my former Health and Complection, 'and am now as happy as the Day is long. Now, '*Mr.* SPEC, I deſire you would find out ſome Name 'for theſe craving Damſels, whether dignified or diſtin-'guiſhed under ſome or all of the following Denomi-'nations, (to wit) *Traſh-eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, Pipe-*

'*champers,*

'*champers*, *Chalk-lickers*, *Wax-nibblers*, *Coal-ſcranchers*, '*Wall-peelers*, or *Gravel-diggers*: And, good Sir, do your 'utmoſt Endeavour to prevent (by expoſing) this un-'accountable Folly, ſo prevailing among the young ones 'of our Sex, who may not meet with ſuch ſudden good 'Luck as,

SIR,

Your conſtant Reader,

and very humble Servant,

Sabina Green,

Now Sabina Rentfree.

No. 432. *Wedneſday*, *July* 16.

——*Inter ſtrepit anſer olores.* Virg. Ecl. 9. v. 36.
He gabbles like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like Quire.

DRYDEN.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Oxford*, *July* 14.

'ACCORDING to a late Invitation in one of 'your Papers to every Man who pleaſes to write, 'I have ſent you the following ſhort Diſſertation againſt 'the Vice of being prejudiced.

Your moſt humble Servant.

'MAN is a ſociable Creature, and a Lover of Glo-'ry; whence it is that when ſeveral Perſons are 'united in the ſame Society, they are ſtudious to leſſen 'the Reputation of others, in order to raiſe their own. 'The Wiſe are Content to guide the Springs in Silence, 'and rejoice in Secret at their regular Progreſs: To prate 'and triumph is the Part allotted to the Trifling and Su-'perficial: The Geeſe were providentially ordained to 'ſave the *Capitol*. Hence it is, that the Invention of 'Marks and Devices to diſtinguiſh Parties, is owing to 'the *Beaux* and *Belles* of this Iſland. Hats moulded into 'different

'different Cocks and Pinches, have long bid mutual Defiance; Patches have been ſet againſt Patches in Battle-array; Stocks have riſen or fallen in Proportion to Head-Dreſſes; and Peace or War been expected, as the *White* or the *Red* Hood hath prevailed. Theſe are the Standard-Bearers in our contending Armies, the Dwarfs and Squires who carry the Impreſſes of the Giants or Knights, not born to fight themſelves, but to prepare the Way for the enſuing Combat.

'IT is Matter of Wonder to reflect how far Men of weak Underſtanding and ſtrong Fancy are hurried by their Prejudices, even to the believing that the whole Body of the adverſe Party are a Band of Villains and Demons. Foreigners complain, that the *Engliſh* are the proudeſt Nation under Heaven. Perhaps they too have their Share; but be that as it will, general Charges againſt Bodies of Men is the Fault I am writing againſt. It muſt be own'd, to our Shame, that our common People, and moſt who have not travelled, have an irrational Contempt for the Language, Dreſs, Cuſtoms, and even the Shape and Minds of other Nations. Some Men, otherwiſe of Senſe, have wondered that a great Genius ſhould ſpring out of *Ireland*; and think you mad in affirming, that fine Odes have been written in *Lapland*.

'THIS Spirit of Rivalſhip, which heretofore reigned in the two Univerſities, is extinct, and almoſt over betwixt College and College: In Pariſhes and Schools the Thirſt of Glory ſtill obtains. At the Seaſons of Football and Cock-fighting, theſe little Republicks reaſſume their National Hatred to each other. My Tenant in the Country is verily perſuaded, that the Pariſh of the Enemy hath not one honeſt Man it.

'I always hated Satires againſt Women, and Satires againſt Men; I am apt to ſuſpect a Stranger who laughs at the Religion of *the Faculty*: My Spleen riſes at a dull Rogue, who is ſevere upon Mayors and Aldermen; and was never better pleaſed than with a Piece of Juſtice executed upon the Body of a Templar, who was very arch upon Parſons.

'THE Neceſſities of Mankind require various Employments; and whoever excels in his Province is wor-

'thy

'thy of Praiſe. All Men are not educated after the 'ſame Manner, nor have all the ſame Talents. Thoſe 'who are deficient deſerve our Compaſſion, and have a 'Title to our Aſſiſtance. All cannot be bred in the ſame 'Place; but in all Places there ariſe, at different Times, 'ſuch Perſons as do Honour to their Society, which may 'raiſe envy in little Souls, but are admired and cheriſhed 'by generous Spirits.

'IT is certainly a great Happineſs to be educated in 'Societies of great and eminent Men. Their Inſtructions 'and Examples are of extraordinary Advantage. It is 'highly proper to inſtil ſuch a Reverence of the govern-'ing Perſons, and Concern for the Honour of the Place, 'as may ſpur the growing Members to worthy Purſuits 'and honeſt Emulation: But to ſwell young Minds with 'vain Thoughts of the Dignity of their own Brother-'hood, by debaſing and vilifying all others, doth them 'a real Injury. By this Means I have found that their 'Efforts have become languid, and their Prattle irkſome, 'as thinking it ſufficient Praiſe that they are Children of 'ſo illuſtrious and ample a Family. I ſhould think it a 'ſurer as well as more generous Method to ſet before 'the Eyes of Youth ſuch Perſons as have made a noble 'Progreſs in Fraternities leſs talk'd of; which ſeems 'tacitly to reproach their Sloth, who loll ſo heavily in 'the Seats of mighty Improvement: Active Spirits 'hereby would enlarge their Notions, whereas by a ſer-'vile Imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired Men in 'their own Body, they can only gain a ſecondary and 'deritative kind of Fame. Theſe Copiers of Men, 'like thoſe of Authors or Painters, run into Affectations 'of ſome Oddneſs, which perhaps was not diſagreeable 'in the Original, but ſits ungracefully on the narrow-'ſoul'd Tranſcriber.

'BY ſuch early Corrections of Vanity, while Boys are 'growing into Men, they will gradually learn not to cen-'ſure ſuperficially; but imbibe thoſe Principles of general 'Kindneſs and Humanity, which alone can make them 'eaſy to themſelves, and beloved by others.

'REFLECTIONS of this nature have expunged 'all Prejudice out of my Heart, inſomuch that tho' I 'am a firm Proteſtant, I hope to ſee the Pope and Car-

' dinals without violent Emotions; and though I am ' naturally grave, I expect to meet good Company at ' *Paris*.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I Find you are a general Undertaker, and have by ' your Correſpondents or ſelf an Inſight into moſt ' Things; which makes me apply myſelf to you at ' preſent in the ſoreſt Calamity that ever befel Man. My ' Wife has taken ſomething ill of me, and has not ſpoke ' one Word, good or bad, to me, or any Body in the ' Family, ſince *Friday* was Seven-night. What muſt a ' Man do in that Caſe? Your Advice would be a great ' Obligation to,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Ralph Thimbleton.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

' WHEN you want a Trifle to fill up a Paper, in ' inſerting this you will lay an Obligation on

our humble Servant,

July 15*th*, 1712. OLIVIO.

Dear Olivia,

" IT is but this Moment I have had the Happineſs of " knowing to whom I am obliged for the Preſent I " received the ſecond of *April*. I am heartily ſorry it " did not come to hand the Day before; for I can't but " think it very hard upon People to loſe their Jeſt, that " offer at one but once a Year. I congratulate myſelf " however upon the Earneſt given me of ſomething fur- " ther intended in my Favour; for I am told, that the " Man who is thought worthy by a Lady to make a " Fool of, ſtands fair enough in her Opinion to become " one Day her Huſband. 'Till ſuch time as I have

" the

" the Honour of being ſworn, I take leave to ſubſcribe " myſelf,

Dear Olivia,

Your Fool Elect,

T Nicodemuncio.

No. 433. *Thurſday, July* 17.

Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis ſolvere diſce meis.
Mart. Epig. 183. l. 14.

To baniſh anxious Thought, and quiet Pain,
Read Homer's *Frogs, or my more trifling Strain.*

THE Moral World as conſiſting of Males and Females, is of a mixt Nature, and filled with ſeveral Cuſtoms, Faſhions and Ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but *One* Sex. Had our Species no Females in it, Men would be quite different Creatures from what they are at preſent; their Endeavours to pleaſe the oppoſite Sex, poliſhes and refines them out of thoſe Manners which are moſt Natural to them, and often ſets them upon modelling themſelves, not according to the Plans which they approve in their own Opinions, but according to thoſe Plans which they think are moſt agreeable to the Female World. In a word, Man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfiniſhed Creature, were he converſant with none but thoſe of his own Make.

WOMEN, on the other ſide, are apt to form themſelves in every thing with regard to that other half of reaſonable Creatures, with whom they are here blended and confuſed; their Thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other Sex; they talk, and move, and ſmile, with a Deſign upon us; every Feature of their Faces, every Part of their Dreſs is filled with Snares and Allure-

ments. There would be no ſuch Animals as Prudes or Coquettes in the World, were there not ſuch an Animal as Man. In ſhort, it is the Male that gives Charms to Womankind, that produces an Air in their Faces, a Grace in their Motions, a Softneſs in their Voices, and a Delicacy in their Complexions.

AS this mutual Regard between the two Sexes tends to the Improvement of each of them, we may obſerve that Men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal Natures, who live as if there were no ſuch Things as Women in the World; as on the contrary, Women, who have an Indifference or Averſion for their Counter-parts in human Nature, are generally Sour and Unamiable, Sluttiſh and Cenſorious.

I am led into this Train of Thoughts by a little Manuſcript which is lately fallen into my Hands, and which I ſhall communicate to the Reader, as I have done ſome other curious Pieces of the ſame Nature, without troubling him with any Inquiries about the Author of it. It contains a ſummary Account of two different States which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of *Amazons*, or Women without Men; the other was a Republick of Males that had not a Woman in their whole Community. As theſe two States bordered upon one another, it was their way, it ſeems, to meet upon their Frontiers at a certain Seaſon of the Year, where thoſe among the Men who had not made their Choice in any former Meeting, aſſociated themſelves with particular Women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their Wives in every one of theſe yearly Rencounters. The Children that ſprung from this Alliance, if Males, were ſent to their reſpective Fathers; if Females, continued with their Mothers. By means of this Anniverſary Carnival, which laſted about a Week, the Commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and ſupplied with their reſpective Subjects.

THESE two States were engaged together in a perpetual League, Offenſive and Defenſive, ſo that if any Foreign Potentate offered to attack either of them, both the Sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to Reaſon. It was remarkable that for many Ages this Agreement continued inviolable between the two States, not-

notwithſtanding, as was ſaid before, they were Huſbands and Wives: but this will not appear ſo wonderful, if we conſider that they did not live together above a Week in a Year.

IN the Account which my Author gives of the Male Republick, there were ſeveral Cuſtoms very remarkable. The Men never ſhaved their Beards, or pared their Nails above once in a Twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual Meeting upon their Frontiers. I find the Name of a Miniſter of State in one Part of their Hiſtory, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean Linen; and of a certain great General who was turned out of his Poſt for Effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by ſeveral credible Witneſſes that he waſhed his Face every Morning. If any Member of the Commonwealth had a ſoft Voice, a ſmooth Face, or a ſupple Behaviour, he was baniſhed into the Commonwealth of Females, where he was treated as a Slave, dreſſed in Petticoats, and ſet a Spinning. They had no Titles of Honour among them, but ſuch as denoted ſome bodily Strength or Perfection, as ſuch an one *the Tall*, ſuch an one *the Stocky*, ſuch an one the *Gruff*. Their publick Debates were generally managed with Kicks and Cuffs, inſomuch that they often came from the Council Table with broken Shins, black Eyes, and bloody Noſes. When they would reproach a Man in the moſt bitter Terms, they would tell him his Teeth were white, or that he had a Fair Skin, and a ſoft Hand. The greateſt Man I meet with in their Hiſtory, was one who could lift Five hundred Weight, and wore ſuch a prodigious Pair of Whiſkers as had never been ſeen in the Commonwealth before his Time. Theſe Accompliſhments it ſeems had rendered him ſo popular, that if he had not died very ſeaſonably, it is thought he might have enſlaved the Republick. Having made this ſhort Extract out of the Hiſtory of the Male Commonwealth, I ſhall look into the Hiſtory of the neighbouring State which conſiſted of Females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to communicate it to the Publick. C

No. 434. *Friday, July* 18.

Quales Threiciæ cùm flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant, & pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cùm se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Feminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Virg. Æn. 11. v. 66c.

So march'd the Thracian Amazons *of old,*
When Thermodon *with bloody Billows roll'd:*
Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
When Theseus *met in fight their Maiden Queen.*
Such to the Field Penthesilea *led,*
From the fierce Virgin when the Grecians *fled.*
With such return'd triumphant from the War,
Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car:
They clash with manly Force their moony Shields;
With Female Shouts resound the Phrygian *Fields.*

DRYDEN.

HAVING carefully perused the Manuscript I mentioned in my Yesterday's Paper, so far as it relates to the Republick of Women, I find in it several Particulars which may very well deserve the Reader's Attention.

THE Girls of Quality, from six to twelve Years old, were put to publick Schools, where they learned to Box and play at Cudgels, with several other Accomplishments of the same Nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little Miss returning Home at Night with a broken Pate, or two or three Teeth knocked out of her Head They were afterwards taught to ride the great Horse, to Shoot, Dart, or Sling, and listed into several Companies in order to perfect themselves in Military Exercises. No Woman was to be married 'till she had killed her Man. The Ladies of Fashion used to play with

with young Lions inſtead of Lap-dogs, and when they made any Parties of Diverſion, inſtead of entertaining themſelves at Ombre and Piquet, they would Wreſtle and pitch the Bar for a whole Afternoon together. There was never any ſuch thing as a Bluſh ſeen, or a Sigh heard, in the Commonwealth. The Women never dreſſed but to look terrible, to which end they would ſometimes after a Battle paint their Cheeks with the Blood of their Enemies. For this Reaſon likewiſe the Face which had the moſt Scars was looked upon as the moſt beautiful. If they found Lace, Jewels, Ribbons or any Ornaments in Silver or Gold among the Booty which they had taken, they uſed to dreſs their Horſes with it, but never entertained a Thought of wearing it themſelves. There were particular Rights and Privileges allowed to any Member of the Commonwealth, who was a Mother of three Daughters. The Senate was made up of old Women; for by the Laws of the Country none was to be a Counſellor of State that was not paſt Child-bearing. They uſed to boaſt their Republick had continued Four thouſand Years, which is altogether improbable, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, what I am very apt to think, that they meaſured their Time by *Lunar* Years.

THERE was a great Revolution brought about in this Female Republick, by means of a neighbouring King, who had made War upon them ſeveral Years with various Succeſs, and at length overthrew them in a very great Battle. This Defeat they aſcribe to ſeveral Cauſes; ſome ſay that the Secretary of State having been troubled with the Vapours had committed ſome fatal Miſtakes in ſeveral Diſpatches about that Time. Others pretend, that the firſt Miniſter being big with Child, could not attend the Publick Affairs, as ſo great an Exigency of State required; but this I can give no manner of Credit to, ſince it ſeems to contradict a Fundamental Maxim in their Government, which I have before mentioned. My Author gives the moſt probable Reaſon of this great Diſaſter; for he affirms that the General was brought to Bed, or (as others ſay) miſcarried the very Night before the Battle: However it was, this ſignal Overthrow obliged them to call in the Male Republick to their Aſſiſtance; but notwithſtanding their common Efforts to repulſe the Victorious Ene-

my, the War continued for many Years before they could entirely bring it to a happy Concluſion.

THE Campaigns which both Sexes paſſed together, made them ſo well acquainted with one another, that at the End of the War they did not care for parting. In the Beginning of it they lodged in ſeparate Camps, but afterwards as they grew more familiar, they pitched their Tents promiſcuouſly.

FROM this time the Armies being Chequered with both Sexes, they poliſhed apace. The Men uſed to invite their Fellow-Soldiers into their Quarters, and would dreſs their Tents with Flowers and Boughs for their Reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her Name in the Table, or Chalking out her Figure upon a Wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous Language, which by degrees improved into Verſe and Sonnet. Theſe were as the firſt Rudiments of Architecture, Painting and Poetry, among this Savage People. After any Advantage over the Enemy, both Sexes uſed to Jump together and make a Clattering with their Swords and Shields, for Joy, which in a few Years produced ſeveral Regular Tunes and Set Dances.

AS the two Armies romped on theſe Occaſions, the Women complained of the thick buſhy Beards and long Nails of their Confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themſelves into ſuch Figures as were moſt pleaſing to their Female Friends and Allies.

WHEN they had taken any Spoils from the Enemy, the Men would make a Preſent of every thing that was Rich and Showy to the Women whom they moſt admired, and would frequently dreſs the Necks, or Heads, or Arms of their Miſtreſſes with any thing which they thought appeared Gay or Pretty. The Women obſerving that the Men took delight in looking upon them when they were adorned with ſuch Trappings and Gugaws, ſet their Heads at work to find out new Inventions, and to out-ſhine one another in all Councils of War or the like ſolemn Meetings. On the other hand, the Men obſerving how the Womens Hearts were ſet upon Finery, begun to embelliſh themſelves and look as agreeable as they could in the Eyes of their Aſſociates. In ſhort, after a few Years converſing together, the Women had learnt to Smile,

Smile, and the Men to Ogle, the Women grew Soft, and the Men Lively.

WHEN they had thus inſenſibly formed one another, upon finiſhing of the War, which concluded with an entire Conqueſt of their common Enemy, the Colonels in one Army married the Colonels in the other; the Captains in the ſame manner took the Captains to their Wives: The whole Body of common Soldiers were matched, after the Example of their Leaders. By this means the two Republicks incorporated with one another, and became the moſt Flouriſhing and Polite Government in the Part of the World which they inhabited. C

No. 435. *Saturday, July* 19.

Nec duo ſunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut poſſint, neutrumque & utrumque videntur.
Ovid. Metam. l. 4. v. 378.

Both Bodies in a ſingle Body mix,
A ſingle Body with a double Sex. ADDISON.

MOST of the Papers I give the Publick are written on Subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more ſerious Eſſays and Diſcourſes; but there is another ſort of Speculations, which I conſider as occaſional Papers, that take their Riſe from the Folly, Extravagance, and Caprice of the preſent Age. For I look upon my ſelf as one ſet to watch the Manners and Behaviour of my Countrymen and Contemporaries, and to mark down every abſurd Faſhion, ridiculous Cuſtom, or affected Form of Speech that makes its appearance in the World, during the Courſe of theſe my Speculations. The Petticoat no ſooner begun to ſwell, but I obſerved its Motions. The Party-patches had not time to muſter themſelves before I detected them. I had Intelligence of the Coloured Hood the very firſt time it appeared in a Publick Aſſembly. I might here mention ſeveral other the like Con-

tingent Subjects, upon which I have beſtowed diſtinct Papers. By this means I have ſo effectually quaſhed thoſe Irregularities which gave Occaſion to 'em, that I am afraid Poſterity will ſcarce have a ſufficient Idea of them to reliſh thoſe Diſcourſes which were in no little Vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the Faſhions and Cuſtoms I attacked were ſome Fantaſtick Conceits of my own, and that their Great Grandmothers could not be ſo whimſical as I have repreſented them. For this Reaſon, when I think on the Figure my ſeveral Volumes of Speculations will make about a Hundred Years hence, I conſider them as ſo many Pieces of old Plate, where the Weight will be regarded, but the Faſhion loſt.

AMONG the ſeveral Female Extravagancies I have already taken notice of, there is one which ſtill keeps its Ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dreſs themſelves in a Hat and Feather, a Riding-coat and a Periwig, or at leaſt tie up their Hair in a Bag or Ribbon, in Imitation of the ſmart Part of the oppoſite Sex. As in my Yeſterday's Paper I gave an Account of the Mixture of two Sexes in one Commonwealth, I ſhall here take notice of this Mixture of two Sexes in one Perſon. I have already ſhewn my Diſlike of this immodeſt Cuſtom more than once; but in Contempt of every thing I have hitherto ſaid, I am informed that the Highways about this great City are ſtill very much infeſted with theſe Female Cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's about this time Twelve-month, an Equeſtrian Lady of this Order appeared upon the Plains which lay at a diſtance from his Houſe. I was at that time walking in the Fields with my old Friend; and as his Tenants ran out on every ſide to ſee ſo ſtrange a Sight, Sir ROGER aſked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the Country Fellow reply'd, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, ſaving your Worſhip's Preſence, in a Coat and Hat. This produced a great deal of Mirth at the Knight's Houſe, where we had a Story at the ſame time of another of his Tenants, who meeting this Gentleman-like Lady on the Highway, was aſked by her *whether that was* Coverley-Hall: the honeſt Man ſeeing only

only the Male Part of the Queriſt, replied, *Yes, Sir*; but upon the ſecond Queſtion, *whether Sir* ROGER DE COVERLEY *was a married Man*, having dropped his Eye upon the Petticoat, he changed his Note into *No, Madam.*

HAD one of theſe Hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal*'s Days, with what an Indignation ſhould we have ſeen her deſcribed by that excellent Satiriſt? He would have repreſented her in a Riding Habit, as a greater Monſter than the Centaur. He would have called for Sacrifices or Purifying Waters, to expiate the Appearance of ſuch a Prodigy. He would have invoked the Shades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to ſee into what the *Roman* Ladies had transformed themſelves.

FOR my own part, I am for treating the Sex with greater Tenderneſs, and have all along made uſe of the moſt gentle Methods to bring them off from any little Extravagance into which they are ſometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however abſolutely neceſſary to keep up the Partition between the two Sexes, and to take notice of the ſmalleſt Incroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I ſhall not hear any more Complaints on this Subject. I am ſure my She Diſciples who peruſe theſe my daily Lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into ſuch an Amphibious Dreſs. This I ſhould not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of theſe my Female Readers in *Hide-Park*, who looked upon me with a maſculine Aſſurance, and cocked her Hat full in my Face.

FOR my part, I have one general Key to the Behaviour of the Fair Sex. When I ſee them ſingular in any Part of their Dreſs, I conclude it is not without ſome Evil Intention; and therefore queſtion not but the Deſign of this ſtrange Faſhion is to ſmite more effectually their Male Beholders. Now to ſet them right in this Particular, I would fain have them conſider with themſelves whether we are not more likely to be ſtruck by a Figure entirely Female, than with ſuch an one as we may ſee every day in our Glaſſes: Or, if they pleaſe, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected ſhould they meet a Man on Horſeback, in his Breeches and Jack-Boots, and at

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the ſame time dreſſed up in a Commode and a Night-raile.

I muſt obſerve that this Faſhion was firſt of all brought to us from *France*, a Country which has infected all the Nations of *Europe* with its Levity. I ſpeak not this in derogation of a whole People, having more than once found fault with thoſe general Reflections which ſtrike at Kingdoms or Commonwealths in the Groſs: A piece of Cruelty, which an ingenious Writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wiſhed the *Roman* People had all but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I ſhall therefore only Remark, that as Livelineſs and Aſſurance are in a peculiar manner the Qualifications of the *French* Nation, the ſame Habits and Cuſtoms will not give the ſame Offence to that People, which they produce among thoſe of our own Country. Modeſty is our diſtinguiſhing Character, as Vivacity is theirs: And when this our national Virtue appears in that Female Beauty, for which our *Britiſh* Ladies are celebrated above all others in the Univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable Object that the Eye of Man can poſſibly behold. C

No. 436. *Monday, July* 21.

——— Verſo pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt Populariter.———

Juv. Sat. 3. v. 36.

With Thumbs bent back they popularly kill. DRYDEN.

BEING a Perſon of inſatiable Curioſity, I could not forbear going on *Wedneſday* laſt to a Place of no ſmall renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of *Britons*, namely, to the Bear-Garden at *Hockley in the Hole*; where (as a whitiſh brown Paper, put into my Hands in the Street, informed me) there was to be a Trial of Skill to be exhibited between two Maſters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock preciſely.

I was

I was not a little charm'd with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus:

I James Miller, *Serjeant, (lately come from the Frontiers of* Portugal) *Maſter of the noble Science of Defence, hearing in moſt Places where I have been of the great Fame of* Timothy Buck *of* London, *Maſter of the ſaid Science, do invite him to meet me, and exerciſe at the ſeveral Weapons following* viz.

Back-Sword,	*Single Falchion,*
Sword and Dagger,	*Caſe of Falchions,*
Sword and Buckler,	*Quarter Staff.*

If the generous Ardour in *James Miller* to diſpute the Reputation of *Timothy Buck*, had ſomething reſembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy Buck* return'd Anſwer in the ſame Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged, and ſeeming to condeſcend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himſelf, but in that, as the Fame went about, he had fought *Parkes* of *Coventry*. The Acceptance of the Combat ran in theſe Words:

I Timothy Buck *of* Clare-Market, *Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr.* Parkes *of* Coventry, *will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair Inviter at the Time and Place appointed, deſiring a clear Stage and no Favour.*

Vivat Regina.

I ſhall not here look back on the Spectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this kind, but muſt believe this Cuſtom took its Riſe from the Ages of Knight-Errantry; from thoſe who lov'd one Woman ſo well, that they hated all Men and Women elſe; from thoſe who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind; from thoſe who demanded the Combat of their Contemporaries, both for admiring their Miſtreſs or diſcommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preſerved, when the amorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retained the Barbarity, but loſt the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wiſh, methinks, theſe Gentlemen had conſulted me in the Promulgation of the Conflict. I was obliged by a fair

fair young Maid whom I underſtood to be called *Elizabeth Preſton*, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glaſs of Water; whom I imagined might have been, for Form's Sake, the general Repreſentative of the Lady fought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Amarillis* on theſe Occaſions. It would have ran better in the Challenge, *I* James Miller, *Serjeant, who have travelled Parts abroad, and came laſt from the Frontiers of* Portugal, *for the Love of* Elizabeth Preſton, *do aſſert, That the ſaid* Elizabeth is the Faireſt of Women. Then the Anſwer; *I* Timothy Buck, *who have ſtay'd in* Great Britain *during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of* Suſannah Page, *do deny that* Elizabeth Preſton *is ſo fair as the ſaid* Suſannah Page. Let *Suſannah Page* look on, and I deſire of *James Miller* no Favour.

THIS would give the Battle quite another Turn; and a proper Station for the Ladies, whoſe Complection was diſputed by the Sword, would animate the Diſputants with a more gallant Incentive than the Expectation of Money from the Spectators; tho' I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that Fair One, whoſe Lover was approved by the Donor.

YET, conſidering the Thing wants ſuch Amendments, it was carried with great Order. *James Miller* came on firſt; preceded by two diſabled Drummers, to ſhew, I ſuppoſe, that the Proſpect of maimed Bodies did not in the leaſt deter him. There aſcended with the daring *Miller* a Gentleman, whoſe Name, I could not learn, with a dogged Air, as unſatisfied that he was not Principal. This Son of Anger lowered at the whole Aſſembly, and weighing himſelf as he marched around from Side to Side, with a ſtiff Knee and Shoulder, he gave Intimations of the Purpoſe he ſmothered till he ſaw the Iſſue of this Encounter. *Miller* had a blue Ribbon tied round the Sword Arm; which Ornament I conceive to be the Remain of that Cuſtom of wearing a Miſtreſs's Favour on ſuch Occaſions of old.

MILLER, is a Man of ſix Foot eight Inches Height, of a kind but bold Aſpect well-faſhioned, and ready of his Limbs: and ſuch Readineſs as ſpoke his Eaſe in them, was obtained from a Habit of Motion in Military Exerciſe.

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THE Expectation of the Spectators was now almoſt at its Height, and the Crowd preſſing in, ſeveral active Perſons thought they were placed rather according to their Fortune than their Merit, and took it in their Heads to prefer themſelves from the open Area or Pit, to the Galleries. This Diſpute between Deſert and Property brought many to the Ground, and raiſed others in proportion to the higheſt Seats by Turns, for the Space of ten Minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole Aſſembly giving up their Diſputes, turned their Eyes upon the Champions. Then it was that every Man's Affection turned to one or the other irreſiſtibly. A judicious Gentleman near me ſaid, *I could methinks be* Miller's *Second, but I had rather have* Buck *for mine.* Miller had an audacious Look that took the Eye; *Buck* a perfect Compoſure, that engaged the Judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain Coat, and kept all his Air till the Inſtant of Engaging; at which time he undreſs'd to his Shirt, his Arm adorned with a Bandage of red Ribbon. No one can deſcribe the ſudden Concern in the whole Aſſembly; the moſt tumultuous Crowd in Nature was as ſtill and as much engaged, as if all their Lives depended on the firſt Blow. The Combatants met in the middle of the Stage, and ſhaking Hands as removing all Malice, they retired with much Grace to the Extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an Heart full of Reſolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled Countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own Defence; *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his Opponent. It is not eaſy to deſcribe the many Eſcapes and imperceptible Defences between two Men of quick Eyes and ready Limbs; but *Miller*'s Heat laid him open to the Rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large Cut on the Forehead. Much Effuſion of Blood covered his Eyes in a Moment, and the Huzzas of the Crowd undoubtedly quickened the Anguiſh. The Aſſembly was divided into Parties, upon their different ways of Fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the Galleries apparently ſuffered for *Miller*, and burſt into a Flood of Tears. As ſoon as his Wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little Rage, which ſtill diſabled him further. But what brave Man can be

wounded

wounded into more Patience and Caution? The next was a warm eager Onſet which ended in a deciſive Stroke on the left Leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the Gallery, during this ſecond Strife, covered her Face; and for my part, I could not keep my Thoughts from being moſtly employed on the Conſideration of her unhappy Circumſtance that Moment, hearing the Claſh of Swords, and apprehending Life or Victory concerned her Lover in every Blow, but not daring to ſatisfy her ſelf on whom they fell. The Wound was expoſed to the View of all who could delight in it, and ſewed up on the Stage. The ſurly Second of *Miller* declared at this Time, that he would that Day Fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the ſame Weapons, declaring himſelf the Maſter of the renowned *Gorman*; but *Buck* denied him the Honour of that courageous Diſciple, and aſſerting that he himſelf had taught that Champion, accepted the Challenge.

THERE is ſomething in Nature very unaccountable on ſuch Occaſions, when we ſee the People take a certain painful Gratification in beholding theſe Encounters. Is it Cruelty that adminiſters this Sort of Delight? Or is it a Pleaſure which is taken in the Exerciſe of Pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the Buſineſs of the Day being a Trial of Skill, the Popularity did not run ſo high as one would have expected on the Side of *Buck*. Is it that People's Paſſions have their Riſe in Self-Love, and thought themſelves (in ſpite of all the Courage they had) liable to the Fate of *Miller*, but could not ſo eaſily think themſelves qualified like *Buck*?

TULLY ſpeaks of this Cuſtom with leſs Horror than one would expect, though he confeſſes it was much abuſed in his Time, and ſeems directly to approve of it under its firſt Regulations, when Criminals only fought before the People. *Crudele Gladiatorum ſpectaculum & inhumanum nonnullis videri ſolet; & haud ſcio annon ita ſit ut nunc ſit; cùm verò ſontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortaſſe multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat eſſe fortior contra dolorem & mortem diſciplina.* 'The Shows of Gladiators may be 'thought barbarous and inhuman, and I know not but 'it is ſo as it is now practiſed; but in thoſe Times when 'only Criminals were Combatants, the Ear perhaps might

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'receive many better Inſtructions, but it is impoſſible that 'any thing which affects our Eyes, ſhould fortify us ſo well 'againſt Pain and Death. T

No. 437. *Tueſday, July* 22.

Tune impunè hæc facias? Tune hic homines adoleſcentulos,
Imperitos rerum, eductos liberè, in fraudem illicis?
Sollicitando & pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?

Ter. Andr. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

Shall you eſcape with Impunity; you, who lay Snares for young Men, of a liberal Education, but unacquainted with the World, and, by force of Importunity and Promiſes, draw them in to marry Harlots?

THE other Day paſſed by me in her Chariot a Lady with that pale and wan Complection, which we ſometimes ſee in young People, who are fallen into Sorrow, and private Anxiety of Mind, which antedate Age and Sickneſs. It is not three Years ago, ſince ſhe was gay, airy, and a little towards Libertine in her Carriage; but methought, I eaſily forgave her that little Inſolence, which ſhe ſo ſeverely pays for in her preſent Condition. *Flavilla*, of whom I am ſpeaking, is married to a ſullen Fool with Wealth: Her Beauty and Merit are loſt upon the Dolt, who is inſenſible of Perfection in any thing. Their Hours together are either painful or inſipid: The Minutes ſhe has to her ſelf in his Abſence are not ſufficient to give Vent at her Eyes to the Grief and Torment of his laſt Converſation. This poor Creature was ſacrificed with a Temper, (which under the Cultivation of a Man of Senſe, would have made the moſt agreeable Companion) into the Arms of this lothſome Yoke-fellow by *Sempronia*. *Sempronia* is a good Lady, who ſupports her ſelf in an affluent Condition, by contracting Friendſhip with rich young Widows, and Maids.

Maids of plentiful Fortunes at their own Diſpoſal, and beſtowing her Friends upon worthleſs indigent Fellows; on the other ſide, ſhe inſnares inconſiderate and raſh Youths of great Eſtates into the Arms of vicious Women. For this purpoſe, ſhe is accompliſhed in all the Arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent Viſits; ſhe knows all that paſſes in every Quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite Servants, Buſy-bodies, Dependents, and poor Relations of all Perſons of Condition in the whole Town. At the Price of a good Sum of Money, *Sempronia*, by the Inſtigation of *Flavilla*'s Mother, brought about the Match for the Daughter, and the Reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of Fortune, more than *Flavilla* could expect, has gained her the Viſits and frequent Attendance of the Crowd of Mothers, who had rather ſee their Children miſerable in great Wealth, than the happieſt of the Race of Mankind in a leſs conſpicuous State of Life. When *Sempronia* is ſo well acquainted with a Woman's Temper and Circumſtance, that ſhe believes Marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the Man who ſhall get her; her next Step is to look out for ſome one, whoſe Condition has ſome ſecret Wound in it, and wants a Sum, yet, in the Eye of the World, not unſuitable to her. If ſuch is not eaſily had, ſhe immediately adorns a worthleſs Fellow with what Eſtate ſhe thinks convenient, and adds as great a Share of Good-humour and Sobriety as is requiſite: After this is ſettled, no Importunities, Arts, and Devices are omitted to haſten the Lady to her Happineſs. In the general indeed ſhe is a Perſon of ſo ſtrict Juſtice, that ſhe marries a poor Gallant to a rich Wench, and a Moneyleſs Girl to a Man of Fortune. But then ſhe has no manner of Conſcience in the Diſparity, when ſhe has a mind to impoſe a poor Rogue for one of an Eſtate: ſhe has no Remorſe in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfaſhioned; but makes thoſe Imperfections Arguments of the Truth of his Wealth, and will, on ſuch an Occaſion, with a very grave Face, charge the People of Condition with Negligence in the Education of their Children. Exception being made t'other Day againſt an ignorant

ignorant Booby of her own Clothing, whom ſhe was putting off for a rich Heir, *Madam*, ſaid ſhe, *you know there is no making Children, who know they have Eſtates, attend their Books.*

SEMPRONIA, by theſe Arts, is loaded with Preſents, importuned for her Acquaintance, and admired by thoſe who do not know the firſt Taſte of Life, as a Woman of exemplary Good-breeding. But ſure, to murder and to rob are leſs Iniquities, than to raiſe Profit by Abuſes, as irreparable as taking away Life; but more grievous, as making it laſtingly unhappy. To rob a Lady at Play of half her Fortune, is not ſo ill, as giving the whole and her ſelf to an unworthy Huſband. But *Sempronia* can adminiſter Conſolation to an unhappy Fair at Home, by leading her to an agreeable Gallant elſewhere. She then can preach the general Condition of all the Married World, and tell an unexperienced young Woman the Methods of ſoftning her Affliction, and laugh at her Simplicity and Want of Knowledge, with an *Oh! my Dear, you will know better.*

THE Wickedneſs of *Sempronia*, one would think, ſhould be ſuperlative; but I cannot but eſteem that of ſome Parents equal to it; I mean ſuch as ſacrifice the greateſt Endowments and Qualifications to baſe Bargains. A Parent who forces a Child of a liberal and ingenuous Spirit into the Arms of a Clown or a Blockhead, obliges her to a Crime too odious for a Name. It is in a Degree the unnatural Conjunction of rational and brutal Beings. Yet what is there ſo common, as the beſtowing an accompliſhed Woman with ſuch a Diſparity? And I could name Crowds who lead miſerable Lives, for want of Knowledge, in their Parents, of this Maxim, that good Senſe and Good-nature always go together. That which is attributed to Fools, and called Good-nature, is only an Inability of obſerving what is faulty, which turns, in Marriage, into a Suſpicion of every thing as ſuch, from a Conſciouſneſs of that Inability.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am intirely of your Opinion with Relation to the 'Equeſtrian Females, who affect both the Maſcu-'line and Feminine Air at the ſame time; and cannot 'forbear making a Preſentment againſt another Order 'of them who grow very numerous and powerful; and 'ſince our Language is not very capable of good com-'pound Words, I muſt be contented to call them only 'the *Naked Shouldered*. Theſe Beauties are not con-'tented to make Lovers wherever they appear, but 'they muſt make Rivals at the ſame time. Were 'you to ſee *Getty* walk the *Park* at high Mall, you 'would expect thoſe who followed her and thoſe who 'met her would immediately draw their Swords for 'her. I hope, Sir, you will provide for the future, 'that Women may ſtick to their Faces for doing any 'future Miſchief, and not allow any but direct Traders 'in Beauty to expoſe more than the fore-part of the 'Neck, unleſs you pleaſe to allow this After-Game 'to thoſe who are very defective in the Charms of the 'Countenance. I can ſay, to my Sorrow, the preſent 'Practice is very unfair, when to look back is Death; 'and it may be ſaid of our Beauties, as a great Poet 'did of Bullets,

They kill and wound like Parthians *as they fly.*

'I ſubmit this to your Animadverſion; and am, for the 'little while I have left,

Your humble Servant.

The languiſhing PHILANTHUS.

P. S. *Suppoſe you mended my Letter, and made a Simile about the Porcupine, but I ſubmit that alſo.*

T

Wedneſday,

No. 438. *Wedneſday, July* 23.

——— Animum rege qui niſi paret
Imperat ——— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 62.

——— ——— Curb thy Soul,
And check thy Rage, which muſt be rul'd or rule.
CREECH.

IT is a very common Expreſſion, That ſuch a one is very good-natur'd, but very paſſionate. The Expreſſion indeed is very good-natur'd, to allow paſſionate People ſo much Quarter: But I think a paſſionate Man deſerves the leaſt Indulgence imaginable. It is ſaid, it is ſoon over; that is, all the Miſchief he does is quickly diſpatch'd, which, I think, is no great Recommendation to Favour. I have known one of thoſe good-natur'd paſſionate Men ſay in a mix'd Company, even to his own Wife or Child, ſuch Things as the moſt inveterate Enemy of his Family would not have ſpoke, even in Imagination. It is certain that quick Senſibility is inſeparable from a ready Underſtanding; but why ſhould not that good Underſtanding call to it ſelf all its Force on ſuch Occaſions, to maſter that ſudden Inclination to Anger? One of the greateſt Souls now in the World is the moſt ſubject by Nature to Anger, and yet ſo famous for a Conqueſt of himſelf this Way, that he is the known Example when you talk of Temper and Command of a Man's ſelf. To contain the Spirit of Anger, is the worthieſt Diſcipline we can put our ſelves to. When a Man has made any Progreſs this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Paſſion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child. It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his own Quiet and Peace. When he ſtands combuſtible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, Life is as uneaſy to himſelf as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men living, the moſt ridiculous Life; he is ever offending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters the Room

Room without what he ſent for, *That Blockhead*, begins he—*Gentlemen, I aſk your Pardon, but Servants now-a-days*—The wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the Middle of the Room; his Wife ſtands by in Pain for him, which he ſees in her Face, and anſwers, as if he had heard all ſhe was thinking; *Why, what the Devil! Why don't you take care to give Orders in theſe things?* His Friends ſit down to a taſteleſs Plenty of every thing, every Minute expecting new Inſults from his Impertinent Paſſions. In a word, to eat with, or viſit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to ſee him exerciſe his Family, exerciſe their Patience, and his own Anger.

IT is monſtrous that the Shame and Confuſion in which this good-natured angry Man muſt needs behold his Friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him ſo much Reflection as to create an Amendment. This is the moſt ſcandalous Diſuſe of Reaſon imaginable; all the harmleſs Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of theſe good-natur'd angry Men ſhall, in an Inſtant, aſſemble together ſo many Alluſions to ſecret Circumſtances, as are enough to diſſolve the Peace of all the Families and Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an Hour, and yet the next Moment be the beſt-natured Man in the whole World. If you would ſee Paſſion in its Purity, without Mixture of Reaſon, behold it repreſented in a mad Hero, drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* ſay thus:

Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Duſt! Avant;
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my Toil.
Eternal Diſcord!
Fury! Revenge! Diſdain and Indignation!
Tear my ſwoln Breaſt, make way for Fire and Tempeſt.
My Brain is burſt, Debate and Reaſon quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Paſſions, like the Wind,
Riſe up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Every paſſionate Fellow in Town talks half the Day with as little Conſiſtency, and threatens things as much out of his Power.

THE

THE next diſagreeable Perſon to the outrageous Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peeviſh Fellow. A peeviſh Fellow is one who has ſome Reaſon in himſelf for being out of Humour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight, and therefore diſturbs all who are happier than himſelf with Piſhes and Pſhaws, or other well bred Interjections, at every thing that is ſaid or done in his Preſence. There ſhould be Phyſick mixed in the Food of all which theſe Fellows eat in good Company. This Degree of Anger paſſes, forſooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't admit of being eaſily pleas'd; but none above the Character of wearing a peeviſh Man's Livery, ought to bear with his ill Manners. All things among Men of Senſe and Condition ſhould paſs the Cenſure, and have the Protection of the Eye of Reaſon.

NO Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peeviſh Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as thoſe ſort of People exert themſelves moſt againſt thoſe below them, you ſee their Humour beſt, in their Talk to their Servants. That is ſo like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickeſt Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry ſhould be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pitiful is the Condition of being only ſuffered? But I am interrupted by the pleaſanteſt Scene of Anger and the Diſappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I ſat in the Back-room at a *French* Bookſeller's. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect ſolemn Air, and, tho' a Perſon of great Parts otherwiſe, ſlow in underſtanding any thing which makes againſt himſelf. The Compoſure of the faulty Man, and the whimſical Perplexity of him that was juſtly angry, is perfectly new: After turning over many Volumes, ſaid the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have*

I have long aſked you to ſend me back the firſt Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you; Sir, ſaid the Chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly loſt, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is ſo many Years ago; *then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll ſend you home that, and pleaſe to pay for both.* My Friend, reply'd he, can'ſt thou be ſo ſenſeleſs as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have loſt the firſt Volume, and to be ſhort I will be paid.* Sir, anſwered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is loſt, and learn by this little Loſs to bear much greater Adverſities, which you muſt expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I muſt, but I have not loſt now, for I ſay you have it and ſhall pay me.* Friend you grow warm, I tell you the Book is loſt, and I foreſee in the Courſe even of a proſperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Caſe no need of bearing, for you have the Book.* I ſay, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Paſſion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Reſignation of yourſelf to the Diſtreſſes of this Life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loſs is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the leaſt Pain; therefore let me adviſe you, be patient, the Book is loſt, but do not you for that Reaſon loſe yourſelf. T

No. 439. *Thurſday, July* 24.

Hi narrata ferunt aliò: menſuraque ficti
Creſcit; & auditis aliquid novus adjicit Auctor.
Ovid. Met. l. 12. v. 57.

Some tell what they have heard, or Tales deviſe;
Each Fiction ſtill improved with added Lies.

OVID deſcribes the Palace of Fame as ſituated in the very Center of the Univerſe, and perforated with ſo many Windows and Avenues as gave her the Sight of every thing that was done in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Sea. The Structure of it was contrived in ſo admirable a manner, that it echo'd every Word which was ſpoken in the whole Compaſs of Nature; ſo that the Palace, ſays the Poet, was always filled with a confuſed Hubbub of low dying Sounds, the Voices being almoſt ſpent and worn out before they arrived at this General Rendezvous of Speeches and Whiſpers.

I conſider Courts with the ſame Regard to the Governments which they ſuperintend, as *Ovid*'s Palace of Fame with regard to the Univerſe. The Eyes of a watchful Miniſter run through the whole People. There is ſcarce a Murmur or Complaint that does not reach his Ears. They have News-gatherers and Intelligencers diſtributed into their ſeveral Walks and Quarters, who bring in their reſpective Quota's, and make them acquainted with the Diſcourſe and Converſation of the whole Kingdom or Commonwealth where they are employed. The wiſeſt of Kings alluding to theſe inviſible and unſuſpected Spies, who are planted by Kings and Rulers over their Fellow-Citizens, as well as to thoſe voluntary Informers that are buzzing about the Ears of a great Man, and making their Court by ſuch ſecret Methods of Intelligence, has given us a very prudent Caution: *Curſe not the King, no not in thy Thought, and Curſe not*

the Kich in thy Bed-chamber: For a Bird of the Air ſhall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings ſhall tell the matter.

AS it is abſolutely neceſſary for Rulers to make uſe of other People's Eyes and Ears, they ſhould take particular Care to do it in ſuch a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the Perſon whoſe Life and Converſation are inquired into. A Man who is capable of ſo infamous a Calling as that of a Spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great Ties of Honour, or Checks of Conſcience, to reſtrain him in thoſe covert Evidences, where the Perſon accuſed has no Opportunity of vindicating himſelf. He will be more induſtrious to carry that which is grateful than that which is true. There will be no Occaſion for him if he does not hear and ſee things worth Diſcovery; ſo that he naturally inflames every Word and Circumſtance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and miſrepreſents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that ſuch ignominious Wretches let their private Paſſions into theſe their clandeſtine Informations, and often wreck their particular Spite and Malice againſt the Perſon whom they are ſet to watch. It is a pleaſant ſcene enough, which an *Italian* Author deſcribes between a Spy and a Cardinal who employ'd him. The Cardinal is repreſented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The Spy begins with a low Voice, Such an one, the Advocate, whiſpered to one of his Friends, within my Hearing, that your Eminence was a very great Poltron; and after having given his Patron Time to take it down, adds, that another called him a Mercenary Raſcal in a Publick Converſation. The Cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The Spy proceeds, and loads him with Reports of the ſame Nature, till the Cardinal riſes in great Wrath, calls him an impudent Scoundrel, and kicks him out of the Room.

IT is obſerved of great and heroick Minds, that they have not only ſhewn a particular Diſregard to thoſe unmerited Reproaches which have been caſt upon 'em, but have been altogether free from that impertinent Curioſity of enquiring after them, or the poor Revenge of reſenting them. The Hiſtories of *Alexander* and *Cæſar* are full of this kind of Inſtances. Vulgar Souls are of a quite contrary

contrary Character. *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant of *Sicily*, had a Dungeon which was a very curious Piece of Architecture, and of which, as I am informed, there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome Remains in that Iſland. It was called *Dionyſius*'s Ear, and built with ſeveral little Windings and Labyrinths in the form of a real Ear. The Structure of it made it a kind of whiſpering Place, but ſuch a one as gathered the Voice of him who ſpoke into a Funnel, which was placed at the very Top of it. The Tyrant uſed to lodge all his State-Criminals, or thoſe whom he ſuppoſed to be engaged together in any Evil Deſigns upon him, in this Dungeon. He had at the ſame Time an Apartment over it, where he uſed to apply himſelf to the Funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whiſpered in the Dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a *Cæſar* or an *Alexander* would have rather died by the Treaſon, than have uſed ſo diſingenuous Means for the detecting it.

A Man, who in ordinary Life is very inquiſitive after every thing which is ſpoken ill of him, paſſes his Time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every Arrow that is ſhot at him, and puts it in the Power of every Inſignificant Enemy to diſquiet him. Nay, he will ſuffer from what has been ſaid of him, when it is forgotten by thoſe who ſaid or heard it. For this Reaſon I could never bear one of thoſe officious Friends, that would be telling every malicious Report, every idle Cenſure that paſſed upon me. The Tongue of Man is ſo petulant, and his Thoughts ſo variable, that one ſhould not lay too great a Streſs upon any preſent Speeches and Opinions. Praiſe and Obloquy proceed very frequently out of the ſame Mouth upon the ſame Perſon, and upon the ſame Occaſion. A generous Enemy will ſometimes beſtow Commendations, as the deareſt Friend cannot ſometimes refrain from ſpeaking Ill. The Man who is indifferent in either of theſe Reſpects, gives his Opinion at random, and praiſes or diſapproves as he finds himſelf in Humour.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with Part of a Character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the firſt Book of his Hiſtory, and which gives us the lively Picture of a great Man teizing himſelf with an abſurd Curioſity.

'HE had not that Application and Submiſſion, and 'Reverence for the Queen as might have been expected 'from his Wiſdom and Breeding; and often croſſed her 'Pretences and Deſires with more Rudeneſs than was 'natural to him. Yet he was impertinently ſollicitous to 'know what her Majeſty ſaid of him in private, and 'what Reſentments ſhe had towards him. And when 'by ſome Confidents, who had their Ends upon him 'from thoſe Offices he was informed of ſome bitter Ex-'preſſions fallen from her Majeſty, he was ſo exceeding-'ly afflicted and tormented with the Senſe of it, that 'ſometimes by paſſionate Complaints and Repreſenta-'tions to the King; ſometimes by more dutiful Addreſſes 'and Expoſtulations with the Queen in bewailing his 'Misfortune; he frequently expoſed himſelf, and left 'his Condition worſe than it was before, and the Eclair-'ciſement commonly ended in the Diſcovery of the Per-'ſons from whom he had received his moſt ſecret Intel-'ligence. C

No. 440. *Friday, July* 25.

Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, diſcede peritis.
Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 213.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will. POPE.

I Have already given my Reader an Account of a Set of merry Fellows, who are paſſing their Summer together in the Country, being provided of a great Houſe, where there is not only a convenient Apartment for every particular Perſon, but a large Infirmary for the Reception of ſuch of them as are any way indiſpoſed, or out of Humour. Having lately received a Letter from the Secretary of this Society, by order of the whole Fraternity, which acquaints me with their Behaviour during the laſt Week, I ſhall here make a Preſent of it to the Publick.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are glad to find that you approve the Eſtabliſh-
'ment which we have here made for the retriev-
'ing of good Manners and agreeable Converſation, and
'ſhall uſe our beſt Endeavours ſo to improve ourſelves
'in this our Summer Retirement, that we may next
'Winter ſerve as Patterns to the Town. But to the end
'that this our Inſtitution may be no leſs Advantageous to
'the Publick than to ourſelves, we ſhall communicate to
'you one Week of our Proceedings, deſiring you at the
'ſame time, if you ſee any thing faulty in them, to fa-
'vour us with your Admonitions. For you muſt know,
'Sir, that it has been propoſed amongſt us to chooſe you
'for our Viſitor, to which I muſt further add, that one
'of the College having declared laſt Week, he did not
'like the *Spectator* of the Day, and not being able to aſ-
'ſign any juſt Reaſons for ſuch his Diſlike, he was ſent
'to the Infirmary *Nemine Contradicente.*

'ON *Monday* the Aſſembly was in very good Humour,
'having received ſome Recruits of *French* Claret that
'Morning: when unluckily, towards the middle of the
'Dinner, one of the Company ſwore at his Servant in a
'very rough manner, for having put too much Water
'in his Wine. Upon which the Preſident of the Day,
'who is always the Mouth of the Company, after having
'convinced him of the Impertinence of his Paſſion, and
'the Inſult he had made upon the Company, ordered
'his Man to take him from the Table and convey him
'to the Infirmary. There was but one more ſent away
'that Day; this was a Gentleman who is reckoned by
'ſome Perſons one of the greateſt Wits, and by others
'one of the greateſt Boobies about Town. This you
'will ſay is a ſtrange Character, but what makes it
'ſtranger yet, is a very true one, for he is perpetually
'the Reverſe of himſelf, being always merry or dull
'to Exceſs. We brought him hither to divert us, which
'he did very well upon the Road, having laviſhed away
'as much Wit and Laughter upon the Hackney Coach-
'man as might have ſerved him during his whole Stay
'here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpiſh
'for two or three Days, but was ſo far connived at, in

'hopes of Recovery, that we diſpatched one of the briſk-
'eſt Fellows among the Brotherhood into the Infirmary,
'for having told him at Table he was not merry. But
'our Preſident obſerving that he indulged himſelf in this
'long Fit of Stupidity, and conſtruing it as a Contempt
'of the College, ordered him to retire into the Place pre-
'pared for ſuch Companions. He was no ſooner got into
'it, but his Wit and Mirth returned upon him in ſo vio-
'lent a manner, that he ſhook the whole Infirmary with
'the Noiſe of it, and had ſo good an Effect upon the reſt
'of the Patients, that he brought them all out to Dinner
'with him the next Day.

'ON *Tueſday* we were no ſooner ſat down, but one of
'the Company complained that his Head aked; upon
'which another aſked him in an inſolent manner, what
'he did there then: this inſenſibly grew into ſome warm
'Words; ſo that the Preſident, in order to keep the Peace,
'gave directions to take them both from the Table, and
'lodge them in the Infirmary. Not long after, another
'of the Company telling us, he knew by a Pain in his
'Shoulder that we ſhould have ſome Rain, the Preſident
'ordered him to be removed, and placed as a Weather-
'glaſs in the Apartment above-mentioned.

'ON *Wedneſday* a Gentleman having received a Let-
'ter written in a Woman's Hand, and changing Colour
'twice or thrice as he read it, deſired leave to retire into
'the Infirmary. The Preſident conſented, but denied
'him the Uſe of Pen, Ink and Paper, till ſuch time as he
'had ſlept upon it. One of the Company being ſeated
'at the lower end of the Table, and diſcovering his ſe-
'cret Diſcontent by finding fault with every Diſh that
'was ſerved up, and refuſing to Laugh at any thing that
'was ſaid, the Preſident told him, that he found he was
'in an uneaſy Seat, and deſired him to accommodate
'himſelf better in the Infirmary. After Dinner a very
'honeſt Fellow chancing to let a Pun fall from him, his
'Neighbour cried out, *To the Infirmary*; at the ſame
'time pretending to be Sick at it, as having the ſame
'Natural Antipathy to a Pun, which ſome have to a
'Cat. This produced a long Debate. Upon the whole,
'the Punſter was Acquitted, and his Neighbour ſent
'off.

'ON

'ON *Thurſday* there was but one Delinquent. This 'was a Gentleman of ſtrong Voice, but weak Under-'ſtanding. He had unluckily engaged himſelf in a 'Diſpute with a Man of excellent Senſe, but of a mo-'deſt Elocution. The Man of Heat replied to every 'Anſwer of his Antagoniſt with a louder Voice than 'ordinary, and only raiſed his Voice when he ſhould 'have enforced his Argument. Finding himſelf at length 'driven to an Abſurdity, he ſtill reaſoned in a more cla-'morous and confuſed manner, and to make the greater 'Impreſſion upon his Hearers, concluded with a loud 'Thump upon the Table. The Preſident immediately 'ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with Water-'gruel, till ſuch time as he ſhould be ſufficiently weaken-'ed for Converſation.

'ON *Friday* there paſſed very little remarkable, ſaving 'only, that ſeveral Petitions were read of the Perſons in 'Cuſtody, deſiring to be releaſed from their Confine-'ment, and vouching for one another's good Behaviour 'for the future.

'ON *Saturday* we received many Excuſes from Per-'ſons who had found themſelves in an unſociable Tem-'per, and had voluntarily ſhut themſelves up. The In-'firmary was indeed never ſo full as on this Day, which 'I was at ſome loſs to account for, till upon my going 'Abroad I obſerved that it was an Eaſterly Wind. 'The Retirement of moſt of my Friends has given me 'Opportunity and Leiſure of writing you this Letter, 'which I muſt not conclude without aſſuring you, that 'all the Members of our College, as well thoſe who are 'under Confinement, as thoſe who are at Liberty, are 'your very humble Servants, tho' none more than,

C &c.

No. 441. *Saturday, July* 26.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. Hor. Od. 3. l. 3. v. 7.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.

ANON.

MAN, conſidered in himſelf, is a very helpleſs and a very wretched Being. He is ſubject every Moment to the greateſt Calamities and Misfortunes. He is beſet with Dangers on all ſides, and may become unhappy by numberleſs Caſualties, which he could not foreſee, nor have prevented had he foreſeen them.

IT is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to ſo many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Management of every Thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the Aſſiſtance we ſtand in need of, and is always ready to beſtow it on thoſe who aſk it of him.

THE natural Homage, which ſuch a Creature bears to ſo infinitely Wiſe and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him for the Bleſſings and Conveniencies of Life, and an habitual Truſt in him for Deliverance out of all ſuch Dangers and Difficulties as may befal us.

THE Man, who always lives in this Diſpoſition of Mind, has not the ſame dark and melancholy Views of Human Nature, as he who conſiders himſelf abſtractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the ſame time that he reflects upon his own Weakneſs and Imperfection, he Comforts himſelf with the Contemplation of thoſe Divine Attributes, which are employed for his Safety and his Welfare. He finds his want of Foreſight made up by the Omniſcience of him who is his Support.

He

He is not ſenſible of his own want of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In ſhort, the Perſon who has a firm Truſt on the Supreme Being is Powerful in *his* Power, Wiſe by *his* Wiſdom, Happy by *his* Happineſs. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loſes his own Inſufficiency in the Fulneſs of infinite Perfection.

TO make our Lives more eaſy to us, we are commanded to put our Truſt in him, who is thus able to relieve and ſuccour us; the Divine Goodneſs having made ſuch a Reliance a Duty, notwithſtanding we ſhould have been miſerable had it been forbidden us.

AMONG ſeveral Motives, which might be made uſe of to recommend this Duty to us, I ſhall only take notice of thoſe that follow.

THE firſt and ſtrongeſt is, that we are promiſed, He will not fail thoſe who put their Truſt in him.

BUT without conſidering the Supernatural Bleſſing which accompanies this Duty, we may obſerve that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or in other Words, that this firm Truſt and Confidence in the great Diſpoſer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Perſon who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the ſight of his Friend, often exerts himſelf beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with ſuch a Confidence of Succeſs. I could produce Inſtances, from Hiſtory, of Generals, who, out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of ſome inviſible Aſſiſtant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmoſt, but have acted themſelves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inſpired by ſuch a Belief. I might in the ſame manner ſhew how ſuch a Truſt in the Aſſiſtance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Chearfulneſs, and all other Diſpoſitions of Mind that alleviate thoſe Calamities which we are not able to remove.

THE Practice of this Virtue adminiſters great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but moſt of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the laſt Moments of its Separation, when it

is juſt entring on another State of Exiſtence, to converſe with Scenes and Objects, and Companions that are altogether new, what can ſupport her under ſuch Tremblings of Thought, ſuch Fear, ſuch Anxiety, ſuch Apprehenſions, but the caſting of all her Cares upon him who firſt gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to Guide and Comfort her in her Progreſs through Eternity?

DAVID has very beautifully repreſented this ſteady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Pſalm, which is a kind of *Paſtoral* Hymn, and filled with thoſe Alluſions which are uſual in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquiſite, I ſhall preſent my Reader with the following Tranſlation of it.

I.

The Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.

II.

When in the ſultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,

Thy

Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around. C

No. 442. *Monday, July* 28.

Scribimus Indocti Doctique ——

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 117.

——*Thoſe, who cannot write, and thoſe who can,*
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a Man. POPE.

I Do not know whether I enough explained my ſelf to the World, when I invited all Men to be aſſiſtant to me in this my Work of Speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my Readers, that beſides the Letters and valuable Hints I have from Time to Time received from my Correſpondents, I have by me ſeveral curious and extraordinary Papers ſent with a Deſign (as no one will doubt when they are publiſhed) that they may be printed intire, and without any Alteration, by way of *Spectator*. I muſt acknowledge alſo, that I my ſelf being the firſt Projector of the Paper, thought I had a Right to make them my own, by dreſſing them in my own Stile, by leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the Character and Genius of my Paper, with which it was almoſt impoſſible theſe could exactly correſpond, it being certain that hardly two Men think alike, and therefore ſo many Men ſo many *Spectators*. Beſides, I muſt own my Weakneſs for Glory is ſuch, that if I conſulted that only, I might be ſo far ſway'd by it, as almoſt to wiſh that no one could write a *Spectator* beſides my ſelf; nor can I deny, but upon the firſt Peruſal of thoſe Papers, I felt ſome ſecret Inclinations of Ill-will towards the Perſons who wrote them. This was the Impreſſion I had upon the firſt reading them; but upon a late Review (more for the Sake of Entertainment than Uſe) regarding

regarding them with another Eye than I had done at firſt (for by converting them as well as I could to my own Uſe, I thought I had utterly diſabled them from ever offending me again as *Spectators*) I found my ſelf moved by a Paſſion very different from that of Envy; ſenſibly touched with Pity, the ſofteſt and moſt generous of all Paſſions, when I reflected what a cruel Diſappointment the Neglect of thoſe Papers muſt needs have been to the Writers who impatiently longed to ſee them appear in Print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themſelves in the Hopes of having a Share with me in the Applauſe of the Publick; a Pleaſure ſo great, that none but thoſe who have experienced it can have a Senſe of it. In this Manner of viewing thoſe Papers, I really found I had not done them Juſtice, there being ſomething ſo extremely natural and peculiarly good in ſome of them, that I will appeal to the World whether it was poſſible to alter a Word in them without doing them a manifeſt Hurt and Violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native Dreſs and Colours: And therefore I think I ſhould not only wrong them, but deprive the World of a conſiderable Satisfaction, ſhould I any longer delay the making them publick.

AFTER I have publiſhed a few of theſe *Spectators*, I doubt not but I ſhall find the Succeſs of them to equal, if not ſurpaſs, that of the beſt of my own. An Author ſhould take all Methods to humble himſelf in the Opinion he has of his own Performances. When theſe Papers appear to the World, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I ſhall not repine, though I my ſelf ſhall have left me but very few Days to appear in Publick: But preferring the general Weal and Advantage to any Conſiderations of my ſelf, I am reſolved for the Future to publiſh any *Spectator* that deſerves it, entire, and without any Alteration; aſſuring the World (if there can be need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the Authors think fit to ſubſcribe their Names, I will add them.

I think the beſt way of promoting this generous and uſeful Deſign, will be by giving out Subjects or Themes of all Kinds whatſoever, on which (with a Preamble of the

the extraordinary Benefit and Advantage that may accrue thereby to the Publick) I will invite all manner of Perſons, whether Scholars, Citizens, Courtiers, Gentlemen, of the Town or Country, and all Beaux, Rakes, Smarts, Prudes, Coquettes, Houſewives, and all Sorts of Wits, whether Male or Female, and however diſtinguiſhed, whether they be True Wits, Whole, or Half Wits, or whether Arch, Dry, Natural, Acquired, Genuine or Deprav'd Wits; and Perſons of all ſorts of Tempers and Complexions, whether the Severe, the Delightful the Impertinent, the Agreeable, the Thoughtful, Buſy, or Careleſs, the Serene or Cloudy, Jovial or Melancholy, Untowardly or Eaſy, the Cold, Temperate, or Sanguine; and of what Manners or Diſpoſitions ſoever, whether the Ambitious or Humble-minded, the Proud or Pitiful, Ingenious or Baſe-minded, Good or Ill-natur'd, Publick-ſpirited or Selfiſh; and under what Fortune or Circumſtance ſoever, whether the Contented or Miſerable, Happy or Unfortunate, High or Low, Rich or Poor (whether ſo through Want of Money, or Deſire of more) Healthy or Sickly, Married or Single; nay, whether Tall or Short, Fat, or Lean; and of what Trade, Occupation, Profeſſion, Station, Country, Faction, Party, Perſuaſion, Quality, Age or Condition ſoever, who have ever made Thinking a Part of their Buſineſs or Diverſion, and have any thing worthy to impart on theſe Subjects to the World, according to theſe ſeveral and reſpective Talents or Genius's, and as the Subject given out hits their Tempers, Humours, or Circumſtances, or may be made profitable to the Publick by their particular Knowledge or Experience in the Matter propoſed, to do their utmoſt on them by ſuch a Time, to the End they may receive the inexpreſſible and irreſiſtible Pleaſure of ſeeing their Eſſay allowed of and reliſhed by the reſt of Mankind.

I will not prepoſſeſs the Reader with too great Expectation of the extraordinary Advantages which muſt redound to the Publick by theſe Eſſays, when the different Thoughts and Obſervations of all Sorts of Perſons according to their Quality, Age, Sex, Education, Profeſſions, Humours, Manners and Conditions, *&c.* ſhall be ſet out by themſelves in the cleareſt and moſt genuine Light,

Light, and as they themſelves would wiſh to have them appear to the World.

THE Theſis *propos'd for the preſent Exerciſe of the Adventurers to write* Spectators, *is* MONEY, *on which Subject all Perſons are deſired to ſend in their Thoughts within Ten Days after the Date hereof.* T

No. 443. *Tueſday, July* 29.

Sublatam ex oculis Quærimus invidi.

Hor. Od. 24. l. 3. v. 33.

Snatch'd from our ſight, we eagerly purſue,
And fondly wou'd recal Her to our view.

Camilla *to the* SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Venice, July* 10. N. S.

'I Take it extremely ill, that you do not reckon conſpicuous Perſons of your Nation are within your Cognizance, tho' out of the Dominions of *Great Britain*. I little thought in the green Years of my Life, that I ſhould ever call it an Happineſs to be out of dear *England*; but as I grew to Woman, I found my ſelf leſs acceptable in Proportion to the Increaſe of my Merit. Their Ears in *Italy* are ſo differently formed from the Make of yours in *England*, that I never come upon the Stage, but a general Satisfaction appears in every Countenance of the whole People. When I dwell upon a Note, I behold all the Men accompanying me with Heads inclining and falling of their Perſons on one Side, as dying away with me. The Women too do Juſtice to my Merit, and no ill-natured worthleſs Creature cries, *The vain Thing*, when I am wrapt up in the Performance of my Part, and ſenſibly touched with the Effect my Voice has upon all who hear me. I live here diſtinguiſhed as one whom Nature has been liberal to in a graceful Perſon, an exalted Mien, and Heavenly Voice. Theſe Particularities in this ſtrange Country, are Arguments for

'Reſpect

'Reſpect and Generoſity to her who is poſſeſſed of them. 'The *Italians* ſee a thouſand Beauties I am ſenſible I 'have no Pretence to, and abundantly make up to me 'the Injuſtice I received in my own Country, of diſal-'lowing me what I really had. The Humour of Hiſ-'ſing, which you have among you, I do not know any 'thing of; and their Applauſes are uttered in Sighs, and 'bearing a Part at the Cadences of Voice with the Per-'ſons who are performing. I am often put in mind of 'thoſe complaiſant Lines of my own Countryman, 'when he is calling all his Faculties together to hear '*Arabella:*

Let all be huſh'd, each ſofteſt Motion ceaſe,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;
And ev'ry ruder Gaſp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death:
And thou, moſt fickle, moſt uneaſy Part,
Thou reſtleſs Wanderer, my Heart,
Be ſtill; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou buſy, idle Thing, to heave,
Stir not a Pulſe; and let my Blood,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be ſoftly ſtaid;
Let me be all but my Attention dead.

'The whole City of *Venice* is as ſtill when I am ſinging 'as this Polite Hearer was to Mrs. *Hunt*. But when they 'break that Silence, did you know the Pleaſure I am in, 'when every Man utters his Applauſe, by calling me 'aloud the *Dear Creature*, the *Angel*, the *Venus*; *What 'Attitude ſhe moves with!* —— *Huſh, ſhe ſings again!* We 'have no boiſtrous Wits who dare diſturb an Audience, 'and break the publick Peace merely to ſhew they dare. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, I write this to you thus in haſte, to 'tell you I am ſo very much at eaſe here, that I know 'nothing but Joy; and I will not return, but leave you 'in *England* to hiſs all Merit of your own Growth off 'the Stage. I know, Sir, you were always my Admirer, 'and therefore I am yours,

CAMILLA.

'*P. S.* I am ten times better dreſſed than ever I was 'in *England.*

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Project in yours of the 11th Inſtant, of furthering the Correſpondence and Knowledge of that conſiderable Part of Mankind, the Trading World, cannot but be highly commendable. Good Lectures to young Traders may have very good Effects on their Conduct: but beware you propagate no falſe Notions of Trade; let none of your Correſpondents impoſe on the World, by putting forth baſe Methods in a good Light, and glazing them over with improper Terms. I would have no Means of Profit ſet for Copies to others, but ſuch as are laudable in themſelves. Let not Noiſe be called Induſtry, nor Impudence Courage. Let not good Fortune be impoſed on the World for good Management, nor Poverty be called Folly; impute not always Bankruptcy to Extravagance, nor an Eſtate to Foreſight: Niggardlineſs is not good Huſbandry, nor Generoſity Profuſion.

'*HONESTUS* is a well-meaning and judicious Trader, hath ſubſtantial Goods, and trades with his own Stock, huſbands his Money to the beſt Advantage, without taking all Advantages of the Neceſſities of his Workmen, or grinding the Face of the Poor. *Fortunatus* is ſtocked with Ignorance, and conſequently with Self-Opinion; the Quality of his Goods cannot but be ſuitable to that of his Judgment. *Honeſtus* pleaſes diſcerning People, and keeps their Cuſtom by good Uſage; makes modeſt Profit by modeſt Means, to the decent Support of his Family: Whilſt *Fortunatus* bluſtering always, puſhes on, promiſing much, and performing little; with Obſequiouſneſs offenſive to People of Senſe, ſtrikes at all, catches much the greater Part; raiſes as conſiderable Fortune by Impoſition on others, to the Diſcouragement and Ruin of thoſe who trade in the ſame Way.

'I give here but looſe Hints, and beg you to be very circumſpect in the Province you have now undertaken: If you perform it ſucceſsfully, it will be a very great Good; for nothing is more wanting, than that Mechanick Induſtry were ſet forth with the Freedom and

'Greatneſs

'Greatneſs of Mind which ought always to accompany 'a Man of a liberal Education,

From my Shop under the Royal-Exchange, July 14.

Your humble Servant,

R. C.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *July* 24, 1712.

'NOTWITHSTANDING the repeated 'Cenſures that your Spectatorial Wiſdom has 'paſſed upon People more remarkable for Impudence 'than Wit, there are yet ſome remaining, who paſs 'with the giddy Part of Mankind for ſufficient Sharers 'of the latter, who have nothing but the former Qua-'lification to recommend them. Another timely Ani-'madverſion is abſolutely neceſſary; be pleaſed there-'fore once for all to let theſe Gentlemen know, that 'there is neither Mirth nor Good-humour in hooting 'a young Fellow out of Countenance; not that it will 'ever conſtitute a Wit, to conclude a tart Piece of Buf-'foonry with a *what makes you bluſh?* Pray pleaſe to 'inform them again, That to ſpeak what they know is 'ſhocking, proceeds from Ill-nature, and a Sterility of 'Brain; eſpecially when the Subject will not admit of 'Rallery, and their Diſcourſe has no Pretenſion to Sa-'tire but what is in their Deſign to diſoblige. I ſhould 'be very glad too if you take notice, that a daily Re-'petition of the ſame over-bearing Inſolence is yet more 'inſupportable, and a Confirmation of very extraordi-'nary Dulneſs. The ſudden Publication of this, may 'have an Effect upon a notorious Offender of this Kind, 'whoſe Reformation would redound very much to the 'Satisfaction and Quiet of

Your moſt humble Servant,

T F. B.

Wedneſday,

No. 444. *Wednesday, July* 30.

Parturiunt Montes—— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 139.

The Mountain labours, and is brought to bed.

IT gives me much Despair in the Design of reforming the World by my Speculations, when I find there always arise, from one Generation to another, successive Cheats and Bubbles, as naturally as Beasts of Prey, and those which are to be their Food. There is hardly a Man in the World, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary Quack-Doctors, who publish their great Abilities in little brown Billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a Man Impostors and Murderers; yet such is the Credulity of the Vulgar, and the Impudence of these Professors, that the Affair still goes on, and new Promises of what was never done before are made every Day. What aggravates the Jest is, that even this Promise has been made as long as the Memory of Man can trace it. and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to day, a Paper given into my Hand by a Fellow without a No e tells us as follows what good News is come to Town, to wit, that there is now a certain Cure for the *French* Disease, by a Gentleman just come from his Travels.

IN Russel-Court, *over-against the* Cannon-Ball, *at the* Surgeon's Arms *in* Drury-Lane, *is lately come from his Travels a Surgeon who hath practised Surgery and Physick both by Sea and Land these twenty four Years. He (by the Blessing) cures the* Yellow-Jaundice, Green-Sickness, Scurvy, Dropsy, Surfeits, long Sea-Voyages, Campaigns, and Womens Miscarriages, Lying-Inn, *&c. as some People that has been lame these thirty Years can testify; in short, he cureth all Diseases incident to Men, Women, or Children.*

IF

IF a Man could be ſo indolent as to look upon this Havock of the human Species which is made by Vice and Ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous Work to comment upon the Declaration of this accompliſhed Traveller. There is ſomething unaccountably taking among the Vulgar in thoſe who come from a great Way off. Ignorant People of Quality, as many there are of ſuch, dote exceſſively this Way; many Inſtances of which every Man will ſuggeſt to himſelf without my Enumeration of them. The Ignorants of lower Order, who cannot, like the upper Ones, be profuſe of their Money to thoſe recommended by coming from a Diſtance, are no leſs complaiſant than the others, for they venture their Lives for the ſame Admiration.

THE Doctor is lately come from his Travels, and has *practiſed* both by Sea and Land, and therefore cures the *Green-Sickneſs*, *long Sea-Voyages*, *Campaigns*, *and Lying-Inn*. Both by Sea and Land!——I will not anſwer for the Diſtempers called *Sea-Voyages and Campaigns*; But I dare ſay, thoſe of Green-Sickneſs and Lying-Inn might be as well taken care of if the Doctor ſtaid aſhore. But the Art of managing Mankind, is only to make them ſtare a little, to keep up their Aſtoniſhment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have ſomething in your Sleeve, in which they muſt think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious Fellow, a Barber, of my Acquaintance, who, beſides his broken Fiddle and a dried Sea-Monſter, has a Twine Cord, ſtrained with two Nails at each End, over his Window, and the Words *Rainy*, *Dry*, *Wet*, and ſo forth, written to denote the Weather according to the Riſing or Falling of the Cord. We very great Scholars are not apt to wonder at this: But I obſerved a very honeſt Fellow, a chance Cuſtomer, who ſat in the Chair before me to be ſhaved, fix his Eye upon this miraculous Performance during the Operation upon his Chin and Face. When thoſe and his Head alſo were cleared of all Incumbrances and Excreſcences, he looked at the Fiſh, then at the Fiddle, ſtill grubling in his Pockets, and caſting his Eye again at the Twine, and the Words writ on each Side; then altered his Mind as to Farthings, and gave my Friend a Silver Sixpence. The Buſineſs, as I ſaid, is to keep

up

up the Amazement; and if my Friend had had only the Skeleton and Kit, he must have been contented with a less Payment. But the Doctor we were talking of, adds to his long Voyages the Testimony of some People *that has been thirty Years lame.* When I received my Paper, a sagacious Fellow took one at the same time, and read 'till he came to the Thirty Years Confinement of his Friends, and went off very well convinced of the Doctor's Sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious Persons, who have had some extraordinary Accident at their Birth, or a great Disaster in some Part of their Lives. Any thing, however foreign from the Business the People want of you, will convince them of your Ability in that you profess. There is a Doctor in *Mouse-Alley* near *Wapping*, who sets up for curing Cataracts upon the Credit of having, as his Bill sets forth, lost an Eye in the Emperor's Service. His Patients come in upon this, and he shews the Muster-Roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's Troops; and he puts out their Eyes with great Success. Who would believe that a Man should be a Doctor for the Cure of bursten Children, by declaring that his Father and Grandfather were born bursten? But *Charles Ingoltson*, next Door to the *Harp* in *Barbican*, has made a pretty Penny by that Asseveration. The Generality go upon their first Conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you Credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the Purpose or not, I keep a *Latin* Sentence in my Front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my Readers say, casting his Eye on my twentieth Paper, *More* Latin *still? What a prodigious Scholar is this Man!* But as I have here taken much Liberty with this learned Doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great Man; to wit, That *from Eight to Twelve, and from Two till Six, he attends for the good of the Publick to bleed for Three Pence.* T

No. 445. *Thurſday, July* 31.

Tanti non es, ais. Sapis, Luperce.
Mart. Epig. 118. l. 1. v. ult.

You ſay, Lupercus, *what I write*
I'n't worth ſo much: You're in the right.

THIS is the Day on which many eminent Authors will probably publiſh their Laſt Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Hiſtorians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to ſubſiſt under the Weight of a Stamp, and an approaching Peace. A Sheet of blank Paper that muſt have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to communicate any thing to the Publick, will make its way in the World but very heavily. In ſhort, the Neceſſity of carrying a Stamp, and the Improbability of notifying a bloody Battle, will, I am afraid, both concur to the ſinking of thoſe thin Folios, which have every other Day retailed to us the Hiſtory of *Europe* for ſeveral Years laſt paſt. A facetious Friend of mine, who loves a Pun, calls this preſent Mortality among Authors, *The Fall of the Leaf.*

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter*'s Death, there was publiſhed a Sheet of very good Sayings, inſcribed, *The laſt Words of Mr.* Baxter. The Title ſold ſo great a Number of theſe Papers, that about a Week after there came out a ſecond Sheet, inſcrib'd, *More laſt Words of Mr.* Baxter. In the ſame manner, I have Reaſon to think, that ſeveral ingenious Writers, who have taken their Leave of the Publick, in farewel Papers, will not give over ſo, but intend to appear again, tho' perhaps under another Form, and with a different Title. Be that as it will, it is my Buſineſs, in this place, to give an Account of my own Intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the Motives by which I act, in this great Criſis of the Republick of Letters.

I have

I have been long debating in my own Heart, whether I ſhould throw up my Pen, as an Author that is caſhiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to operate within theſe Four and Twenty Hours, or whether I ſhould ſtill perſiſt in laying my Speculations, from Day to Day, before the Publick. The Argument which prevails with me moſt on the firſt ſide of the Queſtion is, that I am informed by my Bookſeller he muſt raiſe the Price of every ſingle Paper to two-pence, or that he ſhall not be able to pay the Duty of it. Now as I am very deſirous my Readers ſhould have their Learning as cheap as poſſible, it is with great Difficulty that I comply with him in this Particular.

HOWEVER, upon laying my Reaſons together in the Balance, I find that thoſe which plead for the Continuance of this Work, have much the greater Weight. For, in the firſt Place, in Recompence for the Expence to which this will put my Readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every Paper ſo much Inſtruction, as will be a very good Equivalent. And in order to this, I would not adviſe any one to take it in, who, after the Peruſal of it, does not find himſelf Two-pence the wiſer, or the better Man for it; or who, upon Examination, does not believe that he has had Two-penny-worth of Mirth or Inſtruction for his Money.

BUT I muſt confeſs there is another Motive which prevails with me more than the former. I conſider that the Tax on Paper was given for the Support of the Government; and as I have Enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or ſay, I fear they would aſcribe the laying down my Paper, on ſuch an Occaſion, to a Spirit of Malcontentedneſs, which I am reſolved none ſhall ever juſtly upbraid me with. No, I ſhall glory in contributing my utmoſt to the Weal Publick; and if my Country receives Five or Six Pounds a-day by my Labours, I ſhall be very well pleaſed to find my ſelf ſo uſeful a Member. It is a received Maxim, that no honeſt Man ſhould enrich himſelf by Methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives; and by the ſame Rule I think we may pronounce the Perſon to deſerve very well of his Countrymen, whoſe Labours bring

bring more into the publick Coffers, than into his own Pocket.

SINCE I have mentioned the Word Enemies, I muſt explain my ſelf ſo far as to acquaint my Reader, that I mean only the inſignificant Party Zealots on both ſides: Men of ſuch poor narrow Souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an Eye to Whig or Tory. During the Courſe of this Paper, I have been accuſed by theſe deſpicable Wretches of Trimming, Time-ſerving, Perſonal Reflection, ſecret Satire, and the like. Now, tho' in theſe my Compoſitions, it is viſible to any Reader of common Senſe, that I conſider nothing but my Subject, which is always of an indifferent Nature; how is it poſſible for me to write ſo clear of Party, as not to lie open to the Cenſures of thoſe who will be applying every Sentence, and finding out Perſons and Things in it, which it has no regard to?

SEVERAL Paltry Scribblers and Declaimers have done me the Honour to be dull upon me in Reflections of this Nature; but notwithſtanding my Name has been ſometimes traduced by this contemptible Tribe of Men, I have hitherto avoided all Animadverſions upon 'em. The Truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear conſiderable by taking notice of them, for they are like thoſe imperceptible Inſects which are diſcovered by the Microſcope, and cannot be made the Subject of Obſervation without being magnified.

HAVING mentioned thoſe few who have ſhewn themſelves the Enemies of this Paper, I ſhould be very ungrateful to the Publick, did not I at the ſame time teſtify my Gratitude to thoſe who are its Friends, in which Number I may reckon many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſons of all Conditions, Parties and Profeſſions in the Iſle of *Great-Britain*. I am not ſo vain as to think this Approbation is ſo much due to the Performance as to the Deſign. There is, and ever will be, Juſtice enough in the World, to afford Patronage and Protection for thoſe who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue, without regard to the Paſſions and Prejudices of any particular Cauſe or Faction. If I have any other Merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the Batteries of Ridicule. They have been generally planted againſt Perſons

ſons who have appeared Serious rather than Abſurd; or at beſt, have aimed rather at what is Unfaſhionable than what is Vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing Ridiculous that is not in ſome meaſure Criminal. I have ſet up the immoral Man as the Object of Deriſion: In ſhort, if I have not formed a new Weapon againſt Vice and Irreligion, I have at leaſt ſhewn how that Weapon may be put to a right Uſe, which has ſo often fought the Battles of Impiety and Profaneneſs. C

No. 446. *Friday, Auguſt* 1.

Quid deceat, quid non; quò Virtus, quò ferat Error.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 308.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.
ROSCOMMON.

SINCE two or three Writers of Comedy who are now living have taken their Farewel of the Stage, thoſe who ſucceed them finding themſelves incapable of riſing up to their Wit, Humour and good Senſe, have only imitated them in ſome of thoſe looſe unguarded Strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt Taſte of the more Vicious Part of their Audience. When Perſons of a low Genius attempt this kind of Writing, they know no Difference between being Merry and being Lewd. It is with an Eye to ſome of theſe degenerate Compoſitions that I have written the following Diſcourſe.

WERE our *Engliſh* Stage but half ſo virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we ſhould quickly ſee the Influence of it in the Behaviour of all the politer Part of Mankind. It would not be faſhionable to ridicule Religion, or its Profeſſors; the Man of Pleaſure would not be the complete Gentleman; Vanity would be out of Countenance, and every Quality which is Ornamental to Human Nature, would meet with that Eſteem which is due to it.

IF

IF the *Engliſh* Stage were under the ſame Regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the ſame Effect that had, in recommending the Religion, the Government, and publick Worſhip of its Country. Were our Plays ſubject to proper Inſpections and Limitations, we might not only paſs away ſeveral of our vacant Hours in the higheſt Entertainment; but ſhould always riſe from them wiſer and better than we ſat down to them.

IT is one of the moſt unaccountable things in our Age, that the Lewdneſs of our Theatre ſhould be ſo much complained of, ſo well expoſed, and ſo little redreſſed. It is to be hoped, that ſome time or other we may be at leiſure to reſtrain the Licentiouſneſs of the Theatre, and make it contribute its Aſſiſtance to the Advancement of Morality, and to the Reformation of the Age. As Matters ſtand at preſent, Multitudes are ſhut out from this noble Diverſion, by reaſon of thoſe Abuſes and Corruptions that accompany it. A Father is often afraid that his Daughter ſhould be ruin'd by thoſe Entertainments, which were invented for the Accompliſhment and Refining of Human Nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* Plays were written with ſuch a Regard to Morality, that *Socrates* uſed to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

IT happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* Theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be repreſented; and as in that Performance, which was a kind of religious Ceremony, there were ſeveral indecent Parts to be acted, the People refuſed to ſee them whilſt *Cato* was preſent. *Martial* on this Hint made the following Epigram, which we muſt ſuppoſe was applied to ſome grave Friend of his, that had been accidentally preſent at ſome ſuch Entertainment.

Nôſſes jocoſæ dulce cùm ſacrum Floræ,
Feſtoſque luſus, & licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti?
An ideo tantùm veneras, ut exires.

Epig. 1. l. 1.

Why doſt thou come, great Cenſor of the Age,
To ſee the looſe Diverſions of the Stage?

With awful Countenance and Brow ſevere,
What in the Name of Goodneſs doſt thou here?
See the mixt Crowd! how Giddy, Lewd and Vain?
Didſt thou come in but to go out again?

A N Accident of this Nature might happen once in an Age among the *Grecks* or *Romans*; but they were too wiſe and good to let the conſtant Nightly Entertainment be of ſuch a Nature, that People of the moſt Senſe and Virtue could not be at it. Whatever Vices are repreſented upon the Stage, they ought to be ſo marked and branded by the Poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the Perſon who is tainted with them. But if we look into the *Engliſh* Comedies above-mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary Maxim, and that this Rule, tho' it held good upon the Heathen Stage, was not to be regarded in Chriſtian Theatres. There is another Rule likewiſe, which was obſerved by Authors of Antiquity, and which theſe modern Genius's have no regard to, and that was never to chooſe an improper Subject for Ridicule. Now a Subject is improper for Ridicule, if it is apt to ſtir up Horror and Commiſeration rather than Laughter. For this Reaſon, we do not find any Comedy, in ſo polite an Author as *Terence*, raiſed upon the Violations of the Marriage-Bed. The Falſhood of the Wife or Huſband has given Occaſion to noble Tragedies, but a *Scipio* and *Lelius* would have look'd upon Inceſt or Murder to have been as proper Subjects for Comedy. On the contrary, Cuckoldom is the Baſis of moſt of our Modern Plays. If an Alderman appears upon the Stage, you may be ſure it is in order to be Cuckolded. An Huſband, that is a little grave and elderly, generally meets with the ſame Fate. Knights and Baronets, Country Squires, and Juſtices of the *Quorum*, come up to Town for no other Purpoſe. I have ſeen poor *Dogget* Cuckolded in all theſe Capacities. In ſhort, our *Engliſh* Writers are as frequently ſevere upon this innocent unhappy Creature, commonly known by the Name of a Cuckold, as the Ancient Comick Writers were upon an eating Paraſite, or a vain-glorious Soldier.

AT

AT the ſame time the Poet ſo contrives Matters that the two Criminals are the Favourites of the Audience. We ſit ſtill, and wiſh well to them through the whole Play, are pleaſed when they meet with proper Opportunities, and out of humour when they are diſappointed. The Truth of it is, the accompliſhed Gentleman upon the *Engliſh* Stage, is the Perſon that is familiar with other Mens Wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine Woman is generally a Compoſition of Sprightlineſs and Falſhood. I do not know whether it proceeds from Barrenneſs of Invention, Depravation of Manners, or Ignorance of Mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary Poets cannot frame to themſelves the Idea of a fine Man who is not a Whore-maſter, or of a fine Woman that is not a Jilt.

I have ſometimes thought of compiling a Syſtem of Ethics out of the Writings of thoſe corrupt Poets, under the Title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this Thought by a Project which has been executed by an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance. He has compos'd, it ſeems, the Hiſtory of a young Fellow, who has taken all his Notions of the World from the Stage, and who has directed himſelf, in every Circumſtance of his Life and Converſation, by the Maxims and Examples of the Fine Gentleman in *Engliſh* Comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a Copy of this new faſhioned Novel, I will beſtow on it a Place in my Works, and queſtion not but it may have as good an Effect upon the Drama, as Don *Quixote* had upon Romance. C

No. 447. *Saturday, Auguſt* 2.

Φημὶ πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμεναι, φίλε· κ᾽ δή
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελευτῶσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

Long Exerciſe, my Friend, enures the Mind;
And what we once diſlik'd, we pleaſing find.

THERE is not a Common Saying which has a better Turn of Senſe in it, than what we often hear in the Mouths of the Vulgar, that Cuſtom is a ſecond Nature. It is indeed able to form the Man anew, and to give him Inclinations and Capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. *Plot*, in his Hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, tells us of an Idiot that chancing to live within the Sound of a Clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the Hour of the Day whenever the Clock ſtruck, the Clock being ſpoiled by ſome Accident, the Idiot continued to ſtrike and count the Hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the Truth of this Story, it is very certain that Cuſtom has a Mechanical Effect upon the Body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary Influence upon the Mind.

I ſhall in this Paper conſider one very remarkable Effect which Cuſtom has upon Human Nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful Rules of Life. What I ſhall here take notice of in Cuſtom, is its wonderful Efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A Perſon who is addicted to Play or Gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees contracts ſo ſtrong an Inclination towards it, and gives himſelf up ſo intirely to it, that it ſeems the only End of his Being. The Love of a retired or buſy Life will grow upon a Man inſenſibly, as he is converſant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for reliſhing that to which he has been for ſome time diſuſed. Nay, a Man may Smoke, or Drink, or take Snuff, till he is unable to

paſs

paſs away his Time without it; not to mention how our Delight in any particular Study, Art, or Science, riſes and improves in proportion to the Application which we beſtow upon it. Thus what was at firſt an Exerciſe, becomes at length an Entertainment. Our Employments are changed into our Diverſions. The Mind grows fond of thoſe Actions ſhe is accuſtomed to, and is drawn with Reluctancy from thoſe Paths in which ſhe has uſed to walk.

NOT only ſuch Actions as were at firſt Indifferent to us, but even ſuch as were Painful, will by Cuſtom and Practice become pleaſant. Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves in his natural Philoſophy, that our Taſte is never pleaſed better than with thoſe things which at firſt created a Diſguſt in it. He gives particular Inſtances of Claret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the Palate ſeldom approves upon the firſt Taſte; but when it has once got a Reliſh of them, generally retains it for Life. The Mind is conſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having habituated herſelf to any particular Exerciſe or Employment, not only loſes her firſt Averſion towards it, but conceives a certain Fondneſs and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greateſt Genius's this Age has produced, who had been trained up in all the Polite Studies of Antiquity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch into ſeveral Rolls and Records, that notwithſtanding ſuch an Employment was at firſt very dry and irkſom to him, he at laſt took an incredible Pleaſure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidered Cuſtom as it makes things eaſy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the ſame Reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn thoſe Uſes from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

IF we conſider attentively this Property of Human Nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine Moralities. In the firſt Place, I would have no Man diſcouraged with that kind of Life or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but Uſe and Application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

IN the ſecond place I would recommend to every one that admirable Precept which *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have given to his Diſciples, and which that Philoſopher muſt have drawn from the Obſervation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum*, Pitch upon that Courſe of Life, which is the moſt Excellent, and Cuſtom will render it the moſt Delightful. Men, whoſe Circumſtances will permit them to chooſe their own way of Life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their Judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The Voice of Reaſon is more to be regarded than the Bent of any preſent Inclination, ſince by the Rule above-mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reaſon, though we can never force Reaſon to comply with Inclination.

IN the third place, this Obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious Man, to overlook thoſe Hardſhips and Difficulties which are apt to diſcourage him from the Proſecution of a virtuous Life. *The Gods*, ſaid *Heſiod, have placed Labour before Virtue; the Way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the further you advance in it.* The Man who proceeds in it, with Steadineſs and Reſolution, will in a little time find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and that all her Paths are Peace.*

TO enforce this Conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe Actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe Supernumerary Joys of Heart, that riſe from the Conſciouſneſs of ſuch a Pleaſure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reaſon, and from the Proſpect of an happy Immortality.

IN the fourth place we may learn from this Obſervation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care, when we are once ſettled in a regular Courſe of Life, how we too frequently indulge our ſelves in any the moſt innocent Diverſions and Entertainments, ſince the Mind may inſenſibly fall off from the Reliſh of virtuous Actions, and, by degrees, exchange that Pleaſure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

THE

THE laſt Uſe which I ſhall make of this remarkable Property in Human Nature, of being delighted with thoſe Actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhew how abſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleaſures of the next. The State of Bliſs we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting thoſe Minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we muſt, in this World, gain a Reliſh of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taſte that Knowledge and Perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of thoſe ſpiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to riſe up and flouriſh in the Soul to all Eternity, muſt be planted in her, during this her preſent State of Probation. In ſhort, Heaven is not to be look'd upon only as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

ON the other hand, thoſe evil Spirits, who, by long Cuſtom, have contracted in the Body Habits of Luſt and Senſuality, Malice and Revenge, an Averſion to every thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are naturally ſeaſoned and prepared for Pain and Miſery. Their Torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when diveſted of the Body, unleſs we may ſuppoſe, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of malignant Pleaſure in thoſe Actions to which they are accuſtomed, whilſt in this Life; but when they are removed from all thoſe Objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful Habits of Mind which are called, in Scripture Phraſe, the Worm which never dies. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is ſo very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent Divines of the laſt Age, as in particular by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Sherlock:* But there is none who has rais'd ſuch noble Speculations upon it as Dr. *Scott*, in the firſt Book of his Chriſtian Life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Tongue, or in any other. That excellent Auhor has ſhewn how every particular Cuſtom and Habit of Virtue will, in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happineſs,

in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it: As on the contrary, how every Cuſtom or Habit of Vice will be the natural Hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts. C

No. 448. *Monday, Auguſt* 4.



Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.
Juv. Sat. 2. v. 82.

In time to greater Baſeneſs you'll proceed.

THE firſt Steps towards Ill are very carefully to be avoided, for Men inſenſibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively Abhorrence of the leaſt Unworthineſs. There is a certain frivolous Falſhood that People indulge themſelves in, which ought to be had in greater Deteſtation than it commonly meets with: What I mean is a Neglect of Promiſſes made on ſmall and indifferent Occaſions, ſuch as Parties of Pleaſure, Entertainments, and ſometimes Meetings out of Curioſity, in Men of like Faculties, to be in each other's Company. There are many Cauſes to which one may aſſign this light Infidelity. *Jack Sippet* never keeps the Hour he has appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner; but he is an inſignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Diſturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes care to drop in when he thinks you are juſt ſeated. He takes his Place after having diſcompoſed every Body, and deſires there may be no Ceremony; then does he begin to call himſelf the ſaddeſt Fellow, in diſappointing ſo many Places as he was invited to elſewhere. It is the Fop's Vanity to name Houſes of better Chear, and to acquaint you that he choſe yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day. The laſt time I had the Fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he ſhould have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the Manners of ſuch a Wretch as obliges

obliges all whom he diſappoints, though his Circumſtances conſtrain them to be civil to him. But there are thoſe that every one would be glad to ſee, who fall into the ſame deteſtable Habit. It is a mercileſs thing that any one can be at Eaſe, and ſuppoſe a Set of People who have a Kindneſs for him, at that Moment waiting out of Reſpect to him, and refuſing to taſte their Food or Converſation with the utmoſt Impatience. One of theſe Promiſers ſometimes ſhall make his Excuſes for not coming at all, ſo late that half the Company have only to lament, that they have neglected Matters of Moment to meet him whom they find a Trifler. They immediately repent of the Value they had for him; and ſuch Treatment repeated, makes Company never depend upon his Promiſes any more; ſo that he often comes at the Middle of a Meal, where he is ſecretly ſlighted by the Perſons with whom he eats, and curſed by the Servants, whoſe Dinner is delayed by his prolonging their Maſter's Entertainment. It is wonderful, that Men guilty this way, could never have obſerved, that the whiling Time, and gathering together, and waiting a little before Dinner, is the moſt aukwardly paſſed away of any Part in the four and twenty hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their Guilt, in lengthning ſuch a Suſpenſion of agreeable Life. The conſtant offending this way, has, in a Degree, an Effect upon the Honeſty of his Mind who is guilty of it, as common Swearing is a kind of habitual Perjury: It makes the Soul unattentive to what an Oath is, even while it utters it at the Lips. *Phocion* beholding a wordy Orator, while he was making a magnificent Speech to the People, full of vain Promiſes; *Methinks*, ſaid he, *I am now fixing my Eyes upon a Cypreſs-Tree, it has all the Pomp and Beauty imaginable in its Branches, Leaves, and Height, but alas it bears no Fruit.*

THOUGH the Expectation which is raiſed by impertinent Promiſes is thus barren, their Confidence even after Failures, is ſo great, that they ſubſiſt by ſtill promiſing on. I have heretofore diſcourſed of the inſignificant Liar, the Boaſter, and the Caſtle-builder, and treated them as no ill-deſigning Men, (tho' they are to be placed among the frivolouſly falſe ones) but Perſons who fall into

that Way purely to recommend themſelves by their Vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedleſs Promiſers, though in the moſt minute Circumſtances, paſs with ſo ſlight a Cenſure. If a Man ſhould take a Reſolution to pay only Sums above an hundred Pounds, and yet contract with different People Debts of five and ten, how long can we ſuppoſe he will keep his Credit? This Man will as long ſupport his good Name in Buſineſs, as he will in Converſation, who without Difficulty makes Aſſignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more ſevere upon this Vice, becauſe I have been ſo unfortunate as to be a very great Criminal my ſelf. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all my other Friends who are ſcrupulous to Promiſes of the meaneſt Conſideration imaginable from an Habit of Virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take ſhame upon my ſelf for this Crime, and more particularly for the greateſt I ever committed of the Sort, that when as agreeable a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies as ever were got together, and I forſooth Mr. SPECTATOR, to be of the Party with Women of Merit, like a Booby as I was, miſtook the time of Meeting, and came the Night following. I wiſh every Fool who is negligent in this Kind, may have as great a Loſs as I had in this; for the ſame Company will never meet more, but are diſperſed into various Parts of the World, and I am left under the Compunction that I deſerve, in ſo many different Places to be called a Trifler.

THIS Fault is ſometimes to be accounted for, when deſirable People are fearful of appearing preciſe and reſerved by Denials; but they will find the Apprehenſion of that Imputation will betray them into a childiſh Impotence of Mind, and make them promiſe all who are ſo kind to aſk it of them. This leads ſuch ſoft Creatures into the Misfortune of ſeeming to return Overtures of Good-will with Ingratitude. The firſt Steps in the Breach of a Man's Integrity are much more important than Men are aware of. The Man who ſcruples breaking his Word in little Things would not ſuffer in his own Conſcience ſo great Pain for Failures of Conſequence, as he who thinks every little Offence againſt Truth and Juſtice a Diſparagement. We ſhould not make any thing we our ſelves

ſelves diſapprove habitual to us, if we would be ſure of our Integrity.

I remember a Falſhood of the trivial Sort, tho' not in relation to Aſſignations, that expoſed a Man to a very uneaſy Adventure. *Will Trap* and *Jack Stint* were Chamber-fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about 25 Years ago. They one Night ſat in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both obſerved and liked the ſame young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindneſs for her entred both Hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good Faculty in writing Letters of Love, and made his Addreſs privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Courſe, by Money and her Waiting-Maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmoſt Favour, and anſwering at the ſame time *Stint*'s Letters, and giving him Appointments at third Places. *Trap* began to ſuſpect the Epiſtolary Correſpondence of his Friend, and diſcover'd alſo that *Stint* opened all his Letters which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Aſſignations. After much Anxiety and Reſtleſneſs, *Trap* came to a Reſolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore writ a Letter in a feigned Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Cuſtom, ſeized and opened it, and was not a little ſurpris'd to find the Inſide directed to himſelf, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows.

Mr. Stint,

'YOU have gained a ſlight Satisfaction at the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. At the Price 'of a faithful Friend you have obtained an inconſtant 'Miſtreſs. I rejoice in this Expedient I have thought of 'to break my Mind to you, and tell you, You are a baſe 'Fellow, by a Means which does not expoſe you to the 'Affront except you deſerve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have ſtill Shame enough to avenge 'yourſelf againſt the Hardineſs of any one that ſhould 'publickly tell you of it. I therefore, who have received 'ſo many ſecret Hurts from you, ſhall take Satisfaction with Safety to my ſelf. I call you Baſe, and you

'muſt

'must bear it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you 'that you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dis- 'honourable to come in Armour to aſſault him, who was 'in Ambuſcade when he wounded me.

'WHAT need more be ſaid to convince you of being 'guilty of the baſeſt Practice imaginable, than that it is 'ſuch as has made you liable to be treated after this man- 'mer, while you your ſelf cannot in your own Conſcience 'but allow the Juſtice of the Upbraidings of

Your Injured Friend,

T W. Trap.

No. 449. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 5.

——*Tibi ſcriptus, Matrona libellus.* Mart.

A Book the chaſteſt Matron may peruſe.

WHEN I reflect upon my Labours for the Publick, I cannot but obſerve, that Part of the Species, of which I profeſs my ſelf a Friend and Guardian, is ſometimes treated with Severity; that is, there are in my Writings many Deſcriptions given of ill Perſons, and not any direct Encomium made of thoſe who are good. When I was convinced of this Error, I could not but immediately call to mind ſeveral of the Fair Sex of my Acquaintance, whoſe Characters deſerve to be tranſmitted to Poſterity in Writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a Reaſon why I ſhould not give them their Place in my Diurnal as long as it will laſt. For the Service therefore of my Female Readers, I ſhall ſingle out ſome Characters of Maids, Wives, and Widows, which deſerve the Imitation of the Sex. She who ſhall lead this ſmall illuſtrious Number of Heroines ſhall be the amiable *Fidelia*.

BEFORE I enter upon the particular Parts of her Character, it is neceſſary to Preface, that ſhe is the only Child of a decrepid Father, whoſe Life is bound up in hers.

hers. This Gentleman has uſed *Fidelia* from her Cradle with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, and has viewed her growing Perfections with the Partiality of a Parent, that ſoon thought her accompliſhed above the Children of all other Men, but never thought ſhe was come to the utmoſt Improvement of which ſhe her ſelf was capable. This Fondneſs has had very happy Effects upon his own Happineſs; for ſhe reads, ſhe dances, ſhe ſings, uſes her Spinet and Lute to the utmoſt Perfection: And the Lady's Uſe of all theſe Excellencies, is to divert the old Man in his eaſy Chair, when he is out of the Pangs of a Chronical Diſtemper. *Fidelia* is now in the twenty third Year of her Age; but the Application of many Lovers, her vigorous time of Life, her quick Senſe of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune, are not able to draw her from the Side of her good old Father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of Affection ſo pure and angelick as that of a Father to a Daughter. He beholds her both with, and without Regard to her Sex. In Love to our Wives there is Deſire, to our Sons there is Ambition; but in that to our Daughters, there is ſomething which there are no Words to expreſs. Her Life is deſigned wholly Domeſtick, and ſhe is ſo ready a Friend and Companion, that every thing that paſſes about a Man, is accompanied with the Idea of her Preſence. Her Sex alſo is naturally ſo much expoſed to Hazard, both as to Fortune and Innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new Cauſe of Fondneſs ariſing from that Conſideration alſo. None but Fathers can have a true Senſe of theſe Sort of Pleaſures and Senſations; but my Familiarity with the Father of *Fidelia*, makes me let drop the Words which I have heard him ſpeak, and obſerve upon his Tenderneſs towards her.

FIDELIA on her Part, as I was going to ſay, as accompliſhed as ſhe is, with all her Beauty, Wit, Air and Mien, employs her whole Time in Care and Attendance upon her Father. How have I been charmed to ſee one of the moſt beauteous Women the Age has produced on her Knees helping on an old Man's Slipper! Her filial Regard to him is what ſhe makes her Diverſion, her Buſineſs, and her Glory. When ſhe was aſked by a Friend of her deceaſed Mother to admit of the Courtſhip of her

Son,

Son, ſhe anſwer'd, That ſhe had a great Reſpect and Gratitude to her for the Overture in Behalf of one ſo near to her, but that during her Father's Life ſhe would admit into her heart no Value for any thing that ſhould interfere with her Endeavour to make his Remains of Life as happy and eaſy as could be expected in his Circumſtances. The Lady admoniſhed her of the Prime of Life with a Smile; which *Fidelia* anſwer'd with a Frankneſs that always attends unfeigned Virtue; *It is true, Madam, there is to be ſure very great Satisfactions to be expected in the Commerce of a Man of Honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find ſo much Satisfaction in the Reflection, how much I mitigate a good Man's Pains, whoſe Welfare depends upon my Aſſiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the looſe Gratifications of Paſſion for the ſolid Reflections of Duty. I know not whether any Man's Wife would be allow'd, and (what I ſtill more fear) I know not whether I, a Wife, ſhould be willing to be as officious as I am at preſent about my Parent.* The happy Father has her Declaration that ſhe will not marry during his Life, and the Pleaſure of ſeeing that Reſolution not uneaſy to her. Were one to paint filial Affection in its utmoſt Beauty, he could not have a more lively Idea of it than in beholding *Fidelia* ſerving her Father at his Hours of Riſing, Meals and Reſt.

WHEN the general Crowd of Female Youth are conſulting their Glaſſes, preparing for Balls, Aſſemblies, or Plays; for a young Lady, who could be regarded among the foremoſt in thoſe Places, either for her Perſon, Wit, Fortune, or Converſation, and yet contemn all theſe Entertainments, to ſweeten the heavy Hours of a decrepid Parent, is a Reſignation truly heroick. *Fidelia* performs the Duty of a Nurſe with all the Beauty of a Bride; nor does ſhe neglect her Perſon, becauſe of her Attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive Company, to whom ſhe may make an Appearance.

FIDELIA, who gives him up her Youth, does not think it any great Sacrifice to add to it the Spoiling of her Dreſs. Her Care and Exactneſs in her Habit, convince her Father of the Alacrity of her Mind; and ſhe has of all Women the beſt Foundation for affecting the Praiſe of a ſeeming Negligence. What adds to the Entertainment

ment of the good old Man is, that *Fidelia*, where Merit and Fortune cannot be overlook'd by Epiſtolary Lovers, reads over the Accounts of her Conqueſts, plays on her Spinet the gayeſt Airs, (and while ſhe is doing ſo, you would think her formed only for Gallantry) to intimate to him the Pleaſures ſhe deſpiſes for his Sake.

THOSE who think themſelves the Pattern of good Breeding and Gallantry, would be aſtoniſhed to hear that in thoſe Intervals when the old Gentleman is at Eaſe, and can bear Company, there are at his Houſe in the moſt regular Order, Aſſemblies of People of the higheſt Merit; where there is Converſation without Mention of the Faults of the Abſent, Benevolence between Men and Women without Paſſion, and the higheſt Subjects of Morality treated of as natural and accidental Diſcourſe; All which is owing to the Genius of *Fidelia*, who at once makes her Father's Way to another World eaſy, and her ſelf capable of being an Honour to his Name in this.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was the other Day at the *Bear-Garden* in hopes to 'have ſeen your ſhort Face; but not being ſo fortu-'nate, I muſt tell you by way of Letter, That there is a 'Myſtery among the Gladiators which has eſcaped your 'Spectatorial Penetration. For being in a Box at an 'Ale-houſe near that renowned Seat of Honour above-'mentioned, I over-heard two Maſters of the Science 'agreeing to quarrel on the next Opportunity. This 'was to happen in the Company of a Set of the Frater-'nity of Baſket-Hilts, who were to meet that Evening. 'When this was ſettled, one aſked the other, Will you 'give Cuts or receive? the other anſwered, Receive. It 'was replied, Are you a paſſionate Man? No, provided 'you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I 'thought it my Duty to acquaint you with this, that the 'People may not pay their Money for Fighting, and be 'cheated.

T *Your humble Servant,*

Scabbard Ruſty.

Wedneſday,

No. 450. *Wednesday, Auguſt* 6.

———*Quærenda pecunia primùm,*
Virtus poſt nummos. Hor. Ep. l. 1. v. 53.

———————*Get Money, Money ſtill;*
And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will. POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ALL Men, through different Paths, make at the 'ſame common thing, *Money*; and it is to her 'we owe the Politician, the Merchant, and the Lawyer; 'nay, to be free with you, I believe to that alſo we 'are beholden for our *Spectator*. I am apt to think, 'that could we look into our own Hearts, we ſhould 'ſee Money engraved in them in more lively and mov-'ing Characters than Self-Preſervation; for who can 'reflect upon the Merchant hoiſting Sail in a doubtful 'Purſuit of her, and all Mankind ſacrificing their Quiet 'to her, but muſt perceive that the Characters of Self-'Preſervation (which were doubtleſs originally the 'brighteſt) are ſullied, if not wholly defaced; and that 'thoſe of Money (which at firſt was only valuable as a 'Mean to Security) are of late ſo brightened, that the 'Characters of Self-Preſervation, like a leſs Light ſet by 'a greater, are become almoſt imperceptible? Thus has 'Money got the upper Hand of what all Mankind for-'merly thought moſt dear, *viz.* Security; and I wiſh I 'could ſay ſhe had here put a Stop to her Victories; but, 'alas! common Honeſty fell a Sacrifice to her. This is 'the Way Scholaſtick Men talk of the greateſt Good in 'the World; but I, a Tradeſman, ſhall give you ano-'ther Account of this Matter in the plain Narrative of 'my own Life. I think it proper, in the firſt Place, to 'acquaint my Readers, that ſince my ſetting out in the 'World, which was in the Year 1660, I never wanted 'Money; having begun with an indifferent good Stock

'in

'in the Tobacco-Trade, to which I was bred; and by 'the continual Succeſſes, it has pleaſed Providence to bleſs 'my Endeavours with, am at laſt arrived at what they 'call a *Plumb*. To uphold my Diſcourſe in the Manner 'of your Wits or Philoſophers, by ſpeaking fine Things, 'or drawing Inferences, as they pretend, from the Nature 'of the Subject, I account it vain; having never found 'any thing in the Writings of ſuch Men, that did not 'ſavour more of the Invention of the Brain, or what is 'ſtiled Speculation, than of ſound Judgment or profitable 'Obſervation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is 'what the Wits call Natural in their Talk; which is the 'utmoſt thoſe curious Authors can aſſume to themſelves, 'and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but la-'mentable Teachers. And, what, I pray, is Natural? 'That which is Pleaſing and Eaſy: And what are Pleaſ-'ing and Eaſy? forſooth, a new Thought or Conceit 'dreſſed up in ſmooth quaint Language, to make you 'ſmile and wag your Head, as being what you never 'imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not; 'meer frothy Amuſements! fit only for Boys or ſilly 'Women to be caught with.

'IT is not my preſent Intention to inſtruct my Rea-'ders in the Methods of acquiring Riches; that may be 'the Work of another Eſſay; but to exhibit the real and 'ſolid Advantages I have found by them in my long and 'manifold Experience; nor yet all the Advantages of ſo 'worthy and valuable a Bleſſing, (for who does not know 'or imagine the Comforts of being warm or living at 'Eaſe? And that Power and Pre-eminence are their inſe-'parable Attendants?) But only to inſtance the great Sup-'ports they afford us under the ſevereſt Calamities and 'Misfortunes; to ſhew that the Love of them is a ſpecial 'Antidote againſt Immorality and Vice, and that the 'ſame does likewiſe naturally diſpoſe Men to Actions of 'Piety and Devotion: All which I can make out by my 'own Experience, who think my ſelf no ways particular 'from the reſt of Mankind, nor better nor worſe by Na-'ture than generally other Men are.

'IN the Year 1665, when the Sickneſs was, I loſt by 'it my Wife and two Children, which were all my 'Stock. Probably I might have had more, conſidering

'I was

'I was married between 4 and 5 Years; but finding her 'to be a teeming Woman, I was careful, as having then 'little above a Brace of thouſand Pounds to carry on my 'Trade and maintain a Family with. I loved them as 'uſually Men do their Wives and Children, and there-'fore could not reſiſt the firſt Impulſes of Nature on ſo 'wounding a Loſs; but I quickly rouſed my ſelf, and 'found means to alleviate, and at laſt conquer my Af-'fliction, by reflecting how that ſhe and her Children 'having been no great Expence to me, the beſt Part of 'her Fortune was ſtill left; that my Charge being re-'duced to myſelf, a Journeyman, and a Maid, I might 'live far cheaper than before; and that being now a 'childleſs Widower, I might perhaps marry a no leſs de-'ſerving Woman, and with a much better Fortune than 'ſhe brought, which was but 800 *l.* And to convince my 'Readers that ſuch Conſiderations as theſe were proper 'and apt to produce ſuch an Effect, I remember it was 'the conſtant Obſervation at that deplorable Time when 'ſo many Hundreds were ſwept away daily, that the 'Rich ever bore the Loſs of their Families and Re-'lations far better than the Poor; the latter having little 'or nothing before-hand, and living from Hand to 'Mouth, placed the whole Comfort and Satisfaction 'of their Lives in their Wives and Children, and were 'therefore inconſolable.

'THE following Year happened the Fire; at which 'Time, by good Providence, it was my Fortune to have 'converted the greateſt Part of my Effects into ready 'Money, on the Proſpect of an extraordinary Advantage 'which I was preparing to lay hold on. This Calami-'ty was very terrible and aſtoniſhing, the fury of the 'Flames being ſuch, that whole Streets, at ſeveral diſ-'tant Places, were deſtroyed at one and the ſame Time, 'ſo that (as it is well known) almoſt all our Citizens were 'burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? 'I did not ſtand gazing on the Ruins of our noble Metro-'polis; I did not ſhake my Head, wring my Hands 'ſigh and ſhed Tears; I conſider'd with myſelf what 'could this avail; I fell a plodding what Advantages 'might be made of the ready Caſh I had, and imme-'diately bethought myſelf that wonderful Pennyworths

'might

'might be bought of the Goods that were ſaved out of 'the Fire. In ſhort, with about 2000 *l.* and a little 'Credit, I bought as much Tobacco as raiſed my Eſtate 'to the value of 10000 *l.* I then *looked on the Aſhes of our 'City, and the Miſery of its late Inhabitants, as an Effect 'of the juſt Wrath and Indignation of Heaven towards a 'ſinful and perverſe People.*

'AFTER this I married again, and that Wife dying, 'I took another, but both proved to be idle Baggages: 'the firſt gave me a great deal of Plague and Vexation 'by her Extravagancies, and I became one of the By-'words of the City. I knew it would be to no man-'ner of Purpoſe to go about to curb the Fancies and In-'clinations of Women, which fly out the more for be-'ing reſtrained; but what I could I did. I watched her 'narrowly, and by good Luck found her in the Em-'braces (for which I had two Witneſſes with me) of a 'wealthy Spark of the Court-end of the Town; of 'whom I recovered 15000 Pounds, which made me 'amends for what ſhe had idly ſquandred, and put a Si-'lence to all my Neighbours, taking off my Reproach 'by the Gain they ſaw I had by it. The laſt died about 'two Years after I married her, in Labour of three Chil-'dren. I conjecture they were begot by a Country 'Kinſman of hers, whom, at her Recommendation, I 'took into my Family, and gave Wages to as a Journey-'man. What this Creature expended in Delicacies and 'high Diet with her Kinſman (as well as I could compute 'by the Poulterers, Fiſhmongers, and Grocers Bills) a-'mounted in the ſaid two Years to one hundred eighty 'ſix Pounds, four Shillings, and five Pence Half-penny. 'The fine Apparel, Bracelets, Lockets, and Treats, *&c.* 'of the other, according to the beſt Calculation, came 'in three Years and about three Quarters to ſeven hun-'dred forty four Pounds, ſeven Shillings and nine Pence. 'After this I reſolv'd never to marry more, and found 'I had been a Gainer by my Marriages, and the Damages 'granted me for the Abuſes of my Bed, (all charges 'deducted) eight thouſand three hundred Pounds with-'in a Trifle.

I come now to ſhew the good Effects of the Love of 'Money on the Lives of Men towards rendring them 'honeſt,

'honeſt, ſober, and religious. When I was a young 'Man, I had a mind to make the beſt of my Wits, and 'over-reached a Country Chap in a Parcel of unſound 'Goods; to whom, upon his upbraiding, and threatning 'to expoſe me for it, I returned the Equivalent of his 'Loſs; and upon his good Advice, wherein he clearly 'demonſtrated the Folly of ſuch Artifices which can ne-'ver end but in Shame, and the Ruin of all Correſpon-'dence, I never after tranſgreſſed. Can your Courtiers, 'who take Bribes, or your Lawyers or Phyſicians in their 'Practice, or even the Divines who intermeddle in world-'ly Affairs, boaſt of making but one Slip in their Lives, 'and of ſuch a thorough and laſting Reformation? 'Since my coming into the World I do not remember I 'was ever overtaken in Drink, ſave nine times, once at 'the Chriſtening of my firſt Child, thrice at our City 'Feaſts, and five times at driving of Bargains. My Re-'formation I can attribute to nothing ſo much as the 'Love and Eſteem of Money, for I found my ſelf to be 'extravagant in my Drink and apt to turn Projector, and 'make raſh Bargains. As for Women, I never knew 'any except my Wives: For my Reader muſt know, 'and it is what he may confide in as an excellent Recipe, 'that the Love of Buſineſs and Money is the greateſt 'Mortifier of inordinate Deſires imaginable, as employ-'ing the Mind continually in the careful Overſight of 'what one has, in the eager Queſt after more, in looking 'after the Negligences and Deceits of Servants, in the 'due Entring and Stating of Accounts, in hunting after 'Chaps, and in the exact Knowledge of the State of 'Markets; which things whoever thoroughly attends, 'will find enough and enough to employ his Thoughts 'on every Moment of the Day; ſo that I cannot call to 'mind, that in all the Time I was a Huſband, which off 'and on, was about twelve Years, I ever once thought 'of my Wives but in Bed. And, laſtly, for Religion, 'I have ever been a conſtant Churchman, both Fore-'noons and Afternoons on *Sundays*, never forgetting to 'be thankful for any Gain or Advantage I had had that 'Day; and on *Saturday* Nights, upon caſting up my 'Accounts, I always was grateful for the Sum of my 'Week's Profits, and at *Chriſtmas* for that of the whole 'Year,

'Year. It is true, perhaps, that my Devotion has not 'been the moſt fervent; which, I think, ought to be 'imputed to the Evenneſs and Sedateneſs of my Tem- 'per, which never would admit of any Impetuoſities 'of any Sort: And I can remember that in my Youth 'and Prime of Manhood, when my Blood ran briſker, 'I took greater Pleaſure in Religious Exerciſes than at 'preſent, or many Years paſt, and that my Devotion 'ſenſibly declined as Age, which is dull and unwieldy, 'came upon me.

'I have, I hope, here proved, that the Love of Mo- 'ney prevents all Immorality and Vice; which if you 'will not allow, you muſt, that the Purſuit of it obliges 'Men to the ſame kind of Life as they would follow 'if they were really virtuous: Which is all I have to ſay 'at preſent, only recommending to you, that you would 'think of it, and turn ready Wit into ready Money as 'faſt as you can. I conclude.

Your Servant,

T Ephraim Weed.

No. 451. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 7.

——— Jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire minax impunè domos —— Hor. Ep. 1 l. 2. v. 148.

——Times corrupt, and Nature ill-inclin'd
Produc'd the Point that left a Sting behind;
'Till Friend with Friend, and Families at Strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private Life. POPE.

THERE is nothing ſo ſcandalous to a Government, and deteſtable in the Eyes of all good Men, as defamatory Papers and Pamphlets; but at the ſame time there is nothing ſo difficult to tame, as a Satirical Author. An angry Writer who cannot appear in Print, naturally vents his Spleen in Libels and Lampoons. A gay

gay old Woman, ſays the Fable, ſeeing all her Wrinkles repreſented in a large Looking glaſs, threw it upon the Ground in a Paſſion, and broke it into a thouſand Pieces, but as ſhe was afterwards ſurveying the Fragments with a ſpiteful kind of Pleaſure, ſhe could not forbear uttering herſelf in the following Soliloquy. What have I got by this revengeful Blow of mine? I have only multiplied my Deformity, and ſee an hundred ugly Faces, where before I ſaw but one.

IT has been propoſed, *to oblige every Perſon that writes a Book, or a Paper, to ſwear himſelf the Author of it, and enter down in a publick Regiſter his Name and Place of Abode.*

THIS, indeed, would have effectually ſuppreſſed all printed Scandal, which generally appears under borrowed Names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared, that ſuch an Expedient would not only deſtroy Scandal, but Learning. It would operate promiſcuouſly, and root up the Corn and Tares together. Not to mention ſome of the moſt celebrated Works of Piety, which have proceeded from anonymous Authors, who have made it their Merit to convey to us ſo great a Charity in ſecret: There are few Works of Genius that come out at firſt with the Author's Name. The Writer generally makes a Trial of them in the World before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of Writing, would ſet Pen to Paper, if they knew before-hand, that they muſt not publiſh their Productions but on ſuch Occaſions. For my own part, I muſt declare, the Papers I preſent the Publick are like Fairy Favours, which ſhall laſt no longer than while the Author is concealed.

THAT which makes it particularly difficult to reſtrain theſe Sons of Calumny and Defamation is, that all Sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty Scribbler is countenanced by great Names, whoſe Intereſt he propagates by ſuch vile and infamous Methods. I have never yet heard of a Miniſtry, who have inflicted an exemplary Puniſhment on an Author that has ſupported their Cauſe with Falſhood and Scandal, and treated, in a moſt cruel manner, the Names of thoſe who have been looked upon as their Rivals and Antagoniſts. Would a Government ſet an everlaſting Mark of their Diſpleaſure upon

upon one of thoſe infamous Writers who makes his Court to them by tearing to pieces the Reputation of a Competitor, we ſhould quickly ſee an End put to this Race of Vermin, that are a Scandal to Government, and a Reproach to Human Nature. Such a Proceeding would make a Miniſter of State ſhine in Hiſtory, and would fill all Mankind with a juſt Abhorrence of Perſons who ſhould treat him unworthily, and employ againſt him thoſe Arms which he ſcorned to make uſe of againſt his Enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be ſo unjuſt as to imagine, what I have here ſaid is ſpoken with reſpect to any Party or Faction. Every one who has in him the Sentiments either of a Chriſtian or Gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous Practice which is ſo much in uſe among us at preſent, that it is become a kind of National Crime, and diſtinguiſhes us from all the Governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the fineſt Strokes of Satire which are aimed at particular Perſons, and which are ſupported even with the Appearances of Truth, to be the Marks of an evil Mind, and highly Criminal in themſelves. Infamy, like other Puniſhments, is under the Direction and Diſtribution of the Magiſtrate, and not of any private Perſon. Accordingly we learn from a Fragment of *Cicero*, that tho' there were very few Capital Puniſhments in the twelve Tables, a Libel or Lampoon which took away the good Name of another, was to be puniſhed by Death. But this is far from being our Caſe. Our Satire is nothing but Ribaldry, and *Billingſgate*. Scurrility paſſes for Wit; and he who can call Names in the greateſt Variety of Phraſes is looked upon to have the ſhrewdeſt Pen. By this Means the Honour of Families is ruined, the higheſt Poſts and greateſt Titles are render'd cheap and vile in the Sight of the People; the nobleſt Virtues, and moſt exalted Parts expoſed to the Contempt of the Vicious and the Ignorant. Should a Foreigner, who knows nothing of our Private Factions, or one who is to act his Part in the World when our preſent Heats and Animoſities are forgot, ſhould, I ſay, ſuch an one form to himſelf a Notion of the greateſt Men of all Sides in the *Britiſh* Nation, who are now living, from the Characters

which

which are given them in ſome or other of thoſe abominable Writings which are daily publiſhed among us, what a Nation of Monſters muſt we appear!

AS this cruel Practice tends to the utter Subverſion of all Truth and Humanity among us, it deſerves the utmoſt Deteſtation and Diſcouragement of all who have either the Love of their Country, or the Honour of their Religion at Heart. I would therefore earneſtly recommend it to the Conſideration of thoſe who deal in theſe pernicious Arts of Writing; and of thoſe who take Pleaſure in the Reading of them. As for the firſt, I have ſpoken of them in former Papers, and have not ſtuck to rank them with the Murderer and Aſſaſſin. Every honeſt Man ſets as high a value upon a good Name, as upon Life itſelf; and I cannot but think that thoſe who privily aſſault the one, would deſtroy the other, might they do it with the ſame Security and Impunity.

AS for Perſons who take Pleaſure in the reading and diſperſing of ſuch deteſtable Libels, I am afraid they fall very little ſhort of the Guilt of the firſt Compoſers. By a Law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made Death for any Perſon not only to write a Libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But becauſe I would not be thought ſingular in my Opinion of this Matter, I ſhall conclude my Paper with the Words of Monſieur *Bayle*, who was a Man of great Freedom of Thought, as well as of exquiſite Learning and Judgment.

'I cannot imagine, that a Man who diſperſes a Libel, 'is leſs deſirous of doing Miſchief than the Author him-'ſelf. But what ſhall we ſay of the Pleaſure which a 'man takes in the Reading of a defamatory Libel? Is it 'not an heinous Sin in the Sight of God? We muſt di-'ſtinguiſh in this Point. This Pleaſure is either an agree-'able Senſation we are affected with, when we meet 'with a witty Thought which is well expreſſed, or it is 'a Joy which we conceive from the Diſhonour of the 'Perſon who is defamed. I will ſay nothing to the firſt 'of theſe Caſes; for perhaps ſome would think that my 'Morality is not ſevere enough, if I ſhould affirm that a 'Man is not Maſter of thoſe agreeable Senſations, any more 'than of thoſe occaſioned by Sugar or Honey, when they

'touch

'touch his Tongue; but as to the ſecond, every one 'will own that Pleaſure to be a heinous Sin. The Plea-'ſure in the firſt Caſe is of no Continuance; it prevents 'our Reaſon and Reflection, and may be immediately 'followed by a ſecret Grief, to ſee our Neighbour's Ho-'nour blaſted. If it does not ceaſe immediately, it is a 'Sign that we are not diſpleaſed with the Ill-nature of 'the Satyriſt, but are glad to ſee him defame his Enemy 'by all kinds of Stories; and then we deſerve the Pu-'niſhment to which the Writer of the Libel is ſubject. 'I ſhall here add the Words of a Modern Author. *St.* 'Gregory, *upon excommunicating thoſe Writers who had 'diſhonoured* Caſtorius, *does not except thoſe who read their 'Works; becauſe*, ſays he, *if Calumnies have always been 'the delight of their Hearers, and a gratification of thoſe 'Perſons who have no other Advantage over honeſt Men, 'is not he who takes pleaſure in reading them as guilty as 'he who compoſed them?* It is an unconteſted Maxim, that 'they who approve an Action would certainly do it if 'they could; that is, if ſome Reaſon of Self-love did 'not hinder them. There is no difference, ſays *Cicero*, 'between adviſing a Crime, and approving it when com-'mitted. The *Roman* Law confirmed this Maxim, 'having ſubjected the Approvers and Authors of this 'Evil to the ſame Penalty. We may therefore conclude, 'that thoſe who are pleaſed with reading Defamatory 'Libels, ſo far as to approve the Authors and Diſperſers 'of them, are as guilty as if they had compoſed them; 'for if they do not write ſuch Libels themſelves, it is 'becauſe they have not the Talent of Writing, or be-'cauſe they will run no hazard.

THE Author produces other Authorities to confirm his Judgment in this Particular. C

No. 452. *Friday, Auguſt* 8.

Eſt natura Hominum Novitatis avida. Plin. apud Lillium.
Human Nature is fond of Novelty.

THERE is no Humour in my Countrymen, which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their general Thirſt after News. There are about half a Dozen Ingenious Men, who live very plentifully upon this Curioſity of their Fellow-Subjects. They all of them receive the ſame Advices from abroad, and very often in the ſame Words; but their Way of cooking it is ſo different, that there is no Citizen, who has an Eye to the publick Good, that can leave the Coffee-houſe with Peace of Mind before he has given every one of them a Reading. Theſe ſeveral Diſhes of News are ſo very agreeable to the Palate of my Countrymen, that they are not only pleaſed with them when they are ſerved up hot, but when they are again ſet cold before them, by thoſe penetrating Politicians, who oblige the Publick with their Reflections and Obſervations upon every Piece of Intelligence that is ſent us from abroad. The Text is given us by one ſet of Writers, and the Comment by another.

BUT notwithſtanding we have the ſame Tale told us in ſo many different Papers, and if occaſion requires in ſo many Articles of the ſame Paper; notwithſtanding in a Scarcity of Foreign Poſts we hear the ſame Story repeated, by different Advices from *Paris*, *Bruſſels*, the *Hague*, and from every great Town in *Europe*; notwithſtanding the Multitude of Annotations, Explanations, Reflections, and various Readings which it paſſes through, our Time lies heavy on our Hands till the Arrival of a freſh Mail: We long to receive further Particulars, to hear what will be the next Step, or what will be the Conſequences of that which has been already taken. A Weſterly Wind keeps the whole Town in ſuſpence, and puts a Stop to Converſation.

THIS

THIS general Curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late Wars, and if rightly directed might be of good Use to a Person who has such a Thirst awakened in him. Why should not a Man, who takes Delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to History, Travels, and other Writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual Fuel for his Curiosity, and meet with much more Pleasure and Improvement than in these Papers of the Week? An honest Tradesman who languishes a whole Summer in Expectation of a Battle, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a Day. He may read the News of a whole Campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the Productions of a single Post. Fights, Conquests and Revolutions lie thick together. The Reader's Curiosity is raised and satisfied every Moment, and his Passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a State of Uncertainty from Day to Day, or lying at the Mercy of Sea and Wind. In short, the Mind is not here kept in a perpetual Gape after Knowledge, nor punished with that eternal Thirst, which is the Portion of all our modern News-mongers and Coffee-house Politicians.

ALL Matters of Fact, which a Man did not know before, are News to him; and I do not see how any Haberdasher in *Cheapside* is more concerned in the present Quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more Importance to an *Englishman* to know the History of his Ancestors, than that of his Contemporaries who live upon the Banks of the *Danube* or the *Boristhenes*. As for those who are of another Mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from a Projector, who is willing to turn a Penny by this remarkable Curiosity of his Countrymen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU must have observed, that Men who frequent 'Coffee-houses, and delight in News, are pleased 'with every thing that is Matter of Fact, so it be what 'they have not heard before. A Victory, or a Defeat, 'are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a Cardi-'nal's Mouth pleases them one Post, and the opening of

'it another. They are glad to hear the *French* Court is re-
'moved to *Marli*, and are afterwards as much delighted
'with its Return to *Verſailles*. They read the Advertiſe-
'ments with the ſame Curioſity as the Articles of publick
'News; and are as pleaſed to hear of a Pye-bald Horſe
'that is ſtray'd out of a Field near *Iſlington*, as of a whole
'Troop that have been engaged in any Foreign Adven-
'ture. In ſhort they have a Reliſh for every thing that is
'News, let the Matter of it be what it will; or, to ſpeak
'more properly, they are Men of a Voracious Appetite,
'but no Taſte. Now, Sir, ſince the great Fountain of
'News, I mean the War, is very near being dried up; and
'ſince theſe Gentlemen have contracted ſuch an inex-
'tinguiſhable Thirſt after it; I have taken their Caſe
'and my own into Conſideration, and have thought of
'a Project which may turn to the Advantage of us both.
'I have Thoughts of publiſhing a daily Paper which
'ſhall comprehend in it all the moſt remarkable Occur-
'rences in every little Town, Village and Hamlet that
'lie within ten Miles of *London*, or in other Words,
'within the Verge of the Penny-Poſt. I have pitched
'upon this Scene of Intelligence for two Reaſons; firſt
'becauſe the Carriage of Letters will be very cheap;
'and ſecondly, becauſe I may receive them every Day.
'By this means my Readers will have their News freſh
'and freſh, and many worthy Citizens who cannot ſleep
'with any Satisfaction at preſent, for want of being in-
'formed how the World goes, may go to Bed contented-
'ly, it being my Deſign to put out my Paper every
'Night at Nine-o'-Clock preciſely. I have already eſta-
'bliſhed Correſpondences in theſe ſeveral Places, and re-
'ceived very good Intelligence.

'BY my laſt Advices from *Knightſbridge* I hear that
'a Horſe was clapped into the Pound on the third In-
'ſtant, and that he was not releaſed when the Letters
'came away.

'WE are informed from *Pankridge*, that a dozen
'Weddings were lately celebrated in the Mother Church
'of that Place, but are referred to their next Letters for
'the Names of the Parties concerned.

'LETTERS from *Brumpton* adviſe, That the
'Widow *Blight* had received ſeveral Viſits from *John*
'*Milldew*,

'*Milldew*, which affords great matter of Speculation 'in thoſe Parts.

'BY a Fiſherman which lately touched at *Hammer-ſmith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a certain Per-'ſon, well known in that Place, is like to loſe his Election 'for Church-warden; but this being Boats-news, we 'cannot give intire Credit to it.

'LETTERS from *Paddington* bring little more, than 'that *William Squeak*, the Sow-gelder, paſſed through 'that Place the fifth Inſtant.

'THEY adviſe from *Fulham*, that things remained 'there in the ſame State they were. They had Intelli-'gence, juſt as the Letters came away, of a Tub of ex-'cellent Ale juſt ſet abroach at *Parſons Green*; but this 'wanted Confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a Specimen of the News 'with which I intend to entertain the Town, and which, 'when drawn up regularly in the Form of a News-Paper, 'will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of thoſe 'Publick-ſpirited Readers, who take more delight in 'acquainting themſelves with other Peoples Buſineſs 'than their own. I hope a Paper of this kind, which 'lets us know what is done near home, may be more 'uſeful to us, than thoſe which are filled with Advices 'from *Zug* and *Bender*, and make ſome amends for 'that Dearth of Intelligence, which we may juſtly ap-'prehend from times of Peace. If I find that you re-'ceive this Project favourably, I will ſhortly trouble you 'with one or two more; and in the mean time am, moſt 'worthy Sir, with all due Reſpect,

Your moſt obedient,

C

and moſt Humble Servant.

No. 453. *Saturday, Auguſt* 9.

Non uſitatâ nec tenui ferar
Penna ——— Hor. Od. 20. l. 2. v. 1.

No weak, no common Wing ſhall bear
My riſing Body through the Air. CREECH.

THERE is not a more pleaſing Exerciſe of the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied with ſuch an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It is not like the Practice of many other Virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much Pleaſure, that were there no poſitive Command which injoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge in it, for the natural Gratification that accompanies it.

IF Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how much more from Man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe Bounties which proceed more immediately from his Hand, but even thoſe Benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every Bleſſing we enjoy, by what Means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good, and Father of Mercies.

IF Gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing Senſation in the Mind of a grateful Man; it exalts the Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this great Object of Gratitude; on this Beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

MOST of the Works of the Pagan Poets were either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended indirectly to the Celebration of their reſpective Attributes and Perfections. Thoſe who are acquainted with the Works of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets which are ſtill extant, will upon Reflection find this Obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not

not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian Poets have not turned their Thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our Idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more Great and Noble than what could poſſibly enter into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the Imagination, and give an Opportunity for the ſublimeſt Thoughts and Conceptions.

PLUTARCH tells us of a Heathen who was ſinging an Hymn to *Diana* in which he celebrated her for her Delight in human Sacrifices, and other Inſtances of Cruelty and Revenge; upon which a Poet who was preſent at this piece of Devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine Nature, told the Votary by way of Reproof, that in Recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a Daughter of the ſame Temper with the Goddeſs he celebrated. It was indeed impoſſible to write the Praiſes of one of thoſe falſe Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, without a Mixture of Impertinence and Abſurdity.

THE *Jews*, who before the Times of Chriſtianity were the only People that had the Knowledge of the True God, have ſet the Chriſtian World an Example how they ought to employ this Divine Talent of which I am ſpeaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without conſidering them as inſpired Writers, they have tranſmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was Conſecrated. This I think might eaſily be ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

I have already communicated to the Publick ſome Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I ſhall from time to time publiſh any Work of the ſame Nature which has not yet appeared in Print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View, I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe:

II.

O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart?
But thou canſt read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with Sickneſs, oft haſt thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliſs
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts
My Daily Thanks employ,

Nor

Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raiſe,
For oh! Eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy Praiſe.

C

No. 454. *Monday, Auguſt* 11.

Sine me, Vacivom tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris. Ter. Heaut. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

Give me leave to allow myſelf no reſpite from Labour.

IT is an inexpreſſible Pleaſure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endleſs Curioſity, is a Delight known only to thoſe who are turned for Speculation: Nay they who enjoy it moſt, value Things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themſelves from them, but juſt as they are what contribute to their Amuſement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night laſt Week at *Richmond*; and being reſtleſs, not out of Diſſatisfaction, but a certain buſy Inclination one ſometimes has, I roſe at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for *London*, with a Reſolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four

and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they consider'd that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Person for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Visit of Conversation at their own Houses.

THE Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, by People as different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six o'Clock give way to those of Nine, they of Nine to the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the fashionable World, who have made Two o'Clock the Noon of the Day.

WHEN we first put off from Shore, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of *London*; and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Chearfulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* itself loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easy to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins, who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Stocks-Market*.

NOTHING remarkable happened in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms*, and taken in Melons, consigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading; when the Hackney-Coachmen of the forego-

ing

ing Night took their leave of each other at the *Dark-House*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far ſpent. Chimney-Sweepers paſs'd by us as we made up to the Market, and ſome Raillery happened between one of the Fruit-Wenches, and thoſe black Men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with Alluſion to their ſeveral Profeſſions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I ſtrolled from one Fruit-ſhop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchaſing Fruit for their reſpective Families. It was almoſt eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a young Lady who tripped into another juſt before me, attended by her Maid. I ſaw immediately ſhe was of the Family of the *Vainloves*. There are a Set of theſe who of all things affect the Play of *Blindman's-Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This Sort of Woman is uſually a janty Slattern; ſhe hangs on her Clothes, plays her Head, varies her Poſture, and changes Place inceſſantly, and all with an Appearance of ſtriving at the ſame time to hide herſelf, and yet give you to underſtand ſhe is in Humour to laugh at you. You muſt have often ſeen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an Inſtant my Coachman took the Wink to purſue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* toward St. *James's*: While he whipped up *James-Street*, we drove for *King-Street*, to ſave the Paſs at St. *Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took care to meet, joſtle, and threaten each other for Way, and be entangled at the End of *Newport-Street*, and *Long-Acre*. The Fright you muſt believe, brought down the Lady's Coach-door, and obliged her, with her Maſk off, to inquire into the Buſtle, when ſhe ſees the Man ſhe would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach-window is ſo bad ſhe cannot draw it up again, and ſhe drives on ſometimes wholly diſcovered, and ſometimes half eſcaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of theſe Ladies keeps her Seat in a Hackney-Coach, as well as the beſt Rider does on a managed

managed Horſe. The laced Shoe on her left Foot, with a careleſs Geſture, juſt appearing on the oppoſite Cuſhion, held her both firm, and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

AS ſhe was an excellent Coach-Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and an Half, in all Parts of the Town, by the Skill of our Drivers; till at laſt my Lady was conveniently loſt with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he ſhould hear where ſhe went. This Chace was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and diſcovered that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that ſhe was a Silk-Worm. I was ſurpriſed with this Phraſe, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their beſt Cuſtomers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in Town without buying any thing. The Silk-Worms are, it ſeems, indulged by the Tradeſmen; for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbons, and ſerve the Owners in getting them Cuſtomers as their common Dunners do in making them pay.

THE Day of People of Faſhion began now to break, and Carts and Hacks were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity; when I reſolved to walk it out of Cheapneſs; but my unhappy Curioſity is ſuch, that I find it always my Intereſt to take Coach, for ſome odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happened ſo immediately; for at the Corner of *Warwick-Street*, as I was liſtning to a new Ballad, a ragged Raſcal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extreme Poor, and ſhould die in the Street for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six-pence to go into the next Ale-houſe and ſave his Life. He urged, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirſt. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jeſt; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me ſneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleaſing Reflection to ſee the World ſo prettily chequered ſince I left

Richmond,

Richmond, and the Scene ſtill filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction increaſed as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well diſpoſed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the Joy ſtill riſing till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange* of *London*. As other Men in the Crowds about me were pleaſed with their Hopes and Bargains, I found my Account in obſerving them, in Attention to their ſeveral Intereſts. I, indeed, looked upon my ſelf as the richeſt Man that walked the *Exchange* that Day; for my Benevolence made me ſhare the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the leaſt of my Satisfactions in my Survey, to go up Stairs, and paſs the Shops of agreeable Females; to obſerve ſo many pretty Hands buſy in the Foldings of Ribbons, and the utmoſt Eagerneſs of agreeable Faces in the Sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters, was an Amuſement, in which I could longer have indulged my ſelf, had not the dear Creatures called to me to aſk what I wanted, when I could not anſwer, only *To look at you*. I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the ſeveral Voices loſt their Diſtinction, and roſe up in a confuſed Humming; which created in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one a little too ſtudious; for I ſaid to my ſelf, with a kind of Pun in Thought, *What Nonſenſe is all the Hurry of this World to thoſe who are above it?* In theſe, or not much wiſer Thoughts, I had like to have loſt my Place at the Chop-Houſe, where every Man according to the natural Baſhfulneſs or Sullenneſs of our Nation, eats in a publick Room a Meſs of Broth, or Chop of Meat, in dumb Silence, as if they had no pretence to ſpeak to each other on the Foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin*'s and ſaw People who had dined with me at the Five-penny Ordinary juſt before, give Bills for the Value of large Eſtates; and could not but behold with great Pleaſure, Property lodged in, and transferred in a Moment from ſuch as would never be

Maſters

Maſters of half as much as is ſeemingly in them, and given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common Scene of *Covent-Garden*, and paſſed the Evening at *Will's* in attending the Diſcourſes of ſeveral Sets of People, who relieved each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Cards, Dice, Love, Learning and Politicks. The laſt Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Poſſeſſion of the Bell-man, who had now the World to himſelf, and cry'd, *Paſt two of Clock*. This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into the Diſcourſe of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loſs of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Deſign to end my trivial Day with the Generoſity of Sixpence, inſtead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chambers I writ down theſe Minutes; but was at a loſs what Inſtruction I ſhould propoſe to my Reader from the Enumeration of ſo many Inſignificant Matters and Occurrences; and I thought it of great Uſe, if they could learn with me to keep their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumſtance will make every Face you ſee give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend; will make every Object a pleaſing one; will make all the Good which arrives to any Man, an Increaſe of Happineſs to your ſelf. T

No. 455. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 12.

——— *Ergo Apis Matinæ*
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum ——— Hor. Od. 2. l. 4. v. 27.

——— *My timorous Muſe*
Unambitious Tracts purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt Wings,
About the moſſy Brooks and Springs,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little Drops of Honey fly,
And there with humble Sweets contents her Induſtry.
COWLEY.

THE following Letters have in them Reflections which will ſeem of Importance both to the Learned World and to Domeſtick Life. There is in the firſt an Allegory ſo well carry'd on, that it cannot but be very pleaſing to thoſe who have a Taſte of good Writing; and the other Billets may have their Uſe in common Life.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I walked t'other Day in a fine Garden, and 'obſerved the great Variety of Improvements in 'Plants and Flowers beyond what they otherwiſe would 'have been, I was naturally led into a Reflection upon 'the Advantages of Education, or Modern Culture; how 'many good Qualities in the Mind are loſt, for want of 'the like due Care in nurſing and ſkilfully managing 'them, how many Virtues are choked, by the Multitude 'of Weeds which are ſuffered to grow among them; 'how excellent Parts are often ſtarved and uſeleſs, by 'being planted in a wrong Soil; and how very ſeldom 'do theſe moral Seeds produce the noble Fruits which 'might be expected from them, by a Neglect of pro-

'per

'per Manuring, neceſſary Pruning, and an artful Ma-
'nagement of our tender Inclinations and firſt Spring of
'Life: Theſe obvious Speculations made me at length
'conclude, that there is a ſort of vegetable Principle in
'the Mind of every Man when he comes into the World.
'In Infants the Seeds lie buried and undiſcovered, 'till
'after a while they ſprout forth in a kind of rational
'*Leaves*, which are *Words*; and in due Seaſon the *Flowers*
'begin to appear in Variety of beautiful Colours, and all
'the gay Pictures of youthful Fancy and Imagination;
'at laſt the Fruit knits and is formed, which is green,
'perhaps, firſt, and ſour, unpleaſant to the Taſte, and
'not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due Care and
'Application it diſcovers it ſelf in all the noble Produc-
'tions of Philoſophy, Mathematicks, cloſe Reaſoning,
'and handſom Argumentation: And theſe Fruits, when
'they arrive at juſt Maturity, and are of a good Kind,
'afford the moſt vigorous Nouriſhment to the Minds of
'Men. I reflected further on the intellectual Leaves
'before-mentioned, and found almoſt as great a Variety
'among them as in the vegetable World. I could eaſily
'obſerve the ſmooth ſhining *Italian* Leaves; the nimble
'*French* Aſpen always in Motion; the *Greek* and *Latin*
'Ever-greens, the *Spaniſh* Myrtle, the *Engliſh* Oak, the
'*Scotch* Thiſtle, the *Iriſh* Shambrogue, the prickly *Ger-*
'*man* and *Dutch* Holly, the *Poliſh* and *Ruſſian* Nettle, be-
'ſides a vaſt Number of Exoticks imported from *Aſia*,
'*Afric*, and *America*. I ſaw ſeveral barren Plants, which
'bore only Leaves, without any Hopes of Flower or
'Fruit: The Leaves of ſome were fragrant and well-
'ſhaped, of others ill-ſcented and irregular. I wonder'd
'at a Set of old whimſical Botaniſts, who ſpent their
'whole Lives in the Contemplation of ſome withered
'*Egyptian*, *Coptic*, *Armenian*, or *Chineſe* Leaves, while
'others made it their Buſineſs to collect in voluminous
'Herbals all the ſeveral Leaves of ſome one Tree. The
'Flowers afford a moſt diverting Entertainment, in a
'wonderful Variety of Figures, Colours and Scents;
'however, moſt of them withered ſoon, or at beſt are
'but *Annuals*. Some profeſſed Floriſts make them their
'conſtant Study and Employment, and deſpiſe all Fruit;
'and now and then a few fanciful People ſpend all their

'Time

'Time in the Cultivation of a ſingle Tulip, or a Carnation: But the moſt agreeable Amuſement ſeems to be 'the well chooſing, mixing, and binding together theſe 'Flowers in pleaſing Noſegays to preſent to Ladies. 'The Scent of *Italian* Flowers is obſerved, like their 'other Perfumes, to be too ſtrong, and to hurt the Brain; 'that of the *French* with glaring, gaudy Colours, yet faint 'and languid; *German* and *Northern* Flowers have little 'or no Smell, or ſometimes an unpleaſant one. The Antients had a Secret to give a laſting Beauty, Colour, and 'Sweetneſs to ſome of their choice Flowers, which 'flouriſh to this Day, and which few of the Moderns 'can effect. Theſe are becoming enough and agreeable 'in their Seaſon, and do often handſomly adorn an Entertainment, but an over-fondneſs of them ſeems to be 'a Diſeaſe. It rarely happens to find a Plant vigorous 'enough, to have (like an Orange-tree) at once beautiful ſhining Leaves, fragrant Flowers, and delicious 'nouriſhing Fruit.

SIR, Yours, &c.

Dear SPEC, *Auguſt* 6, 1712.

'YOU have given us, in your *Spectator* of *Saturday* 'laſt, a very excellent Diſcourſe upon the Force 'of Cuſtom, and its wonderful Efficacy in making every 'thing pleaſant to us. I cannot deny but that I received 'above two pennyworth of Inſtruction from your Paper, 'and in the general was very well pleaſed with it: but 'I am, without a Compliment, ſincerely troubled that 'I cannot exactly be of your Opinion, That it makes 'every thing pleaſing to us. In ſhort, I have the Honour to be yok'd to a young Lady, who is, in plain '*Engliſh*, for her ſtanding a very eminent Scold. She began to break her Mind very freely both to me and to her 'Servants about two Months after our Nuptials; and tho' 'I have been accuſtomed to this Humour of hers this 'three Years, yet, I do not know what's the Matter with 'me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at 'the very firſt. I have adviſed with her Relations about 'her, and they all tell me that her Mother and her 'Grandmother before her were both taken much after the 'ſame Manner; ſo that ſince it runs in the Blood, I have

'but

'but ſmall Hopes of her Recovery. I ſhould be glad to 'have a little of your Advice in this Matter: I would 'not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a 'Pleaſure to me; if you will but put me in a Way that 'I may bear it with Indifference, I ſhall reſt ſatisfied.

Dear SPEC,

Your very humble Servant.

P. S. 'I muſt do the poor Girl the Juſtice to let you 'know, that this Match was none of her own chooſing, '(or indeed of mine either;) in Conſideration of which 'I avoid giving her the leaſt Provocation; and indeed 'we live better together than uſually Folks do who hated 'one another when they were firſt joined: To evade the 'Sin againſt Parents, or at leaſt to extenuate it, my Dear 'rails at my Father and Mother, and I curſe hers for 'making the Match.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Like the Theme you lately gave out extremely, and 'ſhould be as glad to handle it as any Man living: 'But I find my ſelf no better qualified to write about 'Money, than about my Wife: for to tell you a Se-'cret which I deſire may go no further, I am Maſter of 'neither of thoſe Subjects.

Yours,

Aug. 8, 1712. Pill Garlick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Deſire you would print this in *Italick*, ſo as it may 'be generally taken notice of. It is deſigned only to 'admoniſh all Perſons, who ſpeak either at the Bar, Pul-'pit, or any publick Aſſembly whatſoever, how they diſ-'cover their Ignorance in the Uſe of Similies. There are 'in the Pulpit it ſelf, as well as in other Places, ſuch groſs 'Abuſes in this Kind, that I give this warning to all I 'know. I ſhall bring them for the future before your 'Spectatorial Authority. On *Sunday* laſt, one, who ſhall 'be nameleſs, reproving ſeveral of his Congregation for 'ſtanding at Prayers, was pleaſed to ſay, *One would think*, 'like the Elephant, *you had no Knees*. Now I my ſelf ſaw 'an Elephant in *Bartholomew-Fair* kneel down to take 'on his Back the ingenious Mr. *William Pinkethman*.

T *Your moſt humble Servant.*

No. 456. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 13.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, Huic ne perire quidem tacitè conceditur. TULL.

The Man, whoſe Conduct is publickly arraign'd, is not ſuffer'd even to be ruin'd quietly.

OTWAY, in his Tragedy of *Venice Preſerv'd*, has deſcribed the Miſery of a Man, whoſe Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterneſs of being the Scorn and Laughter of baſe Minds, the Anguiſh of being inſulted by Men hardened beyond the Senſe of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being waſted, under Pretence of Juſtice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of *Pierre* to *Jaffier*:

I paſs'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains:
The Sons of publick Rapine were deſtroying.
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commiſſion to ſeize all thy Fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's *cruel Hand had ſign'd it.*
Here ſtood a Ruffian with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of maſſy Plate,
Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale.
There was another making villanous Jeſts
At thy undoing; He had ta'en poſſeſſion
Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtick Ornaments:
Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-Night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of Belvidera,
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the coarſe Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongſt the common Lumber.

NOTHING

NOTHING indeed can be more unhappy than the Condition of Bankruptcy. The Calamity which happens to us by ill Fortune, or by the Injury of others, has in it ſome Conſolation; but what ariſes from our own Miſbehaviour or Error, is the State of the moſt exquiſite Sorrow. When a Man conſiders not only an ample Fortune, but even the very Neceſſaries of Life, his Pretence to Food it ſelf at the Mercy of his Creditors, he cannot but look upon himſelf in the State of the Dead, with his Caſe thus much worſe, that the laſt Office is performed by his Adverſaries inſtead of his Friends. From this Hour the cruel World does not only take poſſeſſion of his whole Fortune, but even of every thing elſe, which had no Relation to it. All his indifferent Actions have new Interpretations put upon them; and thoſe whom he has favoured in his former Life, diſcharge themſelves of their Obligations to him, by joining in the Reproaches of his Enemies. It is almoſt incredible that it ſhould be ſo; but it is too often ſeen that there is a Pride mixed with the Impatience of the Creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the Downfal of a proſperous Man, than be diſcharged to the common Satisfaction of themſelves and their Creditors. The wretched Man, who was lately Maſter of Abundance, is now under the Direction of others; and the Wiſdom, Oeconomy, good Senſe and Skill in human Life before, by reaſon of his preſent Misfortune, are of no Uſe to him in the Diſpoſition of any thing. The Incapacity of an Infant or a Lunatick is deſign'd for his Proviſion and Accommodation; but that of a Bankrupt, without any Mitigation in reſpect of the Accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter Ruin, except there be a Remainder ample enough after the Diſcharge of his Creditors to bear alſo the Expence of rewarding thoſe by whoſe Means the Effect of all his Labour was transferred from him. The Man is to look on and ſee others giving Directions upon what Terms and Conditions his Goods are to be purchaſed, and all this uſually done not with an Air of Truſtees to diſpoſe of his Effects, but Deſtroyers to divide and tear them to pieces.

THERE is ſomething ſacred in Miſery to great and good Minds; for this Reaſon all wiſe Lawgivers have been

been extremely tender how they let looſe even the Man who has Right on his Side, to act with any Mixture of Reſentment againſt the Defendant. Virtuous and modeſt Men, though they be uſed with ſome Artifice, and have it in their Power to avenge themſelves, are ſlow in the Application of that Power, and are ever conſtrained to go into rigorous Meaſures. They are careful to demonſtrate themſelves not only Perſons injured, but alſo that to bear it no longer would be a Means to make the Offender injure others, before they proceed. Such Men clap their Hands upon their Hearts, and conſider what it is to have at their Mercy the Life of a Citizen. Such would have it to ſay to their own Souls, if poſſible, That they were merciful when they could have deſtroyed, rather than when it was in their power to have ſpared a Man, they deſtroyed. This is a Due to the common Calamity of human Life, due in ſome meaſure to our very Enemies. They who ſcruple doing the leaſt Injury, are cautious of exacting the utmoſt Juſtice.

LET any one who is converſant in the Variety of Human Life reflect upon it, and he will find the Man who wants Mercy has a Taſte of no Enjoyment of any Kind. There is a natural Diſreliſh of every thing which is good in his very Nature, and he is born an Enemy to the World. He is ever extremely partial to himſelf in all his Actions, and has no Senſe of Iniquity but from the Puniſhment which ſhall attend it. The Law of the Land is his Goſpel, and all his Caſes of Conſcience are determined by his Attorney. Such Men know not what it is to gladden the Heart of a miſerable Man, that Riches are the Inſtruments of ſerving the Purpoſes of Heaven or Hell, according to the Diſpoſition of the Poſſeſſor. The wealthy can torment or gratify all who are in their Power, and chooſe to do one or other as they are affected with Love or Hatred to Mankind. As for ſuch who are inſenſible of the Concerns of others, but merely as they affect themſelves, theſe Men are to be valued only for their Mortality, and as we hope better Things from their Heirs. I could not but read with great Delight a Letter from an eminent Citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better Fortune,

Fortune, and able by his Countenance to retrieve his loſt Condition.

SIR,

'IT is in vain to multiply Words and make Apologies 'for what is never to be defended by the beſt Ad- 'vocate in the World, the Guilt of being Unfortunate. 'All that a Man in my Condition can do or ſay, will be 'received with Prejudice by the Generality of Mankind, 'but I hope not with you: You have been a great In- 'ſtrument in helping me to get what I have loſt, and I 'know (for that Reaſon, as well as Kindneſs to me) you 'cannot but be in Pain to ſee me undone. To ſhew 'you I am not a Man incapable of bearing Calamity, 'I will, though a poor Man, lay aſide the Diſtinction 'between us, and talk with the Frankneſs we did when 'we were nearer to an Equality: As all I do will be 'received with Prejudice, all you do will be looked 'upon with Partiality. What I deſire of you, is, that 'you, who are courted by all, would ſmile upon me, 'who am ſhunned by all. Let that Grace and Favour 'which your Fortune throws upon you, be turned to 'make up the Coldneſs and Indifference that is uſed to- 'wards me. All good and generous Men will have an 'Eye of Kindneſs for me for my own ſake, and the reſt 'of the World will regard me for yours. There is a hap- 'py Contagion in Riches, as well as a deſtructive one in 'Poverty: The Rich can make rich without parting with 'any of their Store, and the Converſation of the Poor 'makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. 'How this is to be accounted for I know not; but Mens 'Eſtimation follows us according to the Company we 'keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a 'great Way towards my Recovery; if you are not, my 'good Fortune, if ever it returns, will return by ſlower 'Approaches.

I am, SIR,

Your Affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant.

THIS

THIS was anſwered with a Condeſcenſion that did not, by long impertinent Profeſſions of Kindneſs, inſult his Diſtreſs, but was as follows.

Dear Tom,

" I AM very glad to hear that you have Heart enough " to begin the World a ſecond time. I aſſure you, I " do not think your numerous Family at all diminiſhed " (in the Gifts of Nature for which I have ever ſo much " admired them) by what has ſo lately happened to you. " I ſhall not only countenance your Affairs with my " Appearance for you, but ſhall accommodate you with " a conſiderable Sum at common Intereſt for three " Years. You know I could make more of it; but I " have ſo great a Love for you, that I can wave Oppor- " tunities of Gain to help you; for I do not care whe- " ther they ſay of me after I am dead, that I had an " hundred or fifty thouſand Pounds more than I wanted " when I was living.

T *Your obliged humble Servant.*

No. 457. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 14.

——— Multa & præclara minantis.
Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 9.

Seeming to promiſe ſomething wond'rous great.

I Shall this Day lay before my Reader a Letter, written by the ſame Hand with that of laſt *Friday*, which contained Propoſals for a printed News-paper, that ſhould take in the whole Circle of the Penny-poſt.

SIR,

THE kind Reception you gave my laſt *Friday*'s Letter, in which I broached my Project of a News Paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you muſt know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the

the *Lowndes* of the learned World, and cannot think any Scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, tho' all the Money we raiſe by it is on our own Funds, and for our private Uſe.

I have often thought that a *News-Letter of Whiſpers*, written every Poſt, and ſent about the Kingdom, after the ſame Manner as that of Mr. *Dyer*, Mr. *Dawkes*, or any other Epiſtolary Hiſtorian, might be highly gratifying to the Publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By Whiſpers I mean thoſe Pieces of News which are communicated as Secrets, and which bring a double Pleaſure to the Hearer; firſt, as they are private Hiſtory, and in the next Place, as they have always in them a Daſh of Scandal. Theſe are the two chief Qualifications in an Article of News, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary Manner, to the Ears of the Curious. Sickneſs of Perſons in high Poſts, Twilight Viſits paid and received by Miniſters of State, Clandeſtine Courtſhips and Marriages, ſecret Amours, Loſſes at Play, Applications for Places, with their reſpective Succeſſes or Repulſes, are the Materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two Perſons, that are each of them the Repreſentative of a Species, who are to furniſh me with thoſe Whiſpers which I intend to convey to my Correſpondents. The firſt of theſe is *Peter Huſh*, deſcended from the ancient Family of the *Huſhes*. The other is the old Lady *Blaſt*, who has a very numerous Tribe of Daughters in the two great Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. *Peter Huſh* has a whiſpering Hole in moſt of the great Coffee-houſes about Town. If you are alone with him in a wide Room, he carries you up into a Corner of it, and ſpeaks in your Ear. I have ſeen *Peter* ſeat himſelf in a Company of ſeven or eight Perſons, whom he never ſaw before in his Life; and after having looked about to ſee there was no one that over-heard him, has communicated to them in a low Voice, and under the Seal of Secrecy, the Death of a great Man in the Country, who was perhaps a Fox-hunting the very Moment this Account was given of him. If upon your entering into a Coffee-houſe you ſee a Circle of Heads bending over the Table, and lying cloſe by one another, it is ten to one but my Friend *Peter* is among them. I have known

Peter

Peter Publiſhing the Whiſper of the Day by eight o' Clock in the Morning at *Garraway*'s, by twelve at *Will*'s, and before two at the *Smyrna*. When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a Secret, I have been very well pleaſed to hear People whiſpering it to one another at ſecond Hand, and ſpreading it about as their own; for you muſt know, Sir, the great Incentive to Whiſpering is the Ambition which every one has of being thought in the Secret, and being look'd upon as a Man who has Acceſs to greater People than one would imagine. After having given you this Account of *Peter Huſh*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blaſt*, who is to communicate to me the private Tranſactions of the Crimp Table, with all the *Arcana* of the Fair Sex. The Lady *Blaſt*, you muſt underſtand, has ſuch a particular Malignity in her Whiſper, that it blights like an Eaſterly Wind, and withers every Reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular Knack at making private Weddings, and laſt Winter married above five Women of Quality to their Footmen. Her Whiſper can make an innocent young Woman big with Child, or fill an healthful young Fellow with Diſtempers that are not to be named. She can turn a Viſit into an Intrigue, and a diſtant Salute into an Aſſignation. She can beggar the Wealthy, and degrade the Noble. In ſhort, ſhe can whiſper Men Baſe or Fooliſh, Jealous or Ill-natur'd, or if Occaſion requires, can tell you the Slips of their Great Grand-mothers, and traduce the Memory of honeſt Coachmen that have been in their Graves above theſe hundred Years. By theſe and the like Helps, I queſtion not but I ſhall furniſh out a very handſom News-Letter. If you approve my Project, I ſhall begin to whiſper by the very next Poſt, and queſtion not but every one of my Cuſtomers will be very well pleaſed with me, when he conſiders that every Piece of News I ſend him is a Word in his Ear, and lets him into a Secret.

HAVING given you a Sketch of this Project, I ſhall, in the next Place, ſuggeſt to you another for a Monthly Pamphlet, which I ſhall likewiſe ſubmit to your Spectatorial Wiſdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are ſeveral Authors in *France*, *Germany*, and *Holland*, as well as in our own Country, who publiſh every Month,

what they call *An Account of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us an Abſtract of all ſuch Books as are printed in any Part of *Europe*. Now, Sir, it is my Deſign to publiſh every Month, *An Account of the Works of the Unlearned*. Several late Productions of my own Countrymen, who many of them make a very eminent Figure in the illiterate World, encourage me in this Undertaking. I may, in this Work, poſſibly make a Review of ſeveral Pieces which have appeared in the Foreign *Accounts* above-mentioned, tho' they ought not to have been taken notice of in Works which bear ſuch a Title. I may, likewiſe, take into Conſideration ſuch Pieces as appear, from time to time, under the Names of thoſe Gentlemen who compliment one another in Publick Aſſemblies, by the Title of the *Learned Gentlemen*. Our Party-Authors will alſo afford me a great Variety of Subjects, not to mention Editors, Commentators, and others, who are often Men of no Learning, or what is as bad, of no Knowledge. I ſhall not enlarge upon this Hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I ſhall ſet about it with all the Pains and Application that ſo uſeful a Work deſerves.

I am ever,

C *Moſt worthy* SIR, &c.

No. 458. *Friday, Auguſt* 15.

Αἰδὼς ἐκ ἀγαθὴ ——— Heſ.
——— *Pudor malus* ——— Hor.

Falſe Modeſty.

I Could not but ſmile at the Account that was Yeſterday given me of a modeſt young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not uſed to drink, had not the Confidence to refuſe his Glaſs in his Turn, when on a ſudden he grew ſo fluſtered that he

he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abuſed every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occaſion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modeſty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that *the Perſon has had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing.* This falſe kind of Modeſty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as the moſt abandoned Impudence, and is the more inexcuſable to Reaſon, becauſe it acts to gratify others rather than it ſelf, and is puniſhed with a kind of Remorſe, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

NOTHING is more admirable than true Modeſty, and nothing is more contemptible than the falſe. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modeſty is aſhamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reaſon: Falſe Modeſty is aſhamed to do any thing that is oppoſite to the Humour of the Company. True Modeſty avoids every thing that is criminal, falſe Modeſty every thing that is unfaſhionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Inſtinct; the former is that Inſtinct, limited and circumſcribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

WE may conclude that Modeſty to be falſe and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiſcreet, or which reſtrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to ſpare, are bound for Perſons whom they have but little Friendſhip for, give Recommendatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, beſtow Places on thoſe whom they do not eſteem, live in ſuch a Manner as they themſelves do not approve, and all this meerly becauſe they have not the Confidence to reſiſt Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

NOR does this falſe Modeſty expoſe us only to ſuch Actions as are indiſcreet, but very often to ſuch as are highly criminal. When *Xenophanes* was called timorous, becauſe he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice: *I confeſs*, ſaid he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for*

I dare not do any ill thing. On the contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the Torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

IN the second Place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in *England* a particular Bashfulness in every thing that regards Religion. A well-bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode. Our Excess of Modesty makes us shamefaced in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion. This Humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to say Grace at his own Table: A Custom which is not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman-Catholick Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship. An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions. The same Show of Religion appears in all the Foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much in their ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Precise.

THIS

THIS little Appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in ſome meaſure from that Modeſty which is natural to us, but the great Occaſion of it is certainly this. Thoſe Swarms of Sectaries that overran the Nation in the time of the great Rebellion, carried their Hypocriſy ſo high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthuſiaſm; inſomuch that upon the Reſtoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of thoſe Perſons, who had made Religion a Cloke to ſo many Villanies. This led them into the other Extreme, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritanical, and falling into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flouriſhed in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious, it has ever ſince been out of Countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that Vicious Modeſty which has in ſome meaſure worn out from among us the Appearance of Chriſtianity in Ordinary Life and Converſation, and which diſtinguiſhes us from all our Neighbours.

HYPOCRISY cannot indeed be too much deteſted, but at the ſame time is to be preferred to open Impiety. They are both equally deſtructive to the Perſon who is poſſeſſed with them; but in regard to others, Hypocriſy is not ſo pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion. The due Mean to be obſerved is to be ſincerely Virtuous, and at the ſame time to let the World ſee we are ſo. I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced againſt thoſe who have this perverted Modeſty, to be aſhamed before Men in a Particular of ſuch unſpeakable Importance. C

No. 459. *Saturday, Auguſt* 16.

——*Quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt.*

Hor. Ep. 4. l. 1. v. 5.

——*What befits the Wiſe and Good.* CREECH.

RELIGION may be conſidered under two General Heads. The firſt comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practiſe. By thoſe things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the things which we are to practiſe, I mean all thoſe Duties to which we are directed by Reaſon or Natural Religion. The firſt of theſe I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the Name of Faith, the ſecond by that of Morality.

IF we look into the more ſerious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay ſo great a Streſs upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build ſo much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man ſhould be defective in neither of theſe Particulars, as will be very evident to thoſe who conſider the Benefits which ariſe from each of them, and which I ſhall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

NOTWITHSTANDING this general Diviſion of Chriſtian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the firſt has the Preeminence in ſeveral Reſpects.

Firſt, BECAUSE the greateſt Part of Morality (as I have ſtated the Notion of it) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith ſhall fail, and be loſt in Conviction.

Secondly, BECAUSE a Perſon may be qualified to do greater Good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, BECAUSE Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Paſſions, and advancing the Happineſs of every Man in his private Capacity.

Fourthly, BECAUSE the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in thoſe of Faith.

Fifthly, BECAUSE Infidelity is not of ſo malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the ſame Reaſon in another Light, becauſe it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Caſe of Invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, BECAUSE Faith ſeems to draw its Principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we ſhall ſee more at large, if we conſider wherein conſiſts the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

Firſt, IN explaining, and carrying to greater Heights, ſeveral Points of Morality.

Secondly, IN furniſhing new and ſtronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

Thirdly, IN giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of our ſelves, both in regard to the Grandeur and Vileneſs of our Natures.

Fourthly, BY ſhewing us the Blackneſs and Deformity of Vice, which in the Chriſtian Syſtem is ſo very great, that he who is poſſeſſed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is repreſented by ſeveral of our Divines as hating Sin to the ſame Degree that he loves the Sacred Perſon who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, IN being the ordinary and preſcribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on theſe ſeveral Heads, which every one who is converſant in Diſcourſes of this Nature will eaſily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Concluſions from them which may be uſeful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am ſure is ſo obvious, that he cannot miſs it, namely that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does

not ſtrengthen and ſupport it with that of the Chriſtian Faith.

BESIDES this, I ſhall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been ſaid.

Firſt, THAT we ſhould be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

Secondly, THAT no Article of Faith can be true and authentick, which weakens or ſubverts the practical Part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, THAT the greateſt Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot poſſibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Chriſtianity, as it is preſerved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

THERE is likewiſe another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Conſiderations, which is this, that we ſhould, in all dubious Points, conſider any ill Conſequences that may ariſe from them, ſuppoſing they ſhould be Erroneous, before we give up our Aſſent to them.

FOR Example, In that diſputable Point of Perſecuting Men for Conſcience Sake, beſides the imbittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Reſentment, and inſnaring them to profeſs what they do not believe; we cut them off from the Pleaſures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies, diſtreſs their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I ſee ſuch dreadful Conſequences riſing from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonſtration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my Religion.

IN this Caſe the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident; the Principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and diſputable Nature. Morality ſeems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true Syſtem of Faith may juſtify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produces Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for ſhewing

it

it ſelf by ſuch cruel Inſtances. But, to conclude with the Words of an excellent Author, *We have juſt enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.* C

No. 460. *Monday, Auguſt* 18.

Decipimur Specie Recti—— Hor. Ars Poet. v. 25.

Deluded by a ſeeming Excellence. ROSCOMMON.

OUR Defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are ſo far from being known to us, that they paſs for Demonſtrations of our Worth. This makes us eaſy in the midſt of them, fond to ſhew them, fond to improve in them, and to be eſteemed for them. Then it is that a thouſand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions muſt afford us Pleaſures, and diſplay us to others in the Colours which we ourſelves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is ſomething ſo amuſing for the time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiſer World has choſen an exalted Word to deſcribe its Inchantments, and called it *The Paradiſe of Fools.*

PERHAPS the latter Part of this Reflection may ſeem a falſe Thought to ſome, and bear another Turn than what I have given; but it is at preſent none of my Buſineſs to look after it, who am going to confeſs that I have been lately amongſt them in a Viſion.

METHOUGHT I was tranſported to a Hill, green, flowery, and of an eaſy Aſcent. Upon the broad Top of it reſided ſquint-eyed *Error*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themſelves. To theſe repaired a Multitude from every ſide, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the moſt aſſuming Air, went directly of themſelves to *Error*, without expecting a Conductor;

others of a ſofter Nature went firſt to popular *Opinion*, from whence as ſhe influenced and engaged them with their own Praiſes, ſhe delivered them over to his Government.

WHEN we had aſcended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining ſeveral who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleaſing; ſhe breathed Odours as ſhe ſpoke: She ſeemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of ſomething that was valuable in himſelf, and expected a Paradiſe which ſhe promiſed as the Reward of his Merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till ſhe ſhould bring us where it was to be beſtowed: And it was obſervable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praiſing themſelves for their Qualifications, or one another for thoſe Qualifications which they took to be conſpicuous in their own Characters, or diſpraiſing others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

AT laſt we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Error* was ſeated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he ſat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was diſguiſed in a whitiſh Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Reſemblance to *Truth:* And as ſhe has a Light whereby ſhe manifeſts the Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, ſo he had provided himſelf with a magical Wand, that he might do ſomething in Imitation of it, and pleaſe with Deluſions. This he lifted ſolemnly, and muttering to himſelf, bid the Glories which he kept under Inchantment to appear before us, immediately we caſt our Eyes on that part of the Sky to which he pointed, and obſerved a thin blue Proſpect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Miſts go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

THE Foundation hardly ſeemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it ſtood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we aſcended was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senſes. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the loweſt Set of Pillars were of the ſlight Fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore ſo far the Reſemblance of a Bubble.

AT

AT the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter, nor waited till one ſhould appear; every one thought his Merit a ſufficient Paſſport, and preſſed forward. In the Hall we met with ſeveral Phantoms, that rov'd amongſt us, and ranged the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreaſing *Honour*, that had nothing to ſhew in but an old Coat of his Anceſtors Atchievements: There was *Oſtentation*, that made himſelf his own conſtant Subject, and *Gallantry* ſtrutting upon his Tiptoes. At the upper End of the Hall ſtood a Throne, whoſe Canopy glitter'd withall the Riches that Gaiety could contrive to laviſh on it; and between the gilded Arms ſat *Vanity*, deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who ſtood beſide her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Caſt inwards to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made uſe of for Conqueſt, were borrowed from thoſe againſt whom he had a Deſign. The Arrow which he ſhot at the Soldier, was fledg'd from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed againſt the Man of Wit, was winged from the Quills he writ with; and that which he ſent againſt thoſe who preſumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treaſuries: He made Nets for Stateſmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to inflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne ſat three falſe Graces; *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practiſe at, and *Faſhion* ever changing the Poſture of her Clothes. Theſe applied themſelves to ſecure the Conqueſts which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Polities. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complections to all Things, *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as ſhe ſaid, were not vulgar, and *Faſhion* both concealed ſome home Defects, and added ſome foreign external Beauties.

AS I was reflecting upon what I ſaw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by

by *Error*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courſes of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. Theſe Expreſſions were no ſooner handed about, but I immediately ſaw a general Diſorder, till at laſt there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man, decent and reſolute was led forward to be puniſhed for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have ſpoken in his own Defence, but I could not obſerve that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* caſt a ſcornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a *Vizard*, and turned away; *Affectation* toſſed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy or Slander*; and Faſhion would have it, that at leaſt he muſt be *Ill-Manners*. Thus ſlighted and deſpiſed by all, he was driven out for abuſing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly reſolved, that he ſhould be uſed no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already ſeen the Meaning of moſt part of that Warning which he had given, and was conſidering how the latter Words ſhould be fulfilled, when a mighty Noiſe was heard without, and the Door was blackned by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken-Credit* were ſeen in the Houſe before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and *Poverty* brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, diſappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who ſtood near me) either to Priſons or Cellars, Solitude, or little Company, the mean Arts or the viler Crafts of Life. But theſe, added he with a diſdainful Air, are ſuch who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Luſtre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have ſeen ſuch Scenes as theſe before now; the Glory you ſaw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thanked him for his Information, and believing him ſo incorrigible as that he would ſtay till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook ſome few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now terrified to good purpoſe by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Threſhold, it was a ſtrange Shock to them to find that the

the Deluſion of *Error* was gone, and they plainly diſcerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At firſt we ſaw nothing but a deſperate Leap remained for us, and I a thouſand times blamed my unmeaning curioſity that had brought me into ſo much Danger. But as they began to ſink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace ſunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due Point of *Eſteem* which they ought to have for themſelves; then the Part of the Building in which they ſtood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who ſtayed in the Palace were ſenſible of this Deſcent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occaſion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Conſequences of following the Suggeſtions of *Vanity*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write to you to deſire, that you would again touch 'upon a certain Enormity, which is chiefly in Uſe 'among the politer and better-bred Part of Mankind; I 'mean the Ceremonies, Bows, Curtſies, Whiſperings, 'Smiles, Winks, Nods, with other familiar Arts of Salutation, which take up in our Churches ſo much Time, 'that might be better employed, and which ſeem ſo utterly inconſiſtent with the Duty and true Intent of our 'entring into thoſe Religious Aſſemblies. The Reſemblance which this bears to our indeed proper Behaviour 'in Theatres, may be ſome Inſtance of its Incongruity 'in the above-mentioned Places. In *Roman* Catholick 'Churches and Chapels abroad, I myſelf have obſerved, 'more than once, Perſons of the firſt Quality, of the 'neareſt Relation, and intimateſt Acquaintance, paſſing 'by one another unknowing as it were, and unknown, 'and with ſo little Notices of each other, that it look'ed like having their Minds more ſuitably and more 'ſolemnly engaged; at leaſt it was an Acknowledg'ment that they ought to have been ſo. I have been 'told the ſame even of the *Mahometans*, with relation 'to the Propriety of their Demeanour in the Conventi'ons of their erroneous Worſhip: And I cannot but

'think

'think either of them ſufficient and laudable Patterns of 'our Imitation in this Particular.

'I cannot help upon this Occaſion remarking on the 'excellent Memories of thoſe Devotioniſts, who upon 'returning from Church ſhall give a particular Account 'how two or three hundred People were dreſſed; a Thing, 'by reaſon of its Variety, ſo difficult to be digeſted and 'fixed in the Head, that 'tis a Miracle to me how two 'poor Hours of Divine Service can be Time ſufficient 'for ſo elaborate an Undertaking, the Duty of the Place 'too being jointly, and, no doubt, oft pathetically per-'formed along with it. Where it is ſaid in Sacred Writ, 'that *the Woman ought to have a Covering on her Head 'becauſe of the Angels*, that laſt Word is by ſome thought 'to be metaphorically uſed, and to ſignify young Men. 'Allowing this Interpretation to be right, the Text 'may not appear to be wholly foreign to our preſent 'Purpoſe.

'WHEN you are in a Diſpoſition proper for writing 'on ſuch a Subject, I earneſtly recommend this to you, 'and am,

SIR,

T *Your very humble Servant.*

No. 461. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 19.

——*Sed non Ego credulus illis.* Virg. Ecl. 9. v. 34.
But I diſcern their Flatt'ry from their Praiſe.
DRYDEN.

FOR want of Time to ſubſtitute ſomething elſe in the Room of them, I am at preſent obliged to publiſh Compliments above my Deſert in the following Letters. It is no ſmall Satisfaction, to have given Occaſion to ingenious Men to employ their Thoughts upon ſacred Subjects from the Approbation of ſuch Pieces of Poetry as they have ſeen in my *Saturday*'s Papers. I ſhall

ſhall never publiſh Verſe on that Day but what is written by the ſame Hand; yet ſhall I not accompany thoſe Writings with *Eulogiums*, but leave them to ſpeak for themſelves.

For the SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU very much promote the Intereſts of Virtue 'while you reform the Taſte of a Profane Age, 'and perſuade us to be entertained with Divine Poems, 'while we are diſtinguiſhed by ſo many thouſand Humours, and ſplit into ſo many different Sects and Parties; yet Perſons of every Party, Sect, and Humour 'are fond of conforming their Taſte to yours. You can 'transfuſe your own Reliſh of a Poem into all your 'Readers, according to their Capacity to receive; and 'when you recommend the pious Paſſion that reigns in 'the Verſe, we ſeem to feel the Devotion, and grow 'proud and pleas'd inwardly, that we have Souls capable 'of reliſhing what the SPECTATOR approves.

'UPON reading the Hymns that you have publiſhed 'in ſome late Papers, I had a mind to try Yeſterday 'whether I could write one. The 114 *Pſalm* appears to 'me an admirable Ode, and I began to turn it into 'our Language. As I was deſcribing the Journey of '*Iſrael* from *Egypt*, and added the Divine Preſence a-'mongſt them, I perceived a Beauty in this *Pſalm* which 'was intirely new to me, and which I was going to loſe; 'and that is, that the Poet utterly conceals the Preſence 'of God in the Beginning of it, and rather lets a Poſſeſ-'ſive Pronoun go without a Subſtantive, than he will ſo 'much as mention any thing of Divinity there. Judah '*was his Sanctuary, and* Iſrael *his Dominion or Kingdom.* 'The Reaſon now ſeems evident, and this Conduct ne-'ceſſary: For if God had appeared before, there could 'be no Wonder why the Mountains ſhould leap and the 'Sea retire; therefore that this Convulſion of Nature 'may be brought in with due Surpriſe, his Name is not 'mentioned till afterward, and then with a very agree-'able Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in all 'his Majeſty. This is what I have attempted to imitate

'in

'in a Tranſlation without Paraphraſe, and to preſerve 'what I could of the Spirit of the ſacred Author.

'IF the following Eſſay be not too incorrigible, 'beſtow upon it a few Brightnings from your Genius, 'that I may learn how to write better, or to write no 'more.

Your daily Admirer and humble Servant, &c.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

WHEN Iſrael, *freed from* Pharaoh's *Hand,*
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah *was his Throne.*

II.

Acroſs the Deep their Journey lay,
The Deep divides to make them Way;
The Streams of Jordan *ſaw, and fled*
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai *on her Baſe could ſtand,*
Conſcious of Sovereign Power at hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide
Make Jordan *backward roll his Tide?*
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai *feels?*

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Iſrael: *See him here;*
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs their Lord.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are those who take the Advantage of your putting an Half-penny Value upon your self above the rest of our daily Writers, to defame you in publick Conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the Account of this said Half-penny. But if I were you, I would insist upon that small Acknowledgment for the superior Merit of yours, as being a Work of Invention. Give me Leave therefore to do you Justice, and say in your Behalf, what you cannot your self, which is, That your Writings have made Learning a more necessary Part of Good-breeding than it was before you appeared: That Modesty is become fashionable, and Impudence stands in need of some Wit; since you have put them both in their proper Lights. Profaneness, Lewdness, and Debauchery are not now Qualifications, and a Man may be a very fine Gentleman, tho' he is neither a Keeper nor an Infidel.

'I would have you tell the Town the Story of the *Sibyls*, if they deny giving you Two-Pence. Let them know, that those sacred Papers were valued at the same Rate after two Thirds of them were destroyed, as when there was the whole Set. There are so many of us who will give you your own Price, that you may acquaint your Non-Conformist Readers, that they shall not have it, except they come in within such a Day, under Three-pence. I don't know but you might bring in the *Date Obolum Belliſario* with a good Grace. The Witlings come in Clusters to two or three Coffee-houses which have left you off, and I hope you will make us, who fine to your Wit, merry with their Characters who stand out against it.

I am your most humble Servant.

P. S. 'I have lately got the ingenious Authors of Blacking for Shoes, Powder for colouring the Hair, Pomatum for the Hands, Cosmetick for the Face, to be your constant Customers; so that your Advertisements will as much adorn the outward Man, as your Paper does the inward.

T

Wednesday,

No. 462. *Wednesday, August* 20.

Nil ego prætulerim Jucundo ſanus amico.
Hor. Sat. 5. l. 1. v. 44.

Nothing ſo grateful as a Pleaſant Friend.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great Force which Pleaſantry in Company has upon all thoſe with whom a Man of that Talent converſes. His Faults are generally overlooked by all his Acquaintance, and a certain Careleſneſs that conſtantly attends all his Actions, carries him on with greater Succeſs, than Diligence and Aſſiduity does others who have no Share of this Endowment. *Dacinthus* breaks his Word upon all Occaſions both trivial and important; and when he is ſufficiently railed at for that abominable Quality, they who talk of him end with, *After all he is a very pleaſant Fellow*. *Dacinthus* is an ill-natured Huſband, and yet the very Women end their Freedom of Diſcourſe upon this Subject, *But after all he is very pleaſant Company*. *Dacinthus* is neither in point of Honour, Civility, Good-breeding, or Good-nature unexceptionable, and yet all is anſwered, *For he is a very pleaſant Fellow*. When this Quality is conſpicuous in a Man who has to accompany it, manly and virtuous Sentiments, there cannot certainly be any thing which can give ſo pleaſing Gratification as the Gaiety of ſuch a Perſon; but when it is alone, and ſerves only to gild a Crowd of ill Qualities, there is no Man ſo much to be avoided as your pleaſant Fellow. A very pleaſant Fellow ſhall turn your good Name to a Jeſt, make your Character contemptible, debauch your Wife or Daughter, and yet be received by the reſt of the World with Welcome where-ever he appears. It is very ordinary with thoſe of this Character to be attentive only to their own Satisfactions, and have very little Bowels for the Concerns or Sorrows of other Men; nay, they are capable of purchaſing their own Pleaſures at the Expence of giving Pain to others. But they

they who do not consider this Sort of Men thus carefully, are irresistibly exposed to their Insinuations. The Author of the following Letter carries the Matter so high, as to intimate that the Liberties of *England* have been at the Mercy of a Prince merely as he was of this pleasant Character.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no one Passion which all Mankind so 'naturally give into as Pride, nor any other Pas-'sion which appears in such different Disguises: It is to 'be found in all Habits and Complections. Is it not a 'Question, whether it does more Harm or Good in the 'World? And if there be not such a Thing as what we 'may call a virtuous and laudable Pride?

'IT is this Passion alone, when misapplied, that lays 'us so open to Flatterers; and he who can agreeably 'condescend to sooth our Humour or Temper, finds al-'ways an open Avenue to our Soul; especially if the 'Flatterer happen to be our Superior.

'ONE might give many Instances of this in a late '*English* Monarch, under the Title of, *The Gaieties of* '*King* Charles II. This Prince was by Nature extreme-'ly familiar, of very easy Access, and much delighted 'to see and be seen; and this happy Temper, which in 'the highest Degree gratified his Peoples Vanity, did 'him more Service with his loving Subjects than all his 'other Virtues, tho' it must be confessed he had many. 'He delighted, tho' a mighty King, to give and take a 'Jest, as they say; and a Prince of this fortunate Dispo-'sition, who were inclined to make an ill Use of his 'Power, may have any thing of his People, be it never 'so much to their Prejudice. But this good King made 'generally a very innocent Use, as to the Publick, of 'this insnaring Temper; for, 'tis well known, he pur-'sued Pleasure more than Ambition: He seemed to glory 'in being the first Man at Cock-matches, Horse-races, 'Balls, and Plays; he appeared highly delighted on 'those Occasions, and never failed to warm and gladden 'the Heart of every Spectator. He more than once 'dined with his good Citizens of *London* on their Lord-'Mayor's Day, and did so the Year that Sir *Robert Viner*

'was

'was Mayor. Sir *Robert* was a very loyal Man, and, if 'you will allow the Expreſſion, very fond of his Sove-'reign; but what with the Joy he felt at Heart for the 'Honour done him by his Prince, and thro' the Warmth 'he was in with continual toaſting Healths to the Royal 'Family, his Lordſhip grew a little fond of his Majeſty, 'and entered into a Familiarity not altogether ſo grace-'ful in ſo publick a Place. The King underſtood very 'well how to extricate himſelf on all kinds of Difficul-'ties, and with an Hint to the Company to avoid Cere-'mony, ſtole off and made towards his Coach, which 'ſtood ready for him in *Guild-Hall* Yard: But the Mayor 'liked his Company ſo well, and was grown ſo inti-'mate, that he purſued him haſtily, and catching him 'faſt by the Hand, cry'd out with a vehement Oath and 'Accent, *Sir, you ſhall ſtay and take t'other Bottle.* The 'airy Monarch looked kindly at him over his Shoulder, 'and with a Smile and graceful Air, (for I ſaw him at 'the Time and do now) repeated this Line of the old 'Song;

He that's drunk is as great as a King.

'and immediately turned back and complied with his 'Landlord.

'I give you this Story, Mr. SPECTATOR, becauſe, 'as I ſaid, I ſaw the Paſſage; and I aſſure you it's very 'true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you 'the Sequel, you will ſay I have yet a better Reaſon 'for't. This very Mayor afterwards erected a Statue 'of his merry Monarch in *Stocks-Market*, and did the 'Crown many and great Services; and it was owing to 'this Humour of the King, that his Family had ſo great 'a Fortune ſhut up in the *Exchequer* of their pleaſant 'Sovereign. The many good-natured Condeſcenſions of 'this Prince are vulgarly known; and it is excellently 'ſaid of him by a great Hand which writ his Character, '*That he was not a King a Quarter of an Hour together 'in his whole Reign.* He would receive Viſits even from 'Fools and half Mad-men, and at Times I have met 'with People who have Boxed, fought at Back-ſword, 'and taken Poiſon before King *Charles* II. In a word, he 'was ſo pleaſant a Man, that no one could be ſorrow-

'ful

'ful under his Government. This made him capable 'of baffling, with the greateſt Eaſe imaginable, all Sug-'geſtions of Jealouſy, and the People could not enter-'tain Notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they 'ſaw every way agreeable. This Scrap of the familiar 'Part of that Prince's Hiſtory I thought fit to ſend you, 'in compliance to the Requeſt you lately made to your 'Correſpondents.

I am, SIR,

T *Your moſt humble Servant.*

No. 463. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 21.

Omnia quæ ſenſu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore ſopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defeſſa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad ſylvas & ſua luſtra redit:
Judicibus lites, aurigis ſomnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Muſarum ſtudium ſub nocte ſilenti
Artibus aſſuetis ſollicitare ſolet. Claud.

In ſleep, when Fancy is let looſe to play,
Our Dreams repeat the Wiſhes of the Day.
Tho' farther toil his tired Limbs refuſe,
The dreaming Hunter ſtill the Chace purſues.
The Judge a-bed diſpenſes ſtill the Laws,
And ſleeps again o'er the unfiniſh'd Cauſe.
The dozing Racer hears his Chariot roll,
Smacks the vain Whip, and ſhuns the fancy'd Goal.
Me too the Muſes, in the ſilent Night,
With wonted Chimes of gingling Verſe delight.

I Was lately entertaining my ſelf with comparing *Homer*'s Balance, in which *Jupiter* is repreſented as weighing the Fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a Paſſage of *Virgil*, wherein that Deity is introduced as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. I then conſidered

ſidered how the ſame way of thinking prevailed in the Eaſtern Parts of the World, as in thoſe noble Paſſages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of *Babylon*, the Day before his Death, had been weighed in the Balance, and been found wanting. In other Places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is deſcribed as weighing the Mountains in Scales, making the Weight for the Winds, knowing the Balancings of the Clouds, and in others, as weighing the Actions of Men, and laying their Calamities together in a Balance. *Milton*, as I have obſerved in a former Paper, had an Eye to ſeveral of theſe foregoing Inſtances in that beautiful Deſcription wherein he repreſents the Arch-Angel and the Evil Spirit as addreſſing themſelves for the Combat, but parted by the Balance which appeared in the Heavens and weighed the Conſequences of ſuch a Battle.

Th' Eternal to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet ſeen
Betwixt Aſtrea and the Scorpion Sign,
Wherein all things created firſt he weighed,
The pendulous round Earth, with balanc'd Air
In counterpoiſe, now ponders all Events,
Battles and Realms; in theſe he put two Weights,
The ſequel each of parting and of fight,
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the Beam:
Which Gabriel *ſpying, thus beſpake the Fiend.*

Satan, *I know thy Strength, and thou know'ſt mine,*
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
To boaſt what Arms can do, ſince thine nor more
Than Heav'n permits; nor mine, though doubl'd now
To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celeſtial Sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and ſhewn how light, how weak,
If thou reſiſt. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted Scale aloft; nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the Shades of Night.

THESE ſeveral amuſing Thoughts having taken poſſeſſion of my Mind ſome time before I went to ſleep, and mingling themſelves with my ordinary Ideas, raiſed

in

in my Imagination a very odd kind of Viſion. I was, methought, replaced in my Study, and ſeated in my Elbow-Chair, where I had indulged the foregoing Speculations, with my Lamp burning by me, as uſual. Whilſt I was here meditating on ſeveral Subjects of Morality, and conſidering the Nature of many Virtues and Vices, as Materials for thoſe Diſcourſes with which I daily entertain the Publick; I ſaw, methought, a Pair of Golden Scales hanging by a Chain of the ſame Metal over the Table that ſtood before me; when on a ſudden, there were great Heaps of Weights thrown down on each ſide of them. I found upon examining theſe Weights, they ſhewed the Value of every thing that is in Eſteem among Men. I made an Eſſay of them, by putting the Weight of Wiſdom in one Scale, and that of Riches in another, upon which the latter, to ſhew its comparative Lightneſs, immediately *flew up and kick'd the Beam.*

BUT, before I proceed, I muſt inform my Reader, that theſe Weights did not exert their Natural Gravity, 'till they were laid in the Golden Balance, inſomuch that I could not gueſs which was light or heavy, whilſt I held them in my Hand. This I found by ſeveral Inſtances; for upon my laying a Weight in one of the Scales, which was inſcribed by the Word *Eternity*; tho' I threw in that of Time, Proſperity, Affliction, Wealth, Poverty, Intereſt, Succeſs, with many other Weights, which in my Hand ſeemed very ponderous, they were not able to ſtir the oppoſite Balance, nor could they have prevailed, though aſſiſted with the Weight of the Sun, the Stars, and the Earth.

UPON emptying the Scales, I laid ſeveral Titles and Honours, with Pomps, Triumphs, and many Weights of the like Nature, in one of them, and ſeeing a little glittering Weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other Scale, when to my great Surpriſe, it proved ſo exact a Counterpoiſe, that it kept the Balance in an Equilibrium. This little glittering Weight was inſcribed upon the Edges of it with the Word *Vanity*. I found there were ſeveral other Weights which were equally Heavy, and exact Counterpoiſes to one another; a few of them I tried, as

Avarice

Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with ſome others.

THERE were likewiſe ſeveral Weights that were of the ſame Figure, and ſeemed to correſpond with each other, but were intirely different when thrown into the Scales; as Religion and Hypocriſy, Pedantry and Learning. Wit and Vivacity, Superſtition and Devotion, Gravity and Wiſdom, with many others.

I obſerved one particular Weight lettered on both Sides, and upon applying my ſelf to the Reading of it, I found on one ſide written, *In the Dialect of Men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES:* on the other ſide was written, *In the Language of the Gods*, and underneath *BLESSINGS*. I found the intrinſick Value of this Weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good-fortune, and many other Weights, which were much more ponderous in my Hand than the other.

THERE is a Saying among the *Scotch*, that an Ounce of Mother-wit is worth a Pound of Clergy; I was ſenſible of the Truth of this Saying, when I ſaw the Difference between the Weight of Natural Parts, and that of Learning. The Obſervation which I made upon theſe two Weights opened to me a new Field of Diſcoveries; for notwithſtanding the Weight of Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning, I obſerved that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the ſame Scale with it. I made the ſame Obſervation upon Faith and Morality; for notwithſtanding the latter out-weighed the former ſeparately, it received a thouſand times more additional Weight from its Conjunction with the former, than what it had by it ſelf. This odd Phenomenon ſhewed itſelf in other Particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philoſophy and Religion, Juſtice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, Depth of Senſe and Perſpicuity of Stile, with innumerable other Particulars too long to be mentioned in this Paper.

AS a Dream ſeldom fails of daſhing Seriouſneſs with Impertinence, Mirth with Gravity, methought I made ſeveral other Experiments of a more ludicrous Nature, by one of which I found that an *Engliſh* Octavo was very often heavier than a *French* Folio, and by another, that

that an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author weighed down a whole Library of Moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the Scales, and ſlung a two-penny Piece into the other. The Reader will not inquire into the Event, if he remembers the firſt Trial which I have recorded in this Paper. I afterwards threw both the Sexes into the Balance; but as it is not for my Intereſt to diſoblige either of them, I ſhall deſire to be excuſed from telling the Reſult of this Experiment. Having an Opportunity of this Nature in my Hands, I could not forbear throwing into one Scale the Principles of a Tory, and into the other thoſe of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a Neutral Paper, I ſhall likewiſe deſire to be ſilent under this Head alſo, tho' upon examining one of the Weights, I ſaw the Word *TEKEL* Engraven on it in Capital Letters.

I made many other Experiments, and though I have not room for them all in this Day's Speculation, I may perhaps reſerve them for another. I ſhall only add, that upon my awaking I was ſorry to find my Golden Scales vaniſhed, but reſolved for the future to learn this Leſſon from them, not to deſpiſe or value any Things for their Appearances, but to regulate my Eſteem and Paſſions towards them according to their real and intrinſick Value.

C

No. 464. *Friday, Auguſt* 22.

Auream quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ, Hor. Od. 10. l. 2. v. 5.

The Golden Mean, as ſhe's too nice to dwell
Among the Ruins of a filthy Cell,
So is her Modeſty withal as great,
To balk the Envy of a Princely Seat.

NORRIS.

I AM wonderfully pleaſed when I meet with any Paſſage in an old *Greek* or *Latin* Author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a Quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful Saying in *Theognis*; *Vice is covered by Wealth, and Virtue by Poverty*; or to give it in the Verbal Tranſlation, *Among Men there are ſome who have their Vices concealed by Wealth, and others who have their Virtues concealed by Poverty.* Every Man's Obſervation will ſupply him with Inſtances of Rich Men, who have ſeveral Faults and Defects that are overlooked, if not intirely hidden, by means of their Riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural Deſcription of a Poor Man, whoſe Merits are loſt in his Poverty, than that in the Words of the wiſe Man. *There was a little City and few Men within it; and there came a great King againſt it, and beſieged it, and built great Bulwarks againſt it: Now there was found in it a poor Wiſe Man, and he, by his Wiſdom, delivered the City; yet no Man remembred that ſame poor Man. Then ſaid I, Wiſdom is better than Strength; nevertheleſs, the poor Man's Wiſdom is deſpiſed, and his Words are not heard.*

THE middle Condition ſeems to be the moſt advantageouſly ſituated for the gaining of Wiſdom. Poverty turns our Thoughts too much upon the ſupplying of our Wants, and Riches upon enjoying our Superfluities; and

as

as *Cowley* has ſaid in another Caſe, *It is hard for a Man to keep a ſteady Eye upon Truth, who is always in a Battle or a Triumph.*

IF we regard Poverty and Wealth, as they are apt to produce Virtues or Vices in the Mind of Man, one may obſerve that there is a Set of each of theſe growing out of Poverty, quite different from that which riſes out of Wealth. Humility and Patience, Induſtry and Temperance, are very often the good Qualities of a poor Man. Humanity and Good-nature, Magnanimity, and a Senſe of Honour, are as often the Qualifications of the Rich. On the contrary, Poverty is apt to betray a Man into Envy, Riches into Arrogance; Poverty is too often attended with Fraud, vicious Compliance, Repining, Murmur and Diſcontent. Riches expoſe a Man to Pride and Luxury, a fooliſh Elation of Heart, and too great a Fondneſs for the preſent World. In ſhort, the middle Condition is moſt eligible to the Man who would improve himſelf in Virtue; as I have before ſhewn, it is the moſt advantageous for the gaining of Knowledge. It was upon this Conſideration that *Agur* founded his Prayer, which for the Wiſdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me Vanity and Lies; give me neither Poverty nor Riches; feed me with Food convenient for me: Leſt I be full and deny thee, and ſay, who is the Lord? or leſt I be poor and ſteal, and take the Name of my God in vain.*

I ſhall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a very pretty Allegory, which is wrought into a Play by *Ariſtophanes* the *Greek* Comedian. It ſeems originally deſigned as a Satire upon the Rich, though, in ſome Parts of it, 'tis like the foregoing Diſcourſe, a kind of Compariſon between Wealth and Poverty.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding poor, being deſirous to leave ſome Riches to his Son, conſults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bids him follow the firſt Man he ſhould ſee upon his going out of the Temple. The Perſon he chanced to ſee was to Appearance an old ſordid blind Man; but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at laſt found by his own Confeſſion, that he

was *Plutus* the God of Riches, and that he was juſt come out of the Houſe of a Miſer. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he uſed to declare, that as ſoon as he came to Age he would diſtribute Wealth to none but virtuous and juſt Men; upon which *Jupiter* conſidering the pernicious conſequences of ſuch a Reſolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to ſtrole about the World in the blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his Houſe, where he met an old Woman in a tatter'd Raiment, who had been his Gueſt for many Years, and whoſe Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refuſing to turn out ſo eaſily as he would have her, he threatned to baniſh her not only from his own Houſe, but out of all *Greece*, if ſhe made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occaſion pleads her Cauſe very notably, and repreſents to her old Landlord, that ſhould ſhe be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was Rich, they would never be ſupplied with thoſe Pomps, Ornaments and Conveniencies of Life which made Riches deſirable. She likewiſe repreſented to him the ſeveral Advantages which ſhe beſtowed upon her Votaries, in regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preſerving them from Gouts, Dropſies, Unwieldineſs, and Intemperance. But whatever ſhe had to ſay for her ſelf, ſhe was at laſt forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately conſider'd how he might reſtore *Plutus* to his Sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Æſculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this means the Deity recover'd his Eyes, and begun to make a right uſe of them, by enriching every one that was diſtinguiſhed by Piety towards the Gods, and Juſtice towards Men; and at the ſame time by taking away his Gifts from the Impious and undeſerving. This produces ſeveral merry Incidents, till in the laſt Act *Mercury* deſcends with great Complaints from the Gods, that ſince the Good Men were grown Rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Prieſt of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonſtrance, that ſince this late Innovation he was reduced to a ſtarving Condition, and could not

not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was Religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Propoſal which was reliſhed by all the Good Men who were now grown rich as well as himſelf, that they ſhould carry *Plutus* in a ſolemn Proceſſion to the Temple, and Inſtal him in the Place of *Jupiter*. This Allegory inſtructed the *Athenians* in two Points, firſt, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Diſtributions of Wealth; and in the next Place, as it ſhewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of thoſe who poſſeſſed them. C

No. 465. *Saturday*, *Auguſt* 23.

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium Spes.

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 97.

How thou may'ſt live, how ſpend thine Age in Peace:
Leſt Avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine Eaſe:
Or Fears ſhou'd ſhake, or Cares thy Mind abuſe,
Or ardent Hope for things of little Uſe. CREECH.

HAVING endeavoured in my laſt *Saturday*'s Paper to ſhew the great Excellency of Faith, I ſhall here conſider what are the proper Means of ſtrengthning and confirming it in the Mind of Man. Thoſe who delight in reading Books of Controverſy, which are written on both ſides of the Queſtion in Points of Faith, do very ſeldom arrive at a fixed and ſettled Habit of it. They are one Day intirely convinced of its important Truths, and the next meet with ſomething that ſhakes and diſturbs them. The Doubt which was laid revives again, and ſhews it ſelf in new Difficulties, and that generally for this Reaſon, becauſe the Mind which is perpetually toſt in Controverſies and Diſputes, is apt to forget the Reaſons which had once ſet it at reſt, and to be diſquieted with any former Perplexity, when it appears in a new Shape,

or is ſtarted by a different Hand. As nothing is more laudable than an Inquiry after Truth, ſo nothing is more irrational than to paſs away our whole Lives without determining ourſelves one way or other in thoſe Points which are of the laſt Importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our Aſſent; but in Caſes by which we are to regulate our Lives, it is the greateſt Abſurdity to be wavering and unſettled, without cloſing with that Side which appears the moſt ſafe and the moſt probable. The firſt Rule therefore which I ſhall lay down is this, that when by Reading or Diſcourſe we find ourſelves thoroughly convinced of the Truth of any Article, and of the Reaſonableneſs of our Belief in it, we ſhould never after ſuffer our ſelves to call it into queſtion. We may perhaps forget the Arguments which occaſioned our Conviction, but we ought to remember the Strength they had with us, and therefore ſtill to retain the Conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common Art or Science, nor is it poſſible to act otherwiſe, conſidering the Weakneſs and Limitation of our Intellectual Faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer* one of the glorious Army of Martyrs, who introduced the Reformation in *England*, behaved himſelf in that great Conference which was managed between the moſt learned among the Proteſtants and Papiſts in the Reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old Man knowing how his Abilities were impaired by Age, and that it was impoſſible for him to recollect all thoſe Reaſons which had directed him in the Choice of his Religion, left his Companions who were in the full Poſſeſſion of their Parts and Learning, to baffle and confound their Antagoniſts by the Force of Reaſon. As for himſelf he only repeated to his Adverſaries the Articles in which he firmly believed; and in the Profeſſion of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the Mathematician proceeds upon Propoſitions which he has once demonſtrated; and though the Demonſtration may have ſlipt out of his Memory, he builds upon the Truth, becauſe he knows it was demonſtrated. This Rule is abſolutely neceſſary for weaker Minds, and in ſome meaſure for Men of the greateſt Abilities; but to theſe laſt I would propoſe in the ſecond place, that they

ſhould

ſhould lay up in their Memories, and always keep by them in a readineſs, thoſe Arguments which appear to them of the greateſt Strength, and which cannot be got over by all the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity.

BUT, in the third place, there is nothing which ſtrengthens Faith more than Mortality. Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A Man is quickly convinced of the Truth of Religion, who finds it is not againſt his Intereſt that it ſhould be true. The Pleaſure he receives at Preſent, and the Happineſs which he promiſes himſelf from it Hereafter, will both diſpoſe him very powerfully to give Credit to it, according to the ordinary Obſervation that *we are eaſy to believe what we wiſh*. It is very certain, that a Man of ſound Reaſon cannot forbear cloſing with Religion upon an impartial Examination of it; but at the ſame time it is certain, that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers Strength from Practice more than from Speculation.

THERE is ſtill another Method which is more perſuaſive than any of the former, and that is an habitual Adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in conſtant Acts of mental Worſhip, as in outward Forms. The devout Man does not only believe but feels there is a Deity. He has actual Senſations of him; his Experience concurs with his Reaſon; he ſees him more and more in all his Intercourſes with him, and even in this Life almoſt loſes his Faith in Conviction.

THE laſt Method which I ſhall mention for the giving Life to a Man's Faith, is frequent Retirement from the World, accompanied with religious Meditation. When a Man thinks of any thing in the Darkneſs of the Night, whatever deep Impreſſions it may make in his Mind, they are apt to vaniſh as ſoon as the Day breaks about him. The Light and Noiſe of the Day, which are perpetually ſoliciting his Senſes, and calling off his Attention, wear out of his Mind the Thoughts that imprinted themſelves in it, with ſo much Strength, during the Silence and Darkneſs of the Night. A Man finds the ſame Difference as to himſelf in a Crowd and in a Solitude: the Mind is ſtunned and dazzled amidſt that Variety of Objects which preſs upon her in a great City. She cannot apply her ſelf to the Conſideration of thoſe Things which

are of the utmoſt Concern to her. The Cares or Pleaſures of the World ſtrike in with every Thought, and a Multitude of vicious Examples give a kind of Juſtification to our Folly. In our Retirements every thing diſpoſes us to be ſerious. In courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of Men; in the Country with thoſe of God. One is the Province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind of every reaſonable Man, who ſees the Impreſſions of Divine Power and Wiſdom in every Object, on which he caſts his Eye. The Supreme Being has made the beſt Arguments for his own Exiſtence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth, and theſe are Arguments which a Man of Senſe cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noiſe and Hurry of human Affairs. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that ſhould a Man live under Ground, and there converſe with Works of Art and Mechaniſm, and ſhould afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and ſee the ſeveral Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of ſuch a Being as we define God to be. The Pſalmiſt has very beautiful Strokes of Poetry to this Purpoſe, in that exalted Strain: *The Heavens declare the Glory of God: And the Firmament ſheweth his handy-work. One Day telleth another: And one Night certifieth another. There is neither Speech nor Language: But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands; and their Words into the Ends of the World.* As ſuch a bold and ſublime manner of Thinking furniſhes very noble Matter for an Ode, the Reader may ſee it wrought into the following one.

I.

The Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Ethereal Sky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

II. *Soon*

II.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the liſtning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

III.

What though, in ſolemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terreſtrial Ball?
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine. C

No. 466. *Monday, Auguſt* 25.

——— Vera inceſſu patuit Dea.

Virg. Æn. 1. v. 409.

And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known.

DRYDEN.

WHEN *Æneas*, the Hero of *Virgil*, is loſt in the Wood, and a Perfect Stranger in the Place on which he is landed, he is accoſted by a Lady in an Habit for the Chace. She inquires of him, Whether he has ſeen paſs by that Way any young Woman dreſſed as ſhe was? Whether ſhe were following the Sport in the Wood, or any other way employed, according to the Cuſtom of Huntreſſes? The Hero anſwers with the Reſpect due to the beautiful Appearance ſhe made; tells her, He ſaw no ſuch Perſon as ſhe inquir'd for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the Deities, and deſires ſhe would conduct a Stranger. Her Form from her firſt Ap-

pearance manifeſted ſhe was more than mortal; but tho' ſhe was certainly a Goddeſs, the Poet does not make her known to be the Goddeſs of *Beauty* 'till ſhe moved: All the Charms of an agreeable Perſon are then in their higheſt Exertion, every Limb and Feature appears with its reſpective Grace. It is from this Obſervation that I cannot help being ſo paſſionate an Admirer as I am of good Dancing. As all Art is an Imitation of Nature, this is an Imitation of Nature in its higheſt Excellence, and at a Time when ſhe is moſt agreeable. The Buſineſs of Dancing is to diſplay Beauty, and for that Reaſon all Diſtortions and Mimickries, as ſuch, are what raiſe Averſion inſtead of Pleaſure: But Things that are in themſelves excellent, are ever attended with Impoſture and falſe Imitation. Thus, as in Poetry there are laborious Fools who write Anagrams and Acroſticks, there are Pretenders in Dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such Creatures ſhould be rewarded like him who had acquired a Knack of throwing a Grain of Corn through the Eye of a Needle, with a Buſhel to keep his Hand in Uſe. The Dancers on our Stages are very faulty in this Kind; and what they mean by writhing themſelves into ſuch Poſtures, as it would be a Pain for any of the Spectators to ſtand in, and yet hope to pleaſe thoſe Spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. *Prince* has a Genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the Dances he invents, you ſee he keeps cloſe to the Characters he repreſents. He does not hope to pleaſe by making his Performers move in a manner in which no one elſe ever did, but by Motions proper to the Characters he repreſents. He gives to Clowns and Lubbards clumſy Graces, that is, he makes them practiſe what they would think Graces: And I have ſeen Dances of his, which might give Hints that would be uſeful to a Comick Writer. 'Theſe Performances have pleas'd the Taſte of ſuch as have not Reflection enough to know their Excellence, becauſe they are in Nature; and the diſtorted Motions of others have offended thoſe, who could not form Reaſons to themſelves for their Diſpleaſure, from their being a Contradiction to Nature.

WHEN one conſiders the inexpreſſible Advantage there is in arriving at ſome Excellence in this Art, it is monſtrous

monſtrous to behold it ſo much neglected. The following Letter has in it ſomething very natural on this Subject.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Widower with but one Daughter; ſhe was by Nature much inclined to be a Romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young Woman whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her Care and Attendance about her. I am a Man of Buſineſs, and obliged to be much abroad. The Neighbours have told me, that in my Abſence our Maid has let in the ſpruce Servants in the Neighbourhood to Junketings, while my Girl play'd and romped even in the Street. To tell you the plain Truth, I catched her once at eleven Years old, at Chuck-Farthing among the Boys. This put me upon new Thoughts about my Child, and I determined to place her at a Boarding-School, and at the ſame time gave a very diſcreet young Gentlewoman her Maintenance at the ſame Place and Rate, to be her Companion. I took little notice of my Girl from time to time, but ſaw her now and then in good Health, out of Harm's way, and was ſatisfied. But by much Importunity, I was lately prevail'd with to go to one of their Balls. I cannot expreſs to you the Anxiety my ſilly Heart was in, when I ſaw my Romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the Pangs of a Father upon me ſo ſtrongly in my whole Life before; and I could not have ſuffered more, had my whole Fortune been at Stake. My Girl came on with the moſt becoming Modeſty I had ever ſeen, and caſting a reſpectful Eye, as if ſhe feared me more than all the Audience, I gave a Nod, which I think gave her all the Spirit ſhe aſſumed upon it, but ſhe roſe properly to that Dignity of Aſpect. My Romp, now the moſt graceful Perſon of her Sex, aſſumed a Majeſty which commanded the higheſt Reſpect; and when ſhe turned to me, and ſaw my Face in Rapture, ſhe fell into the prettieſt Smile, and I ſaw in all her Motion that ſhe exulted in her Father's Satisfaction. You, Mr. SPECTATOR, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to your ſelf all the different Beauties and Changes of Aſpect in an accompliſhed young Woman

'man, ſetting forth all her Beauties with a Deſign to pleaſe 'no one ſo much as her Father. My Girl's Lover can ne-'ver know half the Satisfaction that I did in her that Day. 'I could not poſſibly have imagined, that ſo great Im-'provement could have been wrought by an Art that I al-'ways held in it ſelf ridiculous and contemptible. There 'is, I am convinced, no Method like this, to give young 'Women a Senſe of their own Value and Dignity; and 'I am ſure there can be none ſo expeditious to communi-'cate that Value to others. As for the flippant inſipidly 'Gay and wantonly Forward, whom you behold among 'Dancers, that Carriage is more to be attributed to the 'perverſe Genius of the Performers, than imputed to the 'Art it ſelf. For my part, my Child has danced her ſelf 'into my Eſteem, and I have as great an Honour for her 'as ever I had for her Mother, from whom ſhe derived 'thoſe latent good Qualities which appeared in her 'Countenance when ſhe was dancing; for my Girl, tho' 'I ſay it my ſelf, ſhewed in one Quarter of an Hour the 'innate Principles of a modeſt Virgin, a tender Wife, a 'generous Friend, a kind Mother, and an indulgent 'Miſtreſs. I'll ſtrain hard but I will purchaſe for her an 'Huſband ſuitable to her Merit. I am your Convert in 'the Admiration of what I thought you jeſted when you 'recommended; and if you pleaſe to be at my Houſe 'on *Thurſday* next, I make a Ball for my Daughter, and 'you ſhall ſee her dance, or, if you will do her that 'Honour, dance with her.

I am, SIR, Your moſt humble Servant.
PHILIPATER.

I have ſome time ago ſpoken of a Treatiſe written by Mr. *Weaver* on this Subject, which is now, I underſtand, ready to be publiſhed. This Work ſets this Matter in a very plain and advantageous Light; and I am convinced from it, that if the Art was under proper Regulations, it would be a mechanick way of implanting inſenſibly in Minds, not capable of receiving it ſo well by any other Rules, a Senſe of Good breeding and Virtue.

WERE any one to ſee *Mariamne* dance, let him be never ſo ſenſual a Brute, I defy him to entertain any Thoughts but of the higheſt Reſpect and Eſteem towards her.

her. I was ſhewed laſt Week a Picture in a Lady's Cloſet, for which ſhe had an hundred different Dreſſes, that ſhe could clap on round the Face, on purpoſe to demonſtrate the Force of Habits in the Diverſity of the ſame Countenance. Motion, and Change of Poſture and Aſpect, have an Effect no leſs ſurpriſing on the Perſon of *Marianne* when ſhe dances.

CHLOE is extremely pretty, and as ſilly as ſhe is pretty. This Idiot has a very good Ear, and a moſt agreeable Shape; but the Folly of the Thing is ſuch, that it Smiles ſo impertinently, and affects to pleaſe ſo ſillily, that while ſhe Dances you ſee the Simpleton from Head to Foot. For you muſt know (as trivial as this Art is thought to be) no one ever was a good Dancer, that had not a good Underſtanding. If this be a Truth, I ſhall leave the Reader to judge from that Maxim, what Eſteem they ought to have for ſuch Impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their Heads, and in a word, play a thouſand Pranks which many Animals can do better than a Man, inſtead of performing to Perfection what the human Figure only is capable of performing.

IT may perhaps appear odd, that I, who ſet up for a mighty Lover, at leaſt, of Virtue, ſhould take ſo much pains to recommend what the ſoberer Part of Mankind look upon to be a Trifle; but under Favour of the ſoberer Part of Mankind, I think they have not enough conſidered this Matter, and for that Reaſon only diſeſteem it. I muſt alſo, in my own Juſtification, ſay that I attempt to bring into the Service of Honour and Virtue every Thing in Nature that can pretend to give elegant Delight. It may poſſibly be proved, that Vice is in it ſelf deſtructive of Pleaſure, and Virtue in it ſelf conducive to it. If the Delights of a free Fortune were under proper Regulations, this Truth would not want much Argument to ſupport it; but it would be obvious to every Man, that there is a ſtrict Affinity between all Things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the higheſt Sentiment of the Soul, to the moſt indifferent Geſture of the Body. T

Tueſday,

No. 467. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 26.

——*Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camœnæ,*
Seu tibi par poterunt; ſeu, quod ſpes abnuit, ultrà;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus: omne vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine Charta.
Tibull. ad Meſſalam, Eleg. 1. l. 1. v. 24.

Whate'er my Muſe adventurous dares indite,
Whether the Niceneſs of thy piercing Sight
Applaud my Lays, or cenſure what I write;
To thee I ſing, and hope to borrow Fame
By adding to my Page Meſſala's *Name.*

THE Love of Praiſe is a Paſſion deeply fixed in the Mind of every extraordinary Perſon, and thoſe who are moſt affected with it, ſeem moſt to partake of that Particle of the Divinity which diſtinguiſhes Mankind from the inferior Creation. The Supreme Being itſelf is moſt pleaſed with Praiſe and Thankſgiving; the other Part of our Duty is but an Acknowledgment of our Faults, whilſt this is the immediate Adoration of his Perfections. 'Twas an excellent Obſervation, That we then only deſpiſe Commendation when we ceaſe to deſerve it: and we have ſtill extant two Orations of *Tully* and *Pliny*, ſpoken to the greateſt and beſt Princes of all the *Roman* Emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greateſt Satisfaction, what even the moſt diſintereſted Perſons, and at ſo large a Diſtance of Time, cannot read without Admiration. *Cæſar* thought his Life conſiſted in the Breath of Praiſe, when he profeſſed he had lived long enough for himſelf when he had for his Glory. Others have ſacrificed themſelves for a Name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themſelves to purchaſe a Sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: But by Merit and ſuperior Excellencies not only to gain, but, whilſt living, to enjoy a great

great and univerſal Reputation, is the laſt Degree of Happineſs which we can hope for here. Bad Characters are diſperſed abroad with Profuſion, I hope for Example Sake, and (as Puniſhments are deſigned by the Civil Power) more for the deterring the Innocent, than the chaſtiſing the Guilty. The Good are leſs frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer Originals of this Kind to copy after, or that, thro' the Malignity of our Nature, we rather delight in the Ridicule than the Virtues we find in others. However it is but juſt, as well as pleaſing, even for Variety, ſometimes to give the World a Repreſentation of the bright Side of human Nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: The Deſire of Imitation may, perhaps, be a greater Incentive to the Practice of what is good, than the Averſion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you ſhould do, whilſt the other only ſhews you what you ſhould avoid: And I cannot at preſent do this with more Satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do ſome Juſtice to the Character of *Manilius*.

IT would far exceed my preſent Deſign, to give a particular Deſcription of *Manilius* thro' all the Parts of his excellent Life: I ſhall now only draw him in his Retirement, and paſs over in Silence the various Arts, the courtly Manners, and the undeſigning Honeſty by which he attained the Honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a Dignity and Veneration to the Eaſe he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with Pleaſure on the Waves and Billows thro' which he has ſteered to ſo fair an Haven; he is now intent upon the Practice of every Virtue, which a great Knowledge and Uſe of Mankind has diſcovered to be the moſt uſeful to them. Thus in his private domeſtick Employments he is no leſs glorious than in his publick; for 'tis in reality a more difficult Taſk to be conſpicuous in a ſedentary inactive Life, than in one that is ſpent in Hurry and Buſineſs; Perſons engaged in the latter, like Bodies violently agitated, from the Swiftneſs of their Motion have a Brightneſs added to them, which often vaniſhes when they are at Reſt; but if it then ſtill remain, it muſt be the Seeds of intrinſick Worth that thus ſhine out without any foreign Aid or Aſſiſtance.

HIS

HIS Liberality in another might almoſt bear the Name of Profuſion; he ſeems to think it laudable even in the Exceſs, like that River which moſt enriches when it overflows: But *Manilius* has too perfect a Taſte of the Pleaſure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his Power; and for that Reaſon he will have a juſt Oeconomy, and a ſplendid Frugality at home, the Fountain from whence thoſe Streams ſhould flow which he diſperſes abroad. He looks with Diſdain on thoſe who propoſe their Death as the Time when they are to begin their Munificence; he will both ſee and enjoy (which he then does in the higheſt Degree) what he beſtows himſelf; he will be the living Executor of his own Bounty, whilſt they who have the Happineſs to be within his Care and Patronage, at once pray for the Continuation of his Life, and their own good Fortune. No one is out of the reach of his Obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming Methods, to raiſe himſelf to a Level with thoſe of the higheſt Rank; and his Good-nature is a ſufficient Warrant againſt the want of thoſe who are ſo unhappy as to be in the very loweſt. One may ſay of him, as *Pindar* bids his Muſe ſay of *Theron*;

Swear, that Theron *ſure has ſworn,*
No one near him ſhould be Poor.
Swear, that none e'er had ſuch a graceful Art,
Fortune's Free-Gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious Hand, and an unbounded Heart.

NEVER did *Atticus* ſucceed better in gaining the univerſal Love and Eſteem of all Men; nor ſteer with more Succeſs betwixt the Extremes of two contending Parties. 'Tis his peculiar Happineſs, that while he eſpouſes neither with an intemperate Zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unuſual Felicity, he is beloved and careſſed by both; and I never yet ſaw any Perſon of whatſoever Age or Sex, but was immediately ſtruck with the Merit of *Manilius*. There are many who are acceptable to ſome particular Perſons, whilſt the reſt of Mankind look upon them with Coldneſs and Indifference; but he is the firſt whoſe intire good Fortune it is ever to pleaſe and to be pleaſed, where-ever he comes to be admired,

admired, and where-ever he is abſent to be lamented. His Merit fares like the Pictures of *Raphael*, which are either ſeen with Admiration by all, or at leaſt no one dare own he has no Taſte for a Compoſition which has received ſo univerſal an Applauſe. Envy and Malice find it againſt their Intereſt to indulge Slander and Obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an Enemy to detract from, as for a Friend to add to his Praiſe. An Attempt upon his Reputation is a ſure leſſening of one's own: and there is but one Way to injure him, which is to refuſe him his juſt Commendations, and be obſtinately ſilent.

IT is below him to catch the Sight with any Care of Dreſs; his outward Garb is but the Emblem of his Mind, it is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion which all have of his Merit, and that he gives a Luſtre to the plaineſt Dreſs, whilſt 'tis impoſſible the richeſt ſhould communicate any to him. He is ſtill the principal Figure in the Room: He firſt engages your Eye, as if there were ſome Point of Light which ſhone ſtronger upon him than on any other Perſon.

HE puts me in mind of a Story of the famous *Buſſy d' Amboiſe*, who at an Aſſembly at Court, where every one appeared with the utmoſt Magnificence, relying upon his own ſuperior Behaviour, inſtead of adorning himſelf like the reſt, put on that Day a plain Suit of Clothes, and dreſſed all his Servants in the moſt coſtly gay Habits he could procure: The Event was, that the Eyes of the whole Court were fixed upon him, all the reſt looked like his Attendants, whilſt he alone had the Air of a Perſon of Quality and Diſtinction.

LIKE *Ariſtippus*, whatever Shape or Condition he appears in, it ſtill ſits free and eaſy upon him; but in ſome Part of his Character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the Largeneſs of his preſent Circumſtances, the Rectitude of his Judgment has ſo far corrected the Inclinations of his Ambition, that he will not trouble himſelf with either the Deſires or Purſuits of any thing beyond his preſent Enjoyments.

A thouſand obliging Things flow from him upon every Occaſion, and they are always ſo juſt and natural, that it is impoſſible to think he was at the leaſt pains to look for them.

them. One would think it were the Dæmon of good Thoughts that diſcovered to him thoſe Treaſures, which he muſt have blinded others from ſeeing, they lay ſo directly in their Way. Nothing can equal the Pleaſure is taken in hearing him ſpeak, but the Satisfaction one receives in the Civility and Attention he pays to the Diſcourſe of others. His Looks are a ſilent Commendation of what is good and praiſe-worthy, and a ſecret Reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without Danger of Intruſion, and to be cautious without ſeeming reſerved. The Gravity of his Converſation is always enliven'd with his Wit and Humour, and the Gaiety of it is tempered with ſomething that is inſtructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are ſure not to be merry at the Expence of your Reaſon, nor ſerious with the Loſs of your Good-humour; but, by a happy Mixture in his Temper, they either go together, or perpetually ſucceed each other. In fine, his whole Behaviour is equally diſtant from Conſtraint and Negligence, and he commands your Reſpect, whilſt he gains your Heart.

THERE is in his whole Carriage ſuch an engaging Softneſs, that one cannot perſuade one's ſelf he is ever actuated by thoſe rougher Paſſions, which, where-ever they find Place, ſeldom fail of ſhewing themſelves in the outward Demeanor of the Perſons they belong to: But his Conſtitution is a juſt Temperature between Indolence on one hand and Violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, where-ever his Affairs will give him Leave to follow his own Inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himſelf with Vigour and Reſolution in the Service of his Prince, his Country, or his Friend. Z

Wedneſday,

No. 468. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 27.

Erat Homo ingenioſus, acutus, acer, & qui plurimum & ſalis haberet & fellis, nec candoris minus.

Plin. Epiſt.

He was an ingenious, pleaſant Fellow, and one who had a great deal of Wit and Satire, with an equal Share of Good humour.

MY Paper is in a kind a Letter of News, but it regards rather what paſſes in the World of Converſation than that of Buſineſs. I am very ſorry that I have at preſent a Circumſtance before me, which is of very great Importance to all who have a Reliſh for Gaiety, Wit, Mirth, or Humour; I mean the Death of poor *Dick Eaſtcourt*. I have been obliged to him for ſo many Hours of Jollity, that it is but a ſmall Recompence, tho' all I can give him, to paſs a Moment or two in Sadneſs for the Loſs of ſo agreeable a Man. Poor *Eaſtcourt!* the laſt Time I ſaw him, we were plotting to ſhew the Town his great Capacity for acting in its full Light, by introducing him as dictating to a Set of young Players, in what manner to ſpeak this Sentence, and utter t'other Paſſion. —— He had ſo exquiſite a Diſcerning of what was defective in any Object before him, that in an Inſtant he could ſhew you the ridiculous Side of what would paſs for beautiful and juſt, even to Men of no ill Judgment, before he had pointed at the Failure. He was no leſs ſkilful in the Knowledge of Beauty; and, I dare ſay, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turn'd Compliments, as well as ſmart Repartees of Mr. *Eaſtcourt*'s, than of any other Man in *England*. This was eaſily to be obſerved in his inimitable Faculty of telling a Story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected Incidents to make his Court to one Part, and rally the other Part of the Company: Then he would vary the Uſage he gave them, according

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as he ſaw them bear kind or ſharp Language. He had the Knack to raiſe up a penſive Temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the moſt agreeable Skill imaginable. There are a thouſand things which crowd into my Memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. *Hamlet* holding up the Skull which the Grave-digger threw to him, with an Account that it was the Head of the King's Jeſter, falls into very pleaſing Reflections, and cries out to his Companion.

Alas, poor Yorick! *I knew him,* Horatio, *a Fellow of infinite Jeſt, of moſt excellent Fancy; he hath borne me on his Back a thouſand times; And now how abhorred in my Imagination it is, my Gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe Lips that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now, your Gambols, your Songs, your Flaſhes of Merriment, that were wont to ſet the Table on a Roar? Not one now to mock your own Grinning? quite Chop fallen? Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, Let her paint an Inch thick, to this Favour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that.*

IT is an Inſolence natural to the Wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the Character of a Man to his Circumſtances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praiſe faintly the good Qualities of thoſe below them, and ſay, It is very extraordinary in ſuch a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whoſe Lowneſs upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this Humour only, that it is to be aſcribed, that a quick Wit in Converſation, a nice Judgment upon any Emergency that could ariſe, and a moſt blameleſs inoffenſive Behaviour, could not raiſe this Man above being received only upon the Foot of contributing to Mirth and Diverſion. But he was as eaſy under that Condition, as a Man of ſo excellent Talents was capable; and ſince they would have it, that to divert was his Buſineſs, he did it with all the ſeeming Alacrity imaginable, tho' it ſtung him to the Heart that it was his Buſineſs. Men of Senſe, who could taſte his Excellencies, were well ſatisfied to let him lead the Way in Converſation, and play after his own Manner; but Fools who provoked him to Mimickry, found he had the Indignation to let it be at their Expence, who called for it, and he would ſhew the Form of conceited

ceited heavy Fellows as Jeſts to the Company at their own Requeſt, in Revenge for interrupting him from being a Companion to put on the Character of a Jeſter.

WHAT was peculiarly excellent in this memorable Companion, was that in the Accounts he gave of Perſons and Sentiments, he did not only hit the Figure of their Faces, and Manner of their Geſtures, but he would in his Narration fall into their very Way of Thinking, and this when he recounted Paſſages, wherein Men of the beſt Wit were concerned, as well as ſuch wherein were repreſented Men of the loweſt Rank of Underſtanding. It is certainly as great an Inſtance of Self-love to a Weakneſs, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any can be imagined. There were none but the Vain, the Formal, the Proud, or thoſe who were incapable of amending their Faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the higheſt Degree pleaſing; and I do not know any Satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever taſted ſo much, as having got over an Impatience of my ſeeing my ſelf in the Air he could put me when I have diſpleaſed him. It is indeed to his exquiſite Talent this way, more than any Philoſophy I could read on the Subject, that my Perſon is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is ſaid of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Addreſs. It is to poor *Eaſtcourt* I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the Happineſs of thinking nothing a Diminution to me, but what argues a Depravity of my Will.

IT has as much ſurpriſed me as any thing in Nature, to have it frequently ſaid, That he was not a good Player: But that muſt be owing to a Partiality for former Actors in the Parts in which he ſucceeded them, and judging by Compariſon of what was liked before, rather than by the Nature of the Thing. When a Man of his Wit and Smartneſs could put on an utter Abſence of common Senſe in his Face, as he did in the Character of *Bulfinch* in the *Northern Laſs*, and an Air of inſipid Cunning and Vivacity in the Character of *Pounce* in the *Tender Huſband*, it is Folly to diſpute his Capacity and Succeſs, as he was an Actor.

POOR *Eaſtcourt!* let the Vain and Proud be at Reſt; they will no more diſturb their Admiration of their dear ſelves,

ſelves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raiſing the Mirth of Stupids, who know nothing of thy Merit, for thy Maintenance.

IT is natural for the Generality of Mankind to run into Reflections upon our Mortality, when Diſturbers of the World are laid at Reſt, but to take no notice when they who can pleaſe and divert are pulled from us: But for my part, I cannot but think the Loſs of ſuch Talents as the Man of whom I am ſpeaking was Maſter of, a more melancholy Inſtance of Mortality, than the Diſſolution of Perſons of never ſo high Characters in the World, whoſe Pretenſions were that they were noiſy and miſchievous.

BUT I muſt grow more ſuccinct, and, as a SPECTATOR, give an Account of this extraordinary, Man, who, in his Way, never had an Equal in any Age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I ſpeak of him as a Companion, and a Man qualified for Converſation. His Fortune expoſed him to an Obſequiouſneſs towards the worſt Sort of Company, but his excellent Qualities rendered him capable of making the beſt Figure in the moſt refined. I have been preſent with him among Men of the moſt delicate Taſte a whole Night, and have known him (for he ſaw it was deſired) keep the Diſcourſe to himſelf the moſt part of it, and maintain his Good-humour with a Countenance, in a Language ſo delightful, without Offence to any Perſon or Thing upon Earth, ſtill preſerving the Diſtance his Circumſtances obliged him to; I ſay, I have ſeen him do all this in ſuch a charming manner, that I am ſure none of thoſe I hint at will read this, without giving him ſome Sorrow for their abundant Mirth, and one Guſh of Tears for ſo many Burſts of Laughter. I wiſh it were any Honour to the pleaſant Creature's Memory, that my Eyes are too much ſuffuſed to let me go on—— T

Thurſday,

No. 469. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 28.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, & hominem hominis incommodo ſuum augere commodum, magis eſt contra naturam, quàm mors, quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ poſſunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis. Tull.

To detract from other Men, and turn their Diſadvantages to our own Profit, is more contrary to Nature, than Death, Poverty, or Grief, or any thing which can affect our Bodies, or external Circumſtances.

I AM perſuaded there are few Men, of generous Principles, who would ſeek after great Places, were it not rather to have an Opportunity in their Hands of obliging their particular Friends, or thoſe whom they look upon as Men of Worth, than to procure Wealth and Honour for themſelves. To an honeſt Mind the beſt Perquiſites of a Place are the Advantages it gives a Man of doing Good.

THOSE who are under the great Officers of State, and are the Inſtruments by which they act, have more frequent Opportunities for the Exerciſe of Compaſſion and Benevolence, than their Superiors themſelves. Theſe Men know every little Caſe that is to come before the Great Man, and if they are poſſeſſed with honeſt Minds, will conſider Poverty as a Recommendation in the Perſon who applies himſelf to them, and make the Juſtice of his Cauſe the moſt powerful Solicitor in his Behalf. A Man of this Temper, when he is in a Poſt of Buſineſs, becomes a Bleſſing to the Publick: He patronizes the Orphan and the Widow, aſſiſts the Friendleſs, and guides the Ignorant: He does not reject the Perſon's Pretenſions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuſe doing a good Office for a Man becauſe he cannot pay the Fee of it. In ſhort, tho' he regulates himſelf in all his Proceedings by Juſtice and Equity, he finds a thouſand Occaſions

Occaſions for all the Good-natured Offices of Generoſity and Compaſſion.

A Man is unfit for ſuch a Place of Truſt, who is of a ſour untractable Nature, or has any other Paſſion that makes him uneaſy to thoſe who approach him. Roughneſs of Temper is apt to diſcountenance the Timorous or Modeſt. The proud Man diſcourages thoſe from approaching him, who are of a mean Condition, and who moſt want his Aſſiſtance. The impatient Man will not give himſelf time to be informed of the Matter that lies before him. An Officer with one or more of theſe unbecoming Qualities, is ſometimes looked upon as a proper Perſon to keep off Impertinence and Solicitation from his Superior; but this is a kind of Merit, that can never atone for the Injuſtice which may very often ariſe from it.

THERE are two other vicious Qualities which render a Man very unfit for ſuch a Place of Truſt. The firſt of theſe is a Dilatory Temper, which commits innumerable Cruelties without Deſign. The Maxim which ſeveral have laid down for a Man's Conduct in ordinary Life, ſhould be inviolable with a Man in Office, never to think of doing that To-morrow which may be done To-day. A Man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of Injuſtice ſo long as he defers it. The Diſpatch of a good Office is very often as beneficial to the Solicitor as the good Office it ſelf. In ſhort, if a Man compared the Inconveniencies which another ſuffers by his Delays, with the trifling Motives and Advantages which he himſelf may reap by ſuch a Delay, he would never be guilty of a Fault which very often does an irreparable Prejudice to the Perſon who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little Trouble to himſelf.

BUT in the laſt Place there is no Man ſo improper to be employed in Buſineſs, as he who is in any degree capable of Corruption; and ſuch an one is the Man, who upon any Pretence whatſoever, receives more than what is the ſtated and unqueſtioned Fee of his Office. Gratifications, Tokens of Thankfulneſs, Diſpatch-Money, and the like ſpecious Terms, are the Pretences under which Corruption very frequently ſhelters it ſelf. An honeſt Man will

will however look on all theſe Methods as unjuſtifiable, and will enjoy himſelf better in a moderate Fortune that is gained with Honour and Reputation, than in an overgrown Eſtate that is canker'd with the Acquiſitions of Rapine and Exaction. Were all our Offices diſcharged with ſuch an inflexible Integrity, we ſhould not ſee Men in all Ages, who grow up to exorbitant Wealth with the Abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary Mechanick. I cannot but think that ſuch a Corruption proceeds chiefly from Mens employing the firſt that offer themſelves, or thoſe who have the Character of ſhrewd worldly Men, inſtead of ſearching out ſuch as have had a liberal Education, and have been trained up in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue.

IT has been obſerved, that Men of Learning who take to Buſineſs, diſcharge it generally with greater Honeſty, than Men of the World. The chief Reaſon for it I take to be as follows. A Man that has ſpent his Youth in Reading, has been uſed to find Virtue extolled, and Vice ſtigmatized. A Man that has paſt his Time in the World, has often ſeen Vice triumphant, and Virtue diſcountenanced. Extortion, Rapine, and Injuſtice, which are branded with Infamy in Books, often give a Man a Figure in the World; while ſeveral Qualities which are celebrated in Authors, as Generoſity, Ingenuity and Good-nature, impoveriſh and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable Effect on Men, whoſe Tempers and Principles are equally Good and Vicious.

THERE would be at leaſt this Advantage in employing Men of Learning and Parts in Buſineſs, that their Proſperity would ſit more gracefully on them, and that we ſhould not ſee many worthleſs Perſons ſhot up into the greateſt Figures of Life. C

No. 470. *Friday, Auguſt* 29.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum.
Mart. Epig. 86. l. 2. v. 9.

'Tis Folly only, and Defect of Senſe,
Turns Trifles into Things of Conſequence.

I HAVE been very often diſappointed of late Years, when upon examining the new Edition of a Claſſick Author, I have found above half the Volume taken up with various Readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned Note upon a doubtful Paſſage in a *Latin* Poet, I have only been informed, that ſuch or ſuch Ancient Manuſcripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of ſome other notable Diſcovery of the like Importance. Indeed, when a different Reading gives us a different Senſe, or a new Elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the ſeveral ways of ſpelling the ſame Word, and gathers together the various Blunders and Miſtakes of twenty or thirty different Tranſcribers, they only take up the Time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the Minds of the Ignorant. I have often fancied with my ſelf how enraged an old *Latin* Author would be, ſhould he ſee the ſeveral Abſurdities in Senſe and Grammar, which are imputed to him by ſome or other of theſe various Readings. In one he ſpeaks Nonſenſe; in another makes uſe of a Word that was never heard of: And indeed there is ſcarce a Soleciſm in Writing which the beſt Author is not guilty of, if we may be at Liberty to read him in the Words of ſome Manuſcript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the Proſecution of his Work.

I queſtion not but the Ladies and pretty Fellows will be very curious to underſtand what it is that I have been

been hitherto talking of; I ſhall therefore give them a Notion of this Practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of ſeveral Perſons who make an eminent Figure in the Republick of Letters. To this end we will ſuppoſe that the following Song is an old Ode which I preſent to the Publick in a new Edition, with the ſeveral various Readings which I find of it in former Editions, and in Ancient Manuſcripts. Thoſe who cannot reliſh the various Readings, will perhaps find their Account in the Song, which never before appeared in Print.

My Love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke:
'Till by her Wit Corinna *ſav'd me,*
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting Anguiſh
For Belvidera *I endure;*
Hourly I Sigh and hourly Languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the falſe unconſtant Lover,
After a thouſand Beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing Charms diſcover,
And finds Variety in One.

Various Readings.

Stanza the Firſt, Verſe the Firſt. *And changing.*] The *and* in ſome Manuſcripts is written thus, &, but that in the *Cotton* Library writes it in three diſtinct Letters.

Verſe the Second, *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the Metre, we have reſtored it to the genuine Reading, by obſerving that *Synæreſis* which had been neglected by ignorant Tranſcribers.

Ibid. *In my Heart.*] *Scaliger* and others, *on my Heart.*

Verſe the Fourth. *I found a Dart.*] The *Vatican* Manuſcript for *I* reads *it*, but this muſt have been the Hallucination of the Tranſcriber, who probably miſtook the Daſh of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the Second, Verſe the Second. *The fatal Stroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salmaſius*, and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have ſtuck to the uſual Reading.

Verſe the Third. *Till by her Wit.*] Some Manuſcripts have it *his Wit*, others *your*, others *their Wit*. But as I find *Corinna* to be the Name of a Woman in other Authors, I cannot doubt but it ſhould be *her*.

Stanza the Third, Verſe the Firſt. *A long and laſting Anguiſh.*] The *German* Manuſcript reads *a laſting Paſſion*, but the Rhime will not admit it.

Verſe the Second. *For* Belvidera *I endure.*] Did not all the Manuſcripts reclaim, I ſhould change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being uſed by ſeveral of the ancient Comick Writers for a Looking-glaſs, by which means the Etymology of the Word is very viſible, and *Pelvidera* will ſignify a Lady, who often looks in her Glaſs; as indeed ſhe had very good reaſon, if ſhe had all thoſe Beauties which our Poet here aſcribes to her.

Verſe the Third. *Hourly I ſigh and hourly languiſh.*] Some for the Word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the laſt has great Authorities of its ſide.

Verſe the Fourth. *The wonted Cure.*] The Elder *Stevens* reads *wanted Cure*.

Stanza the Fourth, Verſe the Second. *After a thouſand Beauties.*] In ſeveral Copies we meet with a *Hundred Beauties* by the uſual Error of the Tranſcribers, who probably omitted a Cipher, and had not Taſte enough to know that the Word *Thouſand* was ten Times a greater Compliment to the Poet's Miſtreſs than an *Hundred*.

Verſe the Fourth. *And finds Variety in one.*] Moſt of the ancient Manuſcripts have it *in two*. Indeed ſo many of them concur in this laſt Reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two Reaſons which incline me to the Reading as I have publiſh'd it; Firſt, becauſe the Rhime, and, Secondly, becauſe the Senſe is preſerved by it. It might likewiſe proceed from the Oſcitancy of Tranſcribers, who,

who, to diſpatch their Work the ſooner, uſed to write all Numbers in Ciphers, and ſeeing the Figure 1 followed by a little Daſh of the Pen, as is cuſtomary in old Manuſcripts, they perhaps miſtook the Daſh for a ſecond Figure, and by caſting up both together, compoſed out of them the Figure 2. But this I ſhall leave to the Learned, without determining any thing in a Matter of ſo great Uncertainty. C

No. 471. *Saturday, Auguſt* 30.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὰς σοφὰς ἔχειν βίον. Euripid.

The wiſe with Hope ſupport the Pains of Life.

THE *Time preſent* ſeldom affords ſufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleaſure, Love or Admiration, do not lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul in conſtant Action, and ſupply an immediate Exerciſe to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Buſineſs, but always have Materials for thinking, ſhe is endowed with certain Powers, that can recal what is paſſed and anticipate what is to come.

THAT wonderful Faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing preſent to entertain us. It is like thoſe Repoſitories in ſeveral Animals that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their preſent Paſture fails.

AS the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chaſms of Thought by Ideas of what is *paſt*, we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is *to come*. Theſe are the Paſſions of Hope and Fear.

BY theſe two Paſſions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our preſent Thoughts Objects that lie hid in the remoteſt Depths of Time. We ſuffer Mi-

ſery, and enjoy Happineſs, before they are in Being; we can ſet the Sun and Stars forward, or loſe ſight of them by wandring into thoſe retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth ſhall be no more.

BY the way, who can imagine that the Exiſtence of a Creature is to be circumſcribed by Time, whoſe Thoughts are not? But I ſhall, in this Paper, confine my ſelf to that particular Paſſion which goes by the Name of Hope.

OUR Actual Enjoyments are ſo few and tranſient, that Man would be a very miſerable Being, were he not endowed with this paſſion, which gives him a Taſte of thoſe good Things that may poſſibly come into his Poſſeſſion. *We ſhould hope for every thing that is good*, ſays the old Poet *Linus, becauſe there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us.* Hope quickens all the ſtill Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her moſt Remiſs and Indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and Good-humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when ſhe does not attend to it. It makes Pain eaſy, and Labour pleaſant.

BESIDE theſe ſeveral Advantages which riſe from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the leaſt, and that is, its great Efficacy in preſerving us from ſetting too high a Value on preſent Enjoyments. The Saying of *Caſar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Eſtate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them aſked what he had left for himſelf; to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His natural Magnanimity hindred him from priſing what he was certainly poſſeſſed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon ſomething more valuable that he had in View. I queſtion not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himſelf without my Direction.

THE old Story of *Pandora*'s Box (which many of the Learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) ſhews us how deplorable a State they thought the preſent Life, without Hope: To ſet forth the utmoſt Condition of Miſery they tell us, that our Forefather, according to the *Pagan* Theology, had a great Veſſel preſented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting

lifting up the Lid of it, ſays the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Diſtempers incident to Men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been incloſed in the Cup with ſo much bad Company, inſtead of flying off with the reſt, ſtuck ſo cloſe to the Lid of it, that it was ſhut down upon her.

I ſhall make but two Reflexions upon what I have hitherto ſaid. Firſt, that no kind of Life is ſo happy as that which is full of Hope, eſpecially when the Hope is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Perſon happy who enjoys it. This Propoſition muſt be very evident to thoſe who conſider how few are the preſent Enjoyments of the moſt happy Man, and how inſufficient to give him an intire Satisfaction and Acquieſcence in them.

MY next Obſervation is this, that a Religious Life is that which moſt abounds in a well-grounded Hope, and ſuch an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This Hope in a Religious Man, is much more ſure and certain than the Hope of any Temporal Bleſſing, as it is ſtrengthened not only by Reaſon, but by Faith. It has at the ſame time its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the moſt full and the moſt complete Happineſs.

I have before ſhewn how the Influence of Hope in general ſweetens Life, and makes our preſent Condition ſupportable, if not pleaſing; but a Religious Hope has ſtill greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the Inſtruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her Hope.

RELIGIOUS Hope has likewiſe this Advantage above any other kind of Hope, that it is able to revive the *dying* Man, and to fill his Mind not only with ſecret Comfort and Refreſhment, but ſometimes with Rapture and Tranſport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilſt the Soul ſprings forward with Delight to the great Object which ſhe has always had in view, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Reſurrection.

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with thoſe emblematical Expreſſions of a lively Hope, which the Pſalmiſt made uſe of in the midſt of thoſe Dangers and Adverſities which ſurrounded him; for the following Paſſage had its preſent and perſonal, as well as its future and prophetick Senſe. *I have ſet the Lord always before me: Becauſe he is at my right Hand I ſhall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth: my Fleſh alſo ſhall reſt in hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou ſuffer thine Holy One to ſee Corruption. Thou wilt ſhew me the Path of Life: in thy Preſence there is Fulneſs of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleaſures for evermore.* C

No. 472. *Monday, September* 1.

——— Voluptas
Solamenque mali ———

Virg. Æn. 3. v. 660.

This only Solace his hard Fortune ſends.

DRYDEN.

I Received ſome time ago a Propoſal, which had a Preface to it, wherein the Author diſcourſed at large of the innumerable Objects of Charity in a Nation, and admoniſhed the Rich, who were afflicted with any Diſtemper of Body, particularly to regard the Poor in the ſame Species of Affliction, and confine their Tenderneſs to them, ſince it is impoſſible to aſſiſt all who are preſented to them. The Propoſer had been relieved from a Malady in his Eyes by an Operation performed by Sir *William Read*, and being a Man of Condition, had taken a Reſolution to maintain three poor blind Men during their Lives, in Gratitude for that great Bleſſing. This Misfortune is ſo very great and unfrequent, that one would think, an Eſtabliſhment for all the Poor under it might be eaſily accompliſhed, with the Addition of a very few others to thoſe Wealthy who are in the

the ſame Calamity. However, the Thought of the Propoſer aroſe from a very good Motive, and the parcelling of our ſelves out, as called to particular Acts of Beneficence, would be a pretty Cement of Society and Virtue. It is the ordinary Foundation for Mens holding a Commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the ſame Sort of Pleaſure; and ſure it may alſo be ſome Reaſon for Amity, that they are under one common Diſtreſs. If all the Rich who are lame in the Gout, from a Life of Eaſe, Pleaſure and Luxury, would help thoſe few who have it without a previous Life of Pleaſure, and add a few of ſuch laborious Men, who are become lame from unhappy Blows, Falls, or other Accidents of Age or Sickneſs; I ſay, would ſuch gouty Perſons adminiſter to the Neceſſities of Men diſabled like themſelves, the Conſciouſneſs of ſuch a Behaviour would be the beſt Julep, Cordial, and Anodyne in the feveriſh, faint and tormenting Viciſſitudes of that miſerable Diſtemper. The ſame may be ſaid of all other, both bodily and intellectual Evils. Theſe Claſſes of Charity would certainly bring down Bleſſings upon an Age and People; and if Men were not petrified with the Love of this World, againſt all Senſe of the Commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreaſonable Bill for a poor Man in the Agony of Pain, aggravated by Want and Poverty, to draw upon a ſick Alderman after this Form;

Mr. Baſil Plenty,

SIR,

YOU have the Gout and Stone, with Sixty thouſand Pound Sterling; I have the Gout and Stone, not worth one Farthing; I ſhall pray for you, and deſire you would pay the Bearer Twenty Shillings for Value received from

Cripple-Gate, SIR,
Aug. 29, 1712. Your humble Servant,

Lazarus Hopeful.

THE Reader's own Imagination will ſuggeſt to him the Reaſonableneſs of ſuch Correſpondences, and diverſify

them into a thouſand Forms; but I ſhall cloſe this as I began upon the Subject of Blindneſs. The following Letter ſeems to be written by a Man of Learning, who is returned to his Study after a Suſpence of an Ability to do ſo. The Benefit he reports himſelf to have received, may well claim the handſomeſt Encomium he can give the Operator.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'RUMINATING lately on your admirable 'Diſcourſes on the *Pleaſures of the Imagination*, I 'began to conſider to which of our Senſes we are ob-'liged for the greateſt and moſt important Share of thoſe 'Pleaſures; and I ſoon concluded that it was to the '*Sight:* That is the Sovereign of the Senſes, and Mo-'ther of all the Arts and Sciences, that have refined 'the Rudeneſs of the uncultivated Mind to a Politeneſs 'that diſtinguiſhes the fine Spirits from the barbarous '*Gout* of the *great* Vulgar and the *ſmall*. The Sight is 'the obliging Benefactreſs that beſtows on us the moſt 'tranſporting Senſations that we have from the various 'and wonderful Products of Nature. To the Sight we 'owe the amazing Diſcoveries of the Height, Magni-'tude, and Motion of the Planets; their ſeveral Revo-'lutions about their common Centre of Light, Heat 'and Motion, the *Sun*. The *Sight* travels yet farther to 'the fixed Stars, and furniſhes the Underſtanding with 'ſolid Reaſons to prove, that each of them is a *Sun* 'moving on its own Axis in the Centre of its own Vor-'tex or Turbillion, and performing the ſame Offices 'to its dependent Planets, that our glorious Sun does 'to this. But the Inquiries of the *Sight* will not be 'ſtopped here, but make their Progreſs through the im-'menſe Expanſe of the *Milky Way*, and there divide 'the blended Fires of the *Galaxy* into infinite and diffe-'rent Worlds, made up of diſtinct Suns, and their pe-'culiar Equipages of Planets, till unable to purſue this 'Track any farther, it deputes the Imagination to go 'on to new Diſcoveries, till it fill the unbounded Space 'with endleſs Worlds.

'THE *Sight* informs the Statuary's Chiſel with 'Power to give Breath to lifeleſs Braſs and Marble, and

'the

'the Painter's Pencil to ſwell the flat Canvas with 'moving Figures actuated by imaginary Souls. Muſick 'indeed may plead another Original, ſince *Jubal* by the 'different Falls of his Hammer on the Anvil, diſcover'd 'by the Ear the firſt rude Muſick that pleas'd the Ante-'diluvian Fathers; but then the *Sight* has not only re-'duced thoſe wilder Sounds into artful Order and Har-'mony, but conveys that Harmony to the moſt diſtant 'Parts of the World without the Help of Sound. 'To the *Sight* we owe not only all the Diſcoveries of 'Philoſophy, but all the Divine Imagery of Poetry that 'tranſports the intelligent Reader of *Homer*, *Milton*, and '*Virgil*.

'AS the Sight has poliſhed the World, ſo does it 'ſupply us with the moſt grateful and laſting Pleaſure. 'Let Love, let Friendſhip, paternal Affection, filial Pie-'ty, and conjugal Duty, declare the Joys the *Sight* be-'ſtows on a Meeting after Abſence. But it would be 'endleſs to enumerate all the Pleaſures and Advantages 'of *Sight*; every one that has it, every Hour he makes 'uſe of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'THUS as our greateſt Pleaſures and Knowledge 'are derived from the Sight, ſo has Providence been 'more curious in the Formation of its Seat, the Eye, 'than of the Organs of the other Senſes. That ſtupen-'dous Machine is compoſed in a wonderful Manner of 'Muſcles, Membranes, and Humours. Its Motions are 'admirably directed by the Muſcles; the Perſpicuity of 'the Humours tranſmit the Rays of Light; the Rays 'are regularly refracted by their Figure, the black 'Lining of the Sclerotes effectually prevents their being 'confounded by Reflexion. It is wonderful indeed to 'conſider how many Objects the Eye is fitted to take in 'at once, and ſucceſſively in an Inſtant, and at the ſame 'time to make a Judgment of their Poſition, Figure, or 'Colour. It watches againſt our Dangers, guides our 'Steps, and lets in all the viſible Objects, whoſe Beauty 'and Variety inſtruct and delight.

'THE Pleaſures and Advantages of Sight being ſo 'great, the Loſs muſt be very grievous; of which *Mil-'ton*, from Experience, gives the moſt ſenſible Idea,

both

'both in the third Book of his *Paradiſe Loſt*, and in his 'Samſon Agoniſtes.

To Light in the former.



——— ——— *Thee I reviſit ſafe,*
And feel thy ſov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Reviſit'ſt not thoſe Eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, but find no dawn.

And a little after.

Seaſons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Roſe,
Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face divine;
But Cloud inſtead, and ever-during Dark
Surround me: From the chearful Ways of Men
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
Preſented with an univerſal Blank
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And Wiſdom at one Entrance quite ſhut out.

Again in *Samſon Agoniſtes*.

——— *But Chief of all,*
O Loſs of Sight! of thee I moſt complain;
Blind among Enemies! O worſe than Chains,
Dungeon, or Beggary, or decrepid Age!
Light, the prime Work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various Objects of Delight
Annull'd ———

——— *Still as a Fool,*
In Pow'r of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I ſeem to live, dead more than Half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the Blaze of Noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipſe,
Without all Hopes of Day!

'THE Enjoyment of Sight then being ſo great a 'Bleſſing, and the Loſs of it ſo terrible an Evil, how excellent

'excellent and valuable is the Skill of that Artiſt which 'can reſtore the former, and redreſs the latter? My 'frequent Peruſal of the Advertiſements in the publick 'News-Papers (generally the moſt agreeable Entertain-'ment they afford) has preſented me with many and va-'rious Benefits of this kind done to my Countrymen 'by that ſkilful Artiſt Dr. *Grant*, Her Majeſty's Ocu-'liſt Extraordinary, whoſe happy Hand has brought 'and reſtored to Sight ſeveral Hundreds in leſs than 'Four Years. Many have received Sight by his Means 'who came blind from their Mothers Womb, as in 'the famous Inſtance of *Jones* of *Newington*. I my 'ſelf have been cured by him of a Weakneſs in my 'Eyes next to Blindneſs, and am ready to believe any 'thing that is reported of his Ability this way; and 'know that many who could not purchaſe his Aſſiſtance 'with Money, have enjoy'd it from his Charity. 'But a Liſt of Particulars would ſwell my Letter be-'yond its Bounds, what I have ſaid being ſufficient to 'comfort thoſe who are in the like Diſtreſs, ſince they 'may conceive Hopes of being no longer miſerable in 'this Kind, while there is yet alive ſo able an Oculiſt as 'Dr. *Grant*.

I am the SPECTATOR's *humble Servant,*

T PHILANTHROPUS.

Tueſday,

No. 473. *Tuesday, September* 2.

Quid? ſi quis vultu torvo ferus & pede nudo
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræſentet, moreſque Catonis?
Hor. Ep. 19. l. 1. v. 12.

Suppoſe a Man the coarſeſt Gown ſhould wear,
No Shoes, his Forehead rough, his Look ſevere,
And ape great Cato *in his Form and Dreſs;*
Muſt he his Virtues and his Mind expreſs?
CREECH.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I AM now in the Country, and employ moſt of my Time in reading, or thinking upon what I have read. Your Paper comes conſtantly down to me, and it affects me ſo much, that I find my Thoughts run into your Way; and I recommend to you a Subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is the Satisfaction ſome Men ſeem to take in their Imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their Inſufficiency. A certain great Author is of Opinion it is the contrary to Envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is ſo common as to hear Men of this Sort, ſpeaking of themſelves, add to their own Merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praiſing themſelves for their Defects, freely allowing they commit ſome few frivolous Errors in order to be eſteemed Perſons of uncommon Talents and great Qualifications. They are generally profeſſing an injudicious Neglect of Dancing, Fencing and Riding, as alſo an unjuſt Contempt for Travelling and the Modern Languages; as for their Part (they ſay) they never valued or troubled their Head about them. This

pane-

'panegyrical Satire on themſelves certainly is worthy
'of your Animadverſion. I have known one of theſe
'Gentlemen think himſelf obliged to forget the Day
'of an Appointment, and ſometimes even that you
'ſpoke to him, and when you ſee 'em, they hope you'll
'pardon 'em, for they have the worſt Memory in the
'World. One of 'em ſtarted up t'other Day in ſome Con-
'fuſion and ſaid, Now I think on't, I am to meet
'Mr. *Mortmain* the Attorney about ſome Buſineſs, but
'whether it is to-day, or to-morrow, faith, I can't tell.
'Now to my certain Knowledge he knew his Time to a
'Moment, and was there accordingly. Theſe forgetful
'Perſons have, to heighten their Crime, generally the beſt
'Memories of any People, as I have found out by their
'remembring ſometimes through Inadvertency. Two or
'three of 'em that I know can ſay moſt of our modern
'Tragedies by Heart. I aſk'd a Gentleman the other
'Day that is famous for a good Carver, (at which Ac-
'quiſition he is out of Countenance, imagining it may
'detract from ſome of his more eſſential Qualifications)
'to help me to ſomething that was near him; but he ex-
'cuſed himſelf, and bluſhing told me, Of all things he
'could never carve in his Life; though it can be proved
'upon him, that he cuts up, disjoints and uncaſes with
'incomparable Dexterity. I would not be underſtood
'as if I thought it laudable for a Man of Quality and
'Fortune to rival the Acquiſitions of Artificers, and en-
'deavour to excel in little handy Qualities; No, I argue
'only againſt being aſham'd at what is really Praiſe-
'worthy. As theſe Pretences to Ingenuity ſhew them-
'ſelves ſeveral Ways, you'll often ſee a Man of this Tem-
'per aſham'd to be clean, and ſetting up for Wit only
'from Negligence in his Habit. Now I am upon this
'Head, I can't help obſerving alſo upon a very different
'Folly proceeding from the ſame Cauſe. As theſe above-
'mentioned ariſe from affecting an Equality with Men of
'greater Talents from having the ſame Faults, there are
'others that would come at a Parallel with thoſe above
'them, by poſſeſſing little Advantages which they want.
'I heard a young Man not long ago, who has Senſe,
'comfort himſelf in his Ignorance of Greek, Hebrew,
'and the Orientals: At the ſame Time that he pub-
'liſhed

'liſhed his Averſion to thoſe Languages, he ſaid that the 'Knowledge of them was rather a Diminution than an 'Advancement of a Man's Character: tho' at the ſame 'Time I know he languiſhes and repines he is not Ma-'ſter of them himſelf. Whenever I take any of theſe 'fine Perſons thus detracting from what they don't un-'derſtand, I tell them I will complain to you, and ſay 'I am ſure you will not allow it an Exception againſt a 'thing, that he who contemns it is an Ignorant in it.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. T.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Man of a very good Eſtate, and am honour-'ably in Love. I hope you will allow, when the 'ultimate Purpoſe is honeſt, there may be, without 'Treſpaſs againſt Innocence, ſome Toying by the Way. 'People of Condition are perhaps too diſtant and formal 'on thoſe Occaſions; but however that is, I am to con-'feſs to you that I have writ ſome Verſes to atone 'for my Offence. You profeſs'd Authors are a little 'ſevere upon us, who write like Gentlemen: But if you 'are a Friend to Love, you will inſert my Poem. You 'cannot imagine how much Service it will do me with 'my Fair one, as well as Reputation with all my Friends, 'to have ſomething of mine in the *Spectator*. My 'Crime was, that I ſnatch'd a Kiſs, and my Poetical 'Excuſe as follows:

I.

Belinda *ſee from yonder Flow'rs*
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in Show or Smell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiſs,
Sweeter than their Ambroſial Dew;
Why are you angry at my Bliſs?
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

III. *'Tis*

III.

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In ſpite of your unkind Reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly would ſtarve.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Timothy Stanza.

SIR, *Aug.* 23, 1712.

'HAVING a little Time upon my Hands, I could 'not think of beſtowing it better, than in writing 'an Epiſtle to the SPECTATOR, which I now do, and 'am,

SIR, Your humble Servant

BOB SHORT.

P. S. 'If you approve of my Stile, I am likely 'enough to become your Correſpondent. I deſire your 'Opinion of it. I deſign it for that Way of Writing 'called by the Judicious the *Familiar*. T

THE

THE

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The End of the Sixth Volume.